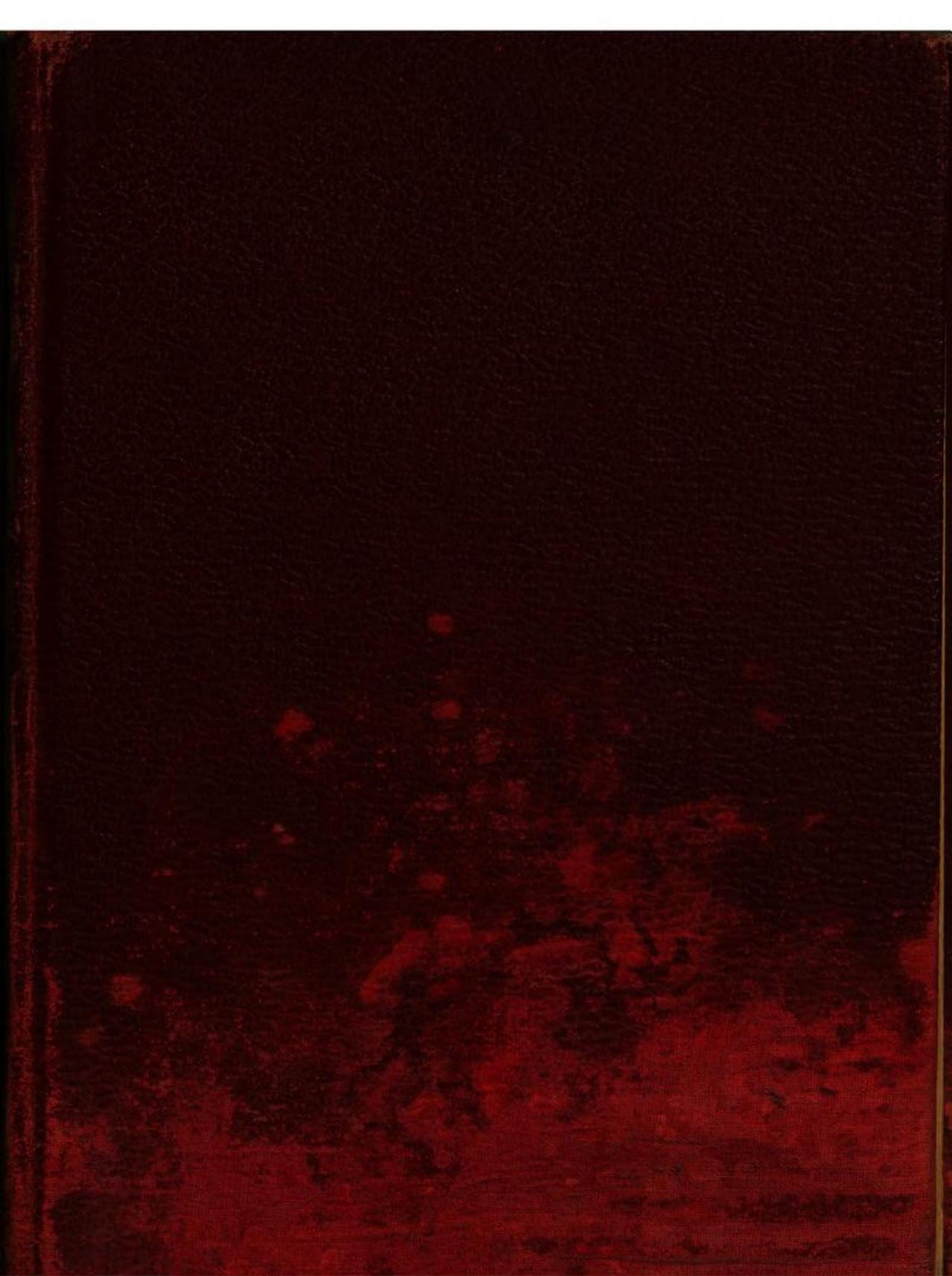
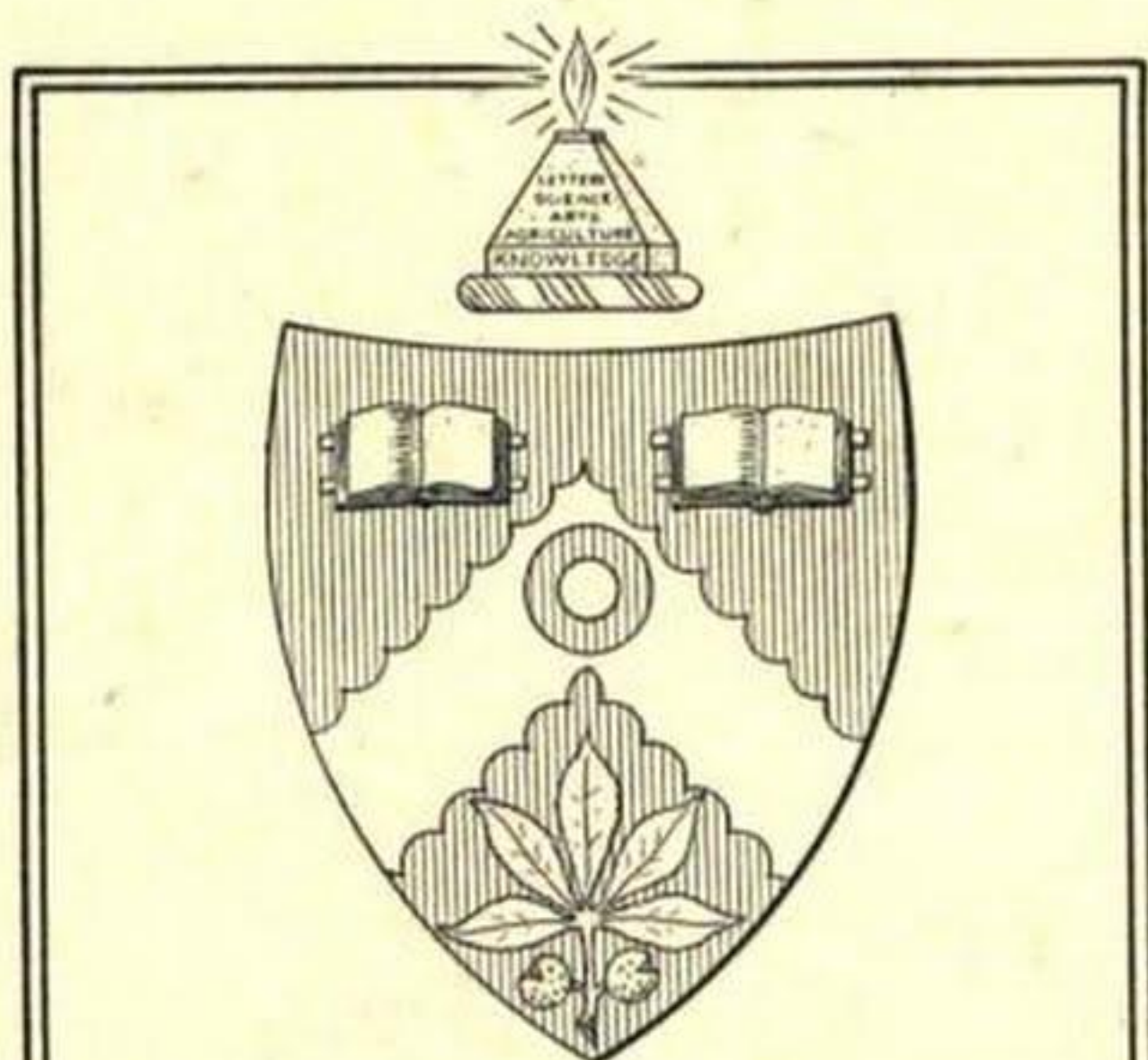






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MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. IV

MARCH, 1909

No. 1

THE ANGEL OF DISCONTENT

By SAM WALTER FOSS.

*When the world was formed, and the morning stars
Upon their paths were sent,
The loftiest-browed of the angels was named
The Angel of Discontent.*

*And he dwelt within the caves of the hills,
Where the crested serpent stings,
And the tiger leers and the she-wolf howls,
And he told of better things.*

*And he led men forth to the towered town,
And forth to the fields of corn;
And he told of the ampler work ahead
For which his race was born.*

*And he whispers to men of those hills he sees
In the blush of the golden west;
And they look to the light of his lifted eye
And they hate the name of rest.*

*In the light of that eye doth the slave behold
A hope that is high and brave,
And the madness of war comes into his blood,
For he knows himself a slave.*

*The serfs of wrong in the light of that eye
March on with victorious songs;*

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*For the strength of the right comes into their hearts
When they behold their wrongs.*

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v. 4
'Tis by the light of that lifted eye
That error's mists are rent—
A guide to the table-land of Truth
Is the Angel of Discontent.

*And still he looks with his lifted eye,
And his glance is far away,
On a light that shines on the glimmering hills
Of a diviner day.*

❖ ❖ ❖

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE American people have inaugurated a new President.

Mr. Taft is not a man to be made "light" of. He will bring tremendous pressure to bear upon his exalted—seat. The vested interests, however, whose alleged fear of Roosevelt it was quite comic to behold, may now regain the equanimity of the good McKinley days. The White House will lose its Hippodrome attractions, perilous tight-rope walking will be eliminated, spectacular pyrotechnics severely proscribed, and all will settle down to a staid, dignified pace.

Capital will "regain confidence," which means more intense exploitation; political corruption will fear no sporadic disturbances; respectable muck will cease to be agitated by irreverent rakers. And over all will spread the benign broad smile, expansive and soothing, diffusing the oil of refined sham and hypocrisy over the turbulent waters. And all will be peace and content.

But injunctioned labor? The producers of the country's wealth, whose conditions of life are daily growing more insupportable; the thousands of unemployed walking the streets of our rich cities, cold and hungry; the factory children of tender age, whose little stomachs are never full; who will bring rest and contentment to them?

"God knows!"

* * *

THE peculiar character of our boasted civilization is strongly illumined by the action of the jobless worker who broke a plate-glass window in order to be arrested.

"I did not want to commit suicide," the man told the judge. "I saw the policeman standing near, and I knew he'd arrest me for smashing the window, and then I'd at least get something to eat and drink. It may be that I shall have to break stone for this thing. All right; I am willing. I want to work, but I'm bound to eat."

What an atrocious paradox is the thing we call civilization! The greater the wealth produced, the more intense our poverty; plentitude of useable foodstuffs spells starvation; superfluity of all necessities of life means greater distress and hunger; increased ability to multiply production inevitably leads to decreased consumption. In fine, the richer we wax as a nation, the poorer as individuals.

Such is the perversity of a system based on production for *profit* instead of *use*.

* * *

ALL great causes have had their martyrs and—traitors. Christ had his Judas; the American colonies, their Benedict Arnold; the Russian Revolution, its Aseff.

The lovers of Russian liberty need not despair, however. No mere police spy, no agent provocateur, temporarily disastrous though his activity be, can for long suppress the fires of popular revolution. They will soon break out again, with redoubled vigor, renewed strength, and enriched experience.

Many, all too many lives of Russia's noblest sons and daughters have been treacherously sacrificed by the modern Iscariot. The past cannot be undone. But the precious blood that has dyed Russian scaffolds and Siberian snows will not have been shed in vain if the lesson taught by Aseff is taken to heart.

That lesson reads plainly: Centralization, always destructive, is especially fatal in matters of revolutionary, terroristic activity. Greater agitation among the masses, the real backbone of every revolution; systematic popular training in voluntary co-operation, and *free scope to individual initiative*—these are the preparatory steps toward successful revolution. Above all, the complete autonomy of each group is ever the best safeguard against potential Aseffs.

A RADICAL friend writes:

"The trouble with you is that you are a born pessimist. You seem to be surprised by every victory and to expect that each check will spell defeat. I think we are winning right along."

I wish I could believe that "we are winning right along." But self-delusion is a false optimism. No careful observer of conditions can deny that radicalism has made no progress whatever in this country during the last twenty years. On the contrary; the spirit of democracy has been gradually weakened, with results all too evident in the social, political, and even our family life. Imperialism is impregnating every phase of the national existence; the boundaries of Federal paternalism have gradually widened, local independence correspondingly narrowed, and the power of authority and capital systematically centralized.

The mission of radicalism, broadly considered, is to direct the wheels of progress along the road of greater liberty and increased opportunity, toward the goal of complete individual and social emancipation. That cannot be accomplished by delusive attempts to correct this or that abuse of power, economical or political. All power of man over man is essentially and inevitably abusive. True radicalism means, if anything, uncompromising warfare against all power, as such,—in other words, Anarchism. Man must be left free to live, by having free access to the sources of life.

Yet I am by no means a pessimist. Indeed, I have exceeding faith in the potency of the ideal to mould the lives of men and nations. But the ideal must be presented to them in practical form. If radicalism, or Anarchism, has not achieved greater results, the fault lies not with the ideas; for all men love freedom, and the oppressed long to be emancipated. But the average mind must be appealed to along concrete lines. The ideal interests the masses only so far as it concerns their practical, every-day life. Hence it follows that we must carry to the people the gospel of liberty in a concrete, constructive form, interpreting to them the events of their lives in the light of true freedom, and pointing out, by word and example, the ways and means by which labor can come

into its inheritance and man freed from the governmental curse.

Palliatives and half-measures will not do. These merely serve to delude the people and cultivate their faith in the efficacy of reform, where none is possible. Political clap-trap is the worst enemy of mankind, strengthening, as it does, the bulwarks of authority, weakening self-reliance, and leading the people to expect relief from above.

The pyramid of lies, fraud, exploitation, and suppression, called modern society, is built upon monopoly backed by violence. To destroy this body and soul-killing foundation of robbery and rule is the true purpose of progress; indeed, 'tis the initial step toward a human civilization. Pandering to popular stupidity is not the means. Fear of offending delicate sensibilities will not accomplish the object. Begging alleviation of the powers that be will not prove a cure. Salvation lies on the road of persistent agitation; the bold breaking of icons; the complete unmasking of respectable fraud and emasculated reform. The weakening of the authoritarian spirit; the corresponding strengthening of self-reliance; practical training in co-operative efforts, based on solidarity of interests; and direct action, individual and collective, in all phases of human endeavor—herein lies the hope of efficient achievement.

* * *

THE way of the transgressor against the accepted fact is hard. To disturb approved respectability is fatal. To sin against self-satisfied stupidity means death.

But the mountain air is pure and bracing. The light strong and warm. They clear the vision, strengthen the spirit, and inspire to do and dare, in the face of all peril.

* * *

COMRADE Emma Goldman informs us from Los Angeles that, owing to the many vicissitudes of the past month (including abominable weather, poor attendance at lectures, over-exertion, and general low spirits), she is unable to contribute to the contents of this issue of MOTHER EARTH. We hope, however, that in the next number our valiant friend will continue the Odyssey of an agitator.

RELIGION CONSIDERED

BY KARL WALTER.

RELIGION is that branch of human thought which deals positively with the unknown.* In prehistoric times, when the acquired knowledge of the race began to reach beyond the material necessities of life, the mysteries of birth and death attracted man's attention. Out of these mysteries sprang Phallic, or sex worship, and ancestor worship. India has preserved many emblems and rites of sex worship; in China the cult of the ancestors is still the national characteristic. The twentieth century does not bow down to effigies of the organs of reproduction, nor does each family canonize its forefathers. Other elements of mystery, the sun, moon, and stars, for example, no longer form definite objects of worship. Modern religion, the synthesis of mysteries, could only be attained by the gradual recognition of the unity of all mystery, with a consequent or contemporary blurring, and often willful disguising of its crude origins. Let us see, briefly, how this has taken place in the evolution of Christianity.

Christianity is the descendant of Judaism. What is Judaism? Whence did it spring? Why did it survive?

The history of Judaism is told in the first part of the Bible, the Old Testament. There are other Hebrew books, but the evolution of Judaism can be seen in that one book, or collection of scraps of books. For, in the first place, the Bible, as presented by those who "believe in it," is one of the biggest literary frauds ever published. One by one the fictions that have so long held it apart from all other literature are falling away. Few people now believe that Moses wrote the first five books, or any part of them. It is pretty evident from reports of research work made last year at the Congress of Religious History, at Oxford, England, that Moses never existed as an individual. The name is thought to have been that of a leading clan or tribe having privileges of religion afterwards claimed by the Levites. And so with every name in the early parts of Jewish literature. And

* I did not see until after this was written that I had practically dismissed the subject in a sentence!

so with its god, Jehovah, or Jahveh, probably simply a war-cry in origin.

This brings us to the cause of Israel's religion outliving all other Western attempts at religious synthesis. Back of every religion is to be found a mythology. Why not back of Judaism? The reason is obvious. Because those who undertook to make that religion one of the greatest forces the world has ever known, purposely and skillfully concealed the complexity of its origin. "Thou shalt have no other gods but me"—that was the real issue in those day of unlimited and unlicensed gods and goddesses. Moreover, the reformers of Israel were careful to discard all familiar stories, such as the Romans delighted to tell, about their gods. The one god of Israel was more remote, more mysterious, more abstract than any of the other gods from which the Israelites could have chosen their national deity, and by these qualities his creators have succeeded in making him the most imposing figurehead in religion and the most popular bogey in the childhood of Western civilization.

The mythology of Judaism is slowly coming to light through the patient work of Hebrew and Assyrian scholars. By a thorough investigation of the names and incidents in the Bible they are proving the origin of Judaism to be a mythology rich in star, ancestor, and sex worship. What they never will be able to tell is the true motive of the reformers who created Jehovah. Was it a supreme (and successful) effort to find an abiding principle of unity among the many clans and tribes that were Israel? Or was it a trick of the dominant tribe, or of the fighting men of the tribes, or of the physically lazy men, to insure a regular tribute from the shepherds and peasants and workers of Israel? Did national unity precede, coincide with, or follow the exaltation of Jehovah to an isolated heaven?

Such questions are doubtless of sociological interest, but the one economic fact that stands out most clearly in the history of Judaism, as indeed in every known religion, is that it was the means of maintaining a privileged class or tribe. When all men were more or less fighters, this religious class was the chief economic burden of the workers. The landlord, the judge, the government are largely products of an "advancing" civilization.

The priests and pastors of to-day are the social descendants of the Levites. With this difference, that they are much more firmly seated on the backs of the workers through the extensive landlordism and capitalism of the churches. Of their intellectual power of evil there will be more to say later.

Primitive Christianity was a social revolt against the tyranny of religious privilege. It may even be doubted whether the communistic movement, suppressed by the Romans in Palestine, was originally dominated by the extreme religious fanaticism attributed to it by the account written down long afterward by unknown historians, who wrote with a religious, not historic, purpose. But presumably there was a strong element of religious devotion to the inspirer of the movement. Even to-day the sentiment is to be found among the devotees of revolutionary thinkers. In the case of the followers of Jesus this fetichism, similar in character to the mystic love of Dante for Beatrice, or the calf-love of an idealistic youth, this devotion to an idealized personality soon obliterated any trace of the original cause of its growth. The principles of Christ's teaching were abandoned before the Christian church was founded. The part it has played in the rise of Western civilization is one long story of mental, moral, and physical tyranny of the most brutal kind. It still retains much of its mental and moral power, not only among masses unevolved from a state of feudalism in all except externals, but also in the United States, where, by adding mild social attractions to its power of respectability-sanctuary, and by abandoning the final vestiges of intellectual conviction, the churches have attracted and held hundreds of thousands who are taught to pray without faith, and think without logic. What do they go to church for? What is religion now?

A philosophical definition of religion has already been attempted. But to consider religion of to-day objectively, one would have to abandon the insistence on the metaphysical. The mysteries of birth, life, and death surround us always; but in proportion as science has abandoned its pretensions to a scientific revelation of these mysteries, so has religion withdrawn its claims to a divine revelation of them. Step by step science has been absorbing the supreme human qualities of reverence and humility.

Religion, in its quality of lackey of constituted physical power, has so perverted the conception of reverence and humility that to many they are indicative of fawning and weakness. That is what they are to the churches. To the scientists they are the mental qualities of a conqueror. In psychological combination with doubtful metaphysics they are liable to produce a "religion," however; Christian Science, for example. The essentially religious qualities—a reverence for every part of nature displayed, and for the undisplayed mysteries of birth, life, and death; a humility as of the individual worker in the ranks of scientific research—these are the very qualities we do not find in the "religions" of the twentieth century.

A "religious" conviction is the bit used with the bridle of religious authority. Without a bridle it leads to fanaticism. Hence, argue the priests, the necessity for religious authority. It is quite logical, on the assumption that children should be poisoned, to demand that they be afterwards kept in hospitals and be given another poison as antidote. It is logical, according to the reasoning of a Christian world quite dominated by the "eye for an eye" principle. It carries out the now essential idea of exchange, the balance of eyes and poisons being necessary to the continuation of the world's movement, considered not as evolution, progress, but a mere oscillation in answer to prayers. A "religious" conviction seems to be purely a matter of early training. The churches recognize this by their undignified scramble for impressionable children, in schools, Sunday schools, church clubs, and institutions of many kinds. Here the minds of helpless children are violated with much the same result as physical outrage. Mental abuse is as horrible to the thinker as physical abuse is to every sentient being. It is no wonder that the predominant note of the mental life of Western civilization is coarseness. The tender shades of physical feeling are lost by those who experience great sensations too early in their youth. The appalling generalizations of religion have the same effect on a child's mind, blunting the edge of its perception, and so disorganizing the delicate machinery that nothing but a complete overhauling, a mental revolution, can fit it for its true purpose in maturity.

The worst is that mental revolution comes to few.

The great majority, it is true, desert the "faith in which they were brought up." They stop going to church because it bores them. But such is the curse of the religious mind-wreckers that these leave church, the first step in the overhauling process, only to discover that "it may be a fraud, but we must help to keep it going for those who need it." (As if fraud could really help mankind, individually or collectively.) With their awful generalizations of the mysteries and wonders of life, the churches have unfitted these minds for a revolution that would set their perceptions and mental machinery to work on the real mysteries and wonders and joys of everyday life. But they cannot think or reason or enjoy. So they take to coarse pleasures as the only relaxation from coarse business, support the churches, and slowly drift back to them in time to be "decently" buried.

The authority of a church creed or doctrine is as terrible as that of any despot or State, in its results. By it men's minds are kept in subjection. There is only one thing worse in the world, "the authority of Christ," a formula frequently used by those who recognize the church's evil effect on others, but not on themselves. The mystic who has launched his vessel, and still drags that anchor, will never sail far. Good men cannot use such formulæ freely without either becoming their slaves, or doing harm to ignorant minds. In the hands of bad or indifferent men they are worse than chains.



THE PARIS COMMUNE

By LE TRIMARDEUR

THE revolutionary proletariat of all countries yearly assembles on the eighteenth of March to pay homage to the memory of the Commune heroes. Whatever differences of language and custom there may exist among the workers, they are all inspired, as one man, with the cry, *Vive la Commune!*

Behind this slogan is a long history; and its character is thoroughly revolutionary. Already in the fifteenth century the Commune was proclaimed in various cities, de-

manding the independence of the commonwealth, and resulting in bitter struggles with the centralized power of that time.

Those uprisings were not forgotten. And when, at the outbreak of the great French Revolution, the Third Estate completely abolished the feudal aristocracy, it was again the banner of *Vive la Commune* around which gathered all the revolutionary elements. This spirit of the Commune materialized in the storming of the Bastille, resulting in the fall of the monarchy, and forcing the Convention to energetic action.

The French Revolution was the emancipation of the bourgeoisie. It destroyed feudalism and conquered for the Third Estate social as well as political supremacy. Yet the import of the great uprising was still more far-reaching: while giving birth to the one, it was already pregnant with another revolution. The most progressive revolutionaries of that day, Marat, Hébert, Babeuf, had already raised the social question. They foresaw but too well to what results the victory of the Third Estate was to lead; they prophesied the coming struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat.

When later, in 1848, the clouds of revolution again burst over Europe, the workingmen proved that they were beginning to awaken to the consciousness of their position; they immediately came to the front with their special social demands, demands terrifying to the bourgeoisie and frightening it into the protecting fold of the former "order."

It was workingmen who stood in the foreground of the revolution of 1848, sacrificing their lives in street battles against the reactionary hordes. They believed themselves on the threshold of their emancipation, but were sadly disappointed. Hardly did the bourgeoisie take hold of the reins of government, when they made common cause with their former enemies in mutual oppression of the laboring class. And when the latter attempted a last stand, in the month of June, at Paris, they were mowed down with terrible brutality.

The June battle was the beginning of the warfare of the proletariat against modern capitalism. The bitterness of that struggle gave a foretaste of what was to come.

The cruelty with which the conquered were treated evidenced the determination of the bourgeoisie to give no quarter.

The history of these struggles was kept alive. From generation to generation fathers recounted to their sons the events of those days: The description of the scenes which witnessed the heroic fights of a handful of men, women, and children against terrible odds,—all these revolutionary legends busied the imagination of the young generations.

That the events of the past left their deep impress upon the future was proved on the eighteenth of March, 1871, when revolutionary Paris rose with the historic cry, *Vive la Commune!*

To-day we fully realize the meaning of the Paris Commune. The proletariat is familiar with its history, deeds, and battles; it understands its sufferings and mistakes.

Endless pictures unroll themselves before the eyes of every revolutionary at the recollection of the heroic days of the Commune. The fight for the possession of the cannons, the proclamation of independence, the daily skirmishes around the Parisian forts, the street fighting during the bloody week; the bestiality of the Versailles troops, the massacres, courts-martial, and deportations—all these pictures remain unforgotten.

Since this historic upheaval—the second attempt of the modern proletariat to overthrow capitalism—a new spirit is permeating the ranks of labor. The very errors of the Commune are proving a salutary lesson; they will not be repeated. The Commune of the future will not be a matter of mere temporary arrangement; but rather a definite social change, based on co-operative production and free distribution, that is, Anarchist Communism. Above all, it will not be only a local change; the coming social revolution will be international.

The heroes of 1871 have not died in vain. Their deeds still inspire the workingmen of the world and point the way to final emancipation.



AMERICA AND RUSSIA

By LEO TOLSTOY.

IF only I had begun to preach love and brotherhood when I first began to write stories, I should have accomplished more. It was Schopenhauer and the Bible that converted me.

I am an individualist and as such believe in free play for the psychological nature of man. For this reason I am claimed by the Anarchists. Even George Brandes declares that I am in philosophical harmony with the ideas of Prince Kropotkin.

The idea of Communism, and what it implies, refers to social conditions and their improvement. It would be senseless for me to demand that every one should sleep as little as I do, eat the same food, wear the same clothes, or have the same feelings which are peculiar to me. A man is not a watch. Each is a world in himself. It is, therefore, an illusion to believe in materialistic economy as if it were a religion. It is foolish, therefore, to worship the idea of Socialism. I worship the soul of man, which is the only reality.

After all, it does seem as if the world likes to be deceived. If we did not have our illusions we could never find the truth. Through error we come to virtue, through ignorance to knowledge, through suffering to joy.

These opinions are naturally not popular with the Socialists, who therefore oppose me with bitterness. They love to spread broadcast the rumor that I am, instead of a doer of the word, a mere talker.

In my preachments of love and truth I am not partisan. I condemn both revolutionists and reactionaries. I loath the yoke of party; for I believe that all physical force is brutality.

My opposition to administrative power has often been interpreted into opposition to all government. This, however, is not true. I oppose only violence and the view that might makes right.

The only government in which I believe is that which exercises a moral authority. Moses, Buddha, Christ, these are the great law-givers; the real autocrats, who ruled not by force, but by character, whose government was one of love, justice, and brotherhood.

I do not believe in a parliament as the final goal of social leadership, for instead of simplifying it only complicates human society. Parliament becomes an instrument to cheat the people, in that it deceives them into thinking that it truly represents them. They say, "Vox populi, vox Dei," but that is never the case; for the greatest of illusions is that which supposes that society can be improved by law.

Just as I hate a hereditary potentate, so do I hate a cheap Duma. A government which relies on iron and explosives, which executes a murderer who is so because of insanity or of poverty, and which glorifies the butchery of innocent thousands is the greatest instrument for wrong, the worst of oppressors.

Now I will explain why I criticize free America as severely as I do Russia. It is because it also is tending to the rule of force. The methods may differ, but the results are the same.

It is true that America does not exile one to Siberia or hang one on the gallows for protesting against the government. But nevertheless it has its lynchings, and, what is far worse, its judicial murders. It has its great railroad casualties by which thousands are killed by the criminal carelessness of the great corporations, and besides all this, it has the exploitation of the poor by the rich.

All this proves that government can not improve the moral nature of man, and that brute force always defeats its object. There can be no coercion of the soul. Every law must have the sanction of the free will.

Where America surpasses Europe is in its personal liberty, which is the heritage of a race of heroes. But this is doomed to be extinguished by the legislatures of a time-serving generation.

The greatest indictment against any country is the presence of capital punishment—which exists in such a form as if Christ had never been born. The judge who sentences a criminal to death is ten times more guilty himself. Oh, that ideas of humanity could end this tyranny, this black hypocrisy of legal procedure under which so many crimes are committed against humanity!

Yet the root of all the evils of civilization lies in the perverted teachings miscalled Christianity. The modern

church is the greatest foe of man, and the churchgoer a blind dupe.

Of course, my views are extremely unpleasant to the Russian Church, and often it has plotted to get rid of me. Many suppose that I have so far escaped imprisonment simply because of my prominence, but there may be another reason, which I am unable to explain.

I am not afraid of any punishment, and would be happy if I might share it with the many martyrs who have suffered for truth and justice. Persecution gives freedom strength, and suffering ennobles and purifies.

Speaking of my past, I condemn myself unreservedly, for all my faults and errors were the natural result of my aristocratic birth and training, which is the worst thing that can befall a man, as it stifles every human instinct. Turgeneff wrote to me: "You have tried for many years to become a peasant in conduct as well as in ideas, but you nevertheless are the same aristocrat. You are good hearted and have a charming personality, but I have observed that in all your practical dealings with the peasants you remain the patronizing master who likes to be esteemed for his benefactions and to be considered the bounteous patriarch," in which he was very right.

I am not a lover of sports and athletics, for these I consider a misuse of energy, which might do much to relieve the poor. I am greatly in sympathy with the settlement work in America, but I do not believe in institutionalized charity or in mechanical philanthropy, but only in individual effort to relieve suffering.

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THE BOMB

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

I STOOD at Waldheim and gazed upon the graves of the dead. The golden rays of the setting sun were playing on the marble peaks and crosses, as if trying to warm the memory of those all but forgotten lives. Above, an azure sea, inlaid with tiny fleecy clouds, was softly flowing down the distant woods, that seemed to tremble expectant of the tender caress. And all was quiet around me, save for the low whisper of the leaves and the quickened breathing of the companion at my side.

I turned to look at her. In the bloom of mature womanhood her suppressed vitality seemed to palpitate for expression, every pore of her blithe figure radiating the joy of living. How beautiful is life—I thought—with a beauty enhanced by the mystery of death, like the sun made more radiant by the thought of darkness. Ah, the sun! To live, like he, shedding sunshine, warmth, and cheer; to go one's way casting joyous life all around, and then slowly pass on, leaving sweet memories and buoyant hope.

The soft flutter of little wings suddenly recalled me to myself. The bird settled on a grave, and a volume of sweet tones poured forth from the tender throat. Was the life of those resting here such a joyous, sweet song? No strife to mar the peace and beauty of a glorious world, no hatred to embitter the sensitive soul, no thoughts of evil to pollute the spring of love, no sham or hypocrisy to deceive one's brother or oneself?

Ah, no! Those resting here knew never peace before. No sunshine poured on the paths clouded by black fear, no rays warmed the hearts chilled by malice, no joy filled the pale eyes of dread. Here they lie buried, the souls that never came to life for lack of inner sight, and thus they died unlived. And yonder in the great city, and all around and everywhere, men and women walk about, unburied yet dead, alive but not living, running and rushing, straining nerve and muscle, jostling and trampling each other in a mighty universal chaos. All dead in life.

All dead, buried beneath the weight of revered stupidity, stifled by self-imposed petty cares, held in eternal bondage by the bands of ignorance. Yet here before me rises, in all the majesty of conscious strength, the visible monument of the world's unthinkably brutal stupidity, the unsurpassed bestiality that has stifled the very voices which alone, out of numberless multitudes, dared to waken the dead, rouse them into life, and spread before them the feast of human brotherhood. Here they, too, lie buried, they who alone are still alive, and never can die. Here they lie buried, the eternal victims of power and darkness, Lingg and Parsons and Spies and Fischer and Engel. Ah, how vain to bury those that cannot die. . . . And there, above the immortal grave, stands the compelling figure that loving hands have reared upon the

bleeding martyred hearts. Wistful of face she stands, the ever-longing Mother, confidently proud and unutterably sad: full of pitying kindness for her foolish, suffering children, ever crucifying themselves in their saviors, yet proudly looking with steadfast eye into the world, with a mother's noble pride in the brave sons who dared break the evil spell of night and boldly climbed the mountain, triumphantly crying, The light! The light!

And as I gazed upon the glorious figure, the sinking sun sped its last rays upon the beautiful sad face, the eyes became illumined amid the falling shades, and in their depths I could read shining Hope.

* * *

Over twenty years have passed since that Black Friday when five of the noblest of their race were foully murdered by legal process. But the eleventh of November, 1887, is not forgotten. Indeed, there are crimes so stupendous and horrible that no ocean of time could wash them off the memory of man. The hanging of our Chicago comrades was such a crime. The passage of years merely serves to accentuate the atrocity of the deed. Nor can time mellow the deep hatred of social conditions which continue their existence only by the systematic repetition of the injustice and barbarity which, in 1887, culminated in the death of our friends.

No drop of martyr's blood was ever shed in vain, however. The hurrying feet of Time are powerless to efface the footsteps of the Liberty's pioneers, and the voice in the wilderness ever finds an echo in suffering hearts. True, to the shame of America it must be said that it permitted the commission of an outrage rivalling feudal times. Especially the American proletariat must feel their cheeks burn at the mention of the Chicago Anarchists: the working men of this country can never be forgiven the cowardice of passively witnessing the legal murder of their most devoted champions. They could have most easily foiled the conspiracy of greed, as they did years later in the case of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone.

But though the plutocratic cabal was carried to completion, the protest against the legal murder quickly found expression in the erection of the Anarchist monument at Waldheim. And when the insane terror of the people,

systematically fanned by a hireling press, somewhat subsided, there arose a man of compelling voice and courage who dared act the truth by liberating the three imprisoned Anarchists. Governor Altgeld gave the proof so dear to the American heart, the *legal* proof of our friends' innocence. And yet even his brave exposure of the capitalistic infamy was not sufficient to rouse the fair play loving American people to take a manly stand.

Indeed, poverty and political decapitation were the price Altgeld had to pay for challenging a hypocritical public opinion. The penny-a-liners of a prostitute press visited their paid wrath upon Altgeld, till he was driven from the political arena. To their eternal shame, and to that of American journalism generally, be it said that it remained for an Englishman, Frank Harris, to write the true story of the crime of 1887.

"The Bomb," recently issued in this country by the publishing house of Mitchell Kennerley, is a very notable book. Chiefly, perhaps, because of its spirit of fairness and justice to an unpopular cause, all too rare in this day of commercialized journalism. The author is evidently a man of great moral courage, possessing the supreme strength of defying respectable shams and cant. To the same courage was due Harris' steadfastness in his friendship for Oscar Wilde, after the latter's release from prison—something that can be said to the credit of but very few of the poet's friends.

The story of "The Bomb" is told in the form of an autobiography of Rudolph Schnaubelt, the alleged thrower of the Haymarket bomb. The tale is smooth and vivid, at times very forcible. Its most prominent feature is the complete sincerity of the narrator, boldly and truthfully describing the events that culminated in the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists. The author gradually unfolds the movement for an eight-hour workday, led by Spies, Parsons, and their coworkers. He skilfully pictures the violent opposition of the manufacturers; the savage exploitation and resultant strikes, and the unspeakable brutality of the police in shooting down unarmed men and women at peaceful gatherings. Nor did Frank Harris neglect to castigate with a powerful pen the harlot American press that by lies and willful misrepresentation of the workingmen, especially of the foreign-born

element, designedly encouraged the police to still greater outrages. The account of the events preceding the throwing of the bomb is pictured with historic accuracy. The conspiracy of the press and capital to inflame the popular mind against the strikers, the growing economic pressure and persecution, the desperate condition of the workers, and, finally, the spirit of human revolt culminating in the tragedy of the Haymarket—all these are told with convincing reality.

But "The Bomb" is by no means a mere photograph of men and events. It is a veritable human document, palpitating with the hopes and ambitions of the intelligent workingman, who bleeds at the degradation and oppression of his class and vainly seeks expression for his absorbing sympathies—vainly, because of our terrible social injustices and hypocritical cant.

The book is permeated by the spirit of profound sympathy with the ideal aspirations of the foreign-born workmen in the large cities, who are shown to be the intellectual and revolutionary backbone of the American proletariat. It treats with rare appreciative understanding the exalted humanity of the Chicago Anarchists, though they are rather incorrectly classed by the author as Socialists. The heroic figure of Lingg dominates the greater part of the book, his remarkable personality pictured with great power, as well as the touching beauty of his relations with Ida, his sweetheart, the latter so different from, and yet so femininely akin to, the rather materialistic Elsie, the beloved of Rudolph.

Owing to the general excellence of the book, the presence of some inaccuracies is to be especially regretted. Among them, for instance, is the description of the English Socialist, Hyndman, as a Jew; the characterization of Lingg as the *only* Anarchist in the circle of Spies, Parsons, etc.; but, above all, the vital defect of imputing to Lingg the beliefs of a mere reformer who dreamed of a "State industrial army, uniformed and officered, employed in making roads and bridges, capitals and town halls, and people's parks, and all sorts of things for the common weal, and this army should be recruited from the unemployed. If the officers are good enough, believe me, in a year or two, service in the State army, at even a low rate

of wages, would carry honor with it, as our army uniform does now."

Yet the descriptive power of Frank Harris is so compelling, his sympathies so wide and intimate, that the discrepancy of a pronounced Anarchist like Lingg, uttering such silly reformer talk, does not grate too unpleasantly on the ear.

We welcome "The Bomb" as a distinct service in the cause of humanity. It cannot fail to carry to all fair-minded men the realization of the terrible governmental crime of which our Chicago comrades were the victims. It must waken a serious interest in a cause that inspires its exponents with the high-mindedness of a Spies, the noble self-sacrifice of a Parsons, the uncompromising devotion and courage of a Lingg. It will, moreover, convince the unprejudiced mind that the Haymarket tragedy was the direct result of police brutality, press incitement, and the suppression of free speech. But, above all, it must prove a powerfully effective object lesson, revealing our economic and social barbarities in the very act of developing the most well-intentioned man into a desperate bomb-thrower.

The Haymarket bomb was ignited by the hand of greed, violence, and persecution. In the last analysis it is ever the exploiter and oppressor that are the men behind the bomb. The real and only criminal is that monster, Society, smooth and snug, upholding our Ishmaelish system, while hiding behind respectable innocence and crying, "All is well!"

The effort of Frank Harris will not fail to contribute a goodly share to a clear understanding of the psychology of the situation, thus accomplishing a great and very necessary work.



ALBERT LIBERTAD

By M. N.

DEATH, more cruel and stupid than ever, struck down comrade Albert Libertad, of Paris, the propagandist orator, and one of the founders of *L'Anarchie*, the weekly paper started in 1905, and the *Causeries populaires* (1902), those local popular meetings which form a new kind of propaganda worthy of more general use. After climbing up nearly the full height of Montmartre, one is faced, in the Rue de la Barre 22, by a two-roomed shop, door and windows in summer wide open to the street, which forms a quiet corner here. Even without entering, one sees one room full of young compositors at their printing-cases, and next to them, near the open door, some young women doing needlework or preparing food, with a baby or two thrown in in the middle near the table where all the office work is done, literature briskly sent out, etc. The back walls contain the stock of pamphlets, and a collection of advanced books forming a lending library.

In the evening the room is cleared a little, and forms are put up; the "popular discussions" begin—informal discussions, attended by people from the neighborhood and comrades, just the way to come in real contact with average people who feel shy of meetings, have no trust in orators, but may gradually be thawed by ordinary, unpretentious conversation. They get the books they want to take home; they soon see that these young Anarchists, not hindered by conventionalities and thoroughly disinterested, can help them in many little ways; they see them hard at work and yet free at the same time, arranging matters their own way and always merry. Such a *milieu* Libertad greatly helped to create, and I feel sure that his friends will keep together and continue the work.

For to me this example seems of no small importance. A Communist colony is mostly situated in a remote, isolated district; and an attempt to produce almost everything on the spot is hard work, tiring, often disappointing, and bringing too many cares for keeping the unbounded spirit of propagandism still alive in the off-hours. The transition, moreover, from ordinary to Communist life is

too sudden to appeal to greater numbers of surrounding people.

A *Syndicat*, again, unites men of the same trade, but living all over the city; if trade interest keeps them together, the absence of common local interest leaves them strangers in many respects. Public meetings and lectures are never frequented by large masses of people, whom in many cases a certain shyness, the consciousness of their ignorance, the unwillingness of grown-up people to be "educated," the distrust of ambitious orators and politicians, etc., keep away; whilst ordinary common-sense discussion may open their minds and clear away their prejudices.

Here, I think, the means adopted by Libertad and his friends show the right way to reach new strata of people. If more generalized, it would mean that everywhere, in the popular quarters, groups of Anarchists would start such small, informal, co-operative workshops, the real basis of effective local propaganda. Many could emancipate themselves, if not from a very frugal life, at least from the brutality of their slave-drivers, if with half-a-dozen comrades they would only co-operate steadily and practically at some trade where this is possible without a great outlay of capital; others could help in directing their custom to them. Where there is a will, there is a way—this is a proverb that is always worth repeating. Show the people in this way that it is possible not to let oneself be crushed by the capitalist system, but to make a stand against it. Only in such a way can be created the great number of really independent propagandists that will help to make a popular and efficient movement in place of spasmodic and ephemeral agitation. For these reasons, these *self-supporting propagandist groups in the midst of the people* seemed worthy of fuller description.

Libertad—whose real name was Joseph Albert, born at Bordeaux in 1875—and Anna Mahé were the soul of the paper *L'Anarchie*. This is not so much a popular organ to hammer away with unceasing patience in the same place—useful and necessary work, no doubt, but not the exclusive task of *all* Anarchist papers. It is an organ where each article tries to contribute something new and original to the continuous evolution of Anarchist ideas. Libertad and his friends did so much popular propa-

gandist work that they instinctively found the means to avoid monotony by abstaining from producing popular literature the rest of the day, by trying to sharpen their minds by thinking further on the lines of Anarchist evolution. This seems to me an excellent way to recreate the mind of routine propaganda, and to advance further at the same time; diversity of efforts is often more efficient than the much-praised unity. Not all these efforts are of equal value, but there is certainly no Anarchist paper in which, during the last three years, Anarchism has obtained so many new sidelights and is shown so much to be a living idea in full evolution. E. Armand, whom another variety of stupid fatality keeps away now, helped on this elaboration of new ideas; only lately the group *L'Anarchie* published his remarkable book, "Qu'est ce qu'un Anarchiste?" (What is an Anarchist?) A new feature of the paper was a weekly review of the other French Anarchist papers, signed "Le Liseur," probably Libertad's work. This was not a repetition of commonplace summaries and compliments, but reckless, pithy criticism, adding many hints in the right direction.

This criticism stops at nothing—neither at ideas nor at men; and this made *L'Anarchie* unwelcome to many, some of whom cannot bear the light of criticism, whilst others wish the appearance of solidarity kept up by all means. Libertad had no sympathy nor mercy nor patience with either of them, which caused him to be considered as "anti-syndicist," "individualist," and very troublesome in general. In reality, his mind was open to all possibilities of propaganda, all nuances of our ideas, their perpetual evolution, and improvement. He detested exclusivism—the Syndicalist proclaiming Syndicalism "self-sufficient," the Communist despising the slightest trace of Individualism, etc. He would also think and say: If we criticise and reject the political leaders, why should we silently submit to the Syndicalist leaders, simply because at present they seem to work in our interest? By this uncompromising attitude he became the bugbear of many, but certainly helped to awaken independent thinking in as many others.

His third field of action was numerous meetings. He could move only on crutches, but his thundering voice filled large halls, and many were his lecturing tours, ex-

tending as far as Geneva, before he was expelled from Switzerland. Once he was put on trial for advocating incendiarism, but he developed to the jury with great common sense the *hygienic* character of setting fire to slum dwellings, destroying thus the horrible, squalid surroundings which stifle people's energy, and which no patching up will ever mend. He was acquitted.

He and his friends also attended most other public meetings, and insisted on getting a fair hearing. If this was refused, they would stop at nothing, and this gave them a terribly bad reputation with all chairmen who pooh-pooh unwelcome discussion; still, they had to give way, and Anarchism conquered the platform.

From all this it will be concluded that Libertad was not very tender to his enemies, nor were they to him. To friends he was courteous and genial; it was a pleasure to discuss Anarchism with him. His untimely death—though an old propagandist, he was still young—will, I hope, not disperse the hopeful young movement which he had so much contributed to create around him and his group on Montmartre.—*London Freedom*.



INDECENCY ON THE STAGE

By MARGARET GRANT.

MY friend Sarah Warner has just been to see me, and has left me all stirred up and worried. It seems that the stage has recently become very indecent; or else it has always been indecent, and Sarah has only just discovered it. In either case Sarah is engaged in preparing a paper on the subject to read to a club she belongs to—The Society of Good Women.

"Of course," said Sarah in her grim way, "you have noticed the modern tendency of the drama."

"Mercy, no!" I answered; "what is it?"

"Filth," she cried; "pure filth."

I wanted to ask her just what kind of filth pure filth was, but refrained because Sarah doesn't like what she calls frivolous questions; so I exclaimed in a non-committal way: "Really! Upon my word!"

"You don't mean to say that you hav'n't noticed it?" she said, in a tone deep with reprehension.

"I go to the theatre so little," I excused myself.

"I don't go much myself, as a rule, but the papers have been full of it."

"Oh! Full of filth? Well, they must put something in that people will read."

"No, no, Margaret!" she cried, "I don't mean that. I mean that all the papers have been calling attention to the indecency on the stage. And even some of the theatrical managers, who have decent plays that are not succeeding, are complaining of the indecent plays that are so successful."

"How disinterested of them!" I murmured.

"I don't know about that," said Sarah, who has a temperamental dislike to agreeing with anybody; "but it shows how very indecent the plays are when even theatrical managers say they are so."

"Yes," I agreed, "it must be a very nasty play that will shock a manager. But after all, need we be troubled, Sarah? The American people, descended from the pure-minded Puritans, to whom every pleasant thing was vile, can be depended upon not to patronize anything indecent."

"But these plays are being patronized," she declared vehemently.

"Then perhaps they are not indecent, Sarah. It would take a great deal to convince me that the American people, animated as they are by pure and lofty ideals, so easily shocked as they say they are by the slightest suggestion of impurity or indecency——"

"But I assure you that the plays are indecent; I have seen them—every one of them. I made Henry take me the moment I read what sort of plays they were."

"Perhaps," I suggested timidly, "the others who were present went, as you did, to satisfy themselves that the plays were really indecent."

Sarah snorted in disdain. It doesn't seem quite a proper word to use in describing anything done by an American woman, but in fact Sarah did propel the air violently through her nostrils.

"You would change your mind," she cried, "if you could have heard how every improper speech was laughed at. I told Henry what I thought of his conduct. I would have gone without him, if I had dared; but I

would not trust myself alone in those places where men's minds are inflamed by——"

She stopped and choked. She looked such a picture of acid virtue that I felt like reassuring her as to the impossibility of any man so far forgetting himself as to make advances to her. But there are some things that even the most virtuous woman does not like to be made too certain of.

"What," I asked, seeking to turn her mind from the contemplation of the danger she had been in from the inflamed minds of men, "what plays are they that are so indecent?"

"Well," she answered after a moment of painful reflection, "I don't know that I ought to tell you, Margaret, lest you should go yourself."

"But you went, Sarah," I remonstrated.

"Some of us," she replied sternly, "must look after the morals of our fellows. Some of us must make martyrs of ourselves in the cause of purity. How nobly Mr. Comstock has saturated himself with filth for the sake of humanity! President Roosevelt read all about the Thaw case in order that he might know it was not fit reading for anybody else; Doctor Parkhurst held a painted woman on his lap, it is said, so that he might warn others less pure. Shall I grow faint where they have been strong? No, I will go to every vile play that is put on the stage, so that I may keep others away."

"And will you take Henry with you, Sarah? Do not forget that Henry is only a man and may not be strong enough to resist the indecency he sees and hears."

"Henry!" she cried scornfully, "do you think he can learn anything new of that sort? I wish you might have heard his cold-blooded chuckle at the Blue Mouse when a rich railroad president was wickedly deceiving his trusting wife. But all men are like that; if they don't deceive their wives, they want to."

"Then," said I hesitatingly, "the indecency on the stage is true to life."

"Of course it is true to life; and that is why it should not be permitted on the stage. It is all very well that a thing is done off the stage, but it is un-American to admit that we are anything but pure and good. That is all that morality is for. Of course, men will be vile and lewd and

unfaithful, but are we for that reason to admit that we know it? No, let us at least pretend to the decency we do not possess."

"Sarah," said I in shocked tones, "you surely cannot mean that we are as immoral as that."

"I do mean it. You should see that awful play, 'The Easiest Way,' if you don't believe me. Why, all the papers and most of our clergymen are talking about it. They say that, of course, such conditions exist, but that we must not speak of it, nor permit such things to be shown on the stage."

"And is 'The Easiest Way' so very bad?" I asked, seeking information.

"Bad? Why, as I heard one man say the night I was there, it is like a piece cut out of life, and put on the stage. It is the story of a girl who is pursued by a rich man, who keeps her from getting work, and finally starves her into giving herself to him; the hussey! You should see her stepping out of her garret, and going into palatial apartments where she wears gowns that Henry never could afford to give me, his lawful wife. And there is no attempt made to conceal the fact that she is living in shame."

"And do you think there are any such cases in real life?" I demanded.

"What an innocent you are, Margaret! Are there any such cases? Huh! Why every man in New York who can afford it has one of those painted Jezebels on whom he spends the money that belongs to his lawful wife. But Henry doesn't; and wouldn't if he was as rich as Rockefeller. I married him to be taken care of; and I'll see that he lives up to his contract. The worst of it is that some of those creatures are just like the one on the stage, so modest and gentle in manners and appearance that they look more like decent women than some wives do."

"Well, of course," I said thoughtlessly, "a man certainly ought to pay better wages to his wife than to his mistress. I agree with you there, Sarah."

"I never said anything about wages, Margaret. What do you mean? Why, one would think to hear you——"

"I beg your pardon, Sarah," I cried hastily; "I had forgotten how un-American it is to call things by their

proper names. I suppose now," I went on to distract her attention, "that 'Salome' is one of the indecent shows."

"Indecent! it is the worst of the lot. What do you think I heard Henry say to his friend Dinsmore the day after he had been with me to see that awful opera?"

"Was it something awful?"

"He said," and Sarah's eyes flashed fire, "that if he'd been in the place of John the Baptist, it wouldn't have been necessary to cut his head off; he'd have given it freely for just one of Salome's kisses. Can you think of anything worse than that? And he never kisses me except on my birthday; and then I compel him."

"But after all, Sarah," I hastened to say, unable to bear the wrathful gleam in her eyes, "you mustn't forget that the Salome story comes out of the Book of books. What is in the Holy Bible must be pure and good. We must not question what we find there."

"I don't know; maybe you're right," she assented, hesitatingly.

"And as for plays," I went on, "you know the Song of Solomon is a play, and it is part of the holy book, but I don't believe anything warmer than that is on our stage to-day. The way the lover describes the parts of his sweetheart's person is going some, as they say nowadays. I don't believe anything in 'The Girl from Rector's' or in the 'Queen of the Moulin Rouge' is more in—but, of course, if it's in the Bible, it can't be indecent."

"Margaret," said Sarah starting to her feet and angrily pulling her gloves on, "I believe you have deceived me. You have seen these immoral plays. I would not have believed that any clean-minded woman would—that is, unless she went as a student. As for your references to the good book, I will not say I am surprised, but I will say that I am shocked; for you know very well that all nice persons long ago agreed to pretend that the indecencies you speak of were not in the Bible. And as for immorality and indecency in life, if we must admit that they exist, at least we can ignore them. Let them exist in real life, but in the name of our beautiful American purity, let us pretend that we do not know it."

With that she swept out of the house. Somehow I always seem to annoy Sarah.

SAN FRANCISCO ECHOES

THE attempt to suppress free speech in San Francisco, threatening to become an established fact, has been defeated. Doubly defeated, because it has been made to do good service in awakening the liberty-loving people to the danger and making them conscious of the evils that lie in the wake of suppression of free speech and free assembly.

With what effort and at what cost this authoritarian invasion was repelled, our codefenders of free speech have a right to know. In conjunction with the Social Science League, Dr. Ben. L. Reitman had completed every arrangement for a series of eight lectures and two debates by Emma Goldman, at the Victory Theater, beginning Jan. 13th. After one lecture had been delivered, both our comrades were arrested on eight charges of "conspiracy to rout" or "riot," and held on \$8,000 bail each. No riot had yet occurred and, therefore, they were arrested "for the chickens they were going to steal," the arrangements for each lecture constituting the "conspiracy."

With Alexander Horr, the leading spirit of the Social Science League, in jail as a consequence of his activity in advertising these lectures, I found most of the responsibility for "doing something" on my shoulders. Dollars and dimes disappear like water through a sieve when things are "hot" and must be done in a hurry. But thousands of dollars are not easy to procure, and after one day's delay, and then another's, our comrades were still in jail. Lack of liberty is difficult to endure, but wretched food and "impossible" apartments make it worse. I am sure that if you are ever in jail, a few doughnuts, books, and clothing from the outside would be welcome.

While our energetic attorney, Ernest E. Kirk, was battling for the reduction of bail, I was collecting money. But San Francisco could only supply \$1,000. I saw light when Los Angeles offered \$2,500, and New York over \$5,000. I had hoped to raise as much here, and called a protest meeting in the Victory Theater, where the rent had already been paid, only to have our peaceable assembly dispersed by force—police force.

After our "conspirators" had spent the better part of

the week in jail, the bail was reduced to nothing, but they were re-arrested and bail set at \$2,000. Needless to say, the arrangements and advertisements for lectures left us with a deficit appalling to contemplate. A conspiracy of silence was indulged in by all the leading newspapers with regard to the case and the acquittal.

The magazine published by Comrade Goldman, MOTHER EARTH, was thus deprived of the usual means of support, and, while free speech had been trampled upon, it remained to take advantage of its vindication.

It seems, however, that the successful throttling of the Victory Theater lectures, in January, made a public impression that our vigorous efforts in February certainly unseated, but did not financially afford recuperation. In fact, these efforts barely paid their own way. As no Australian steamers were to leave this port until March, lectures were arranged for in San Francisco every Sunday, and in surrounding towns for other dates; but in consequence of persistent rainy weather and other unavoidable factors, no financial success attended a single effort, excepting the last debates with Walter Thomas Mills, Socialist, which fortunately netted the price of a fare to New York.

Besides the unutterable exasperations and emotional turmoil attending a series of non-successes of this kind, heaped upon the disappointment of well-laid plans for a trip to Australia, Miss Goldman has endured enough without taking up her pen to make this report.

While quite a number of people have become intensely interested, and no better propaganda work has been done here in recent years, yet, in consequence of this one act of police interference, incalculable loss has been suffered. Only the hearty response for defence funds has made it possible for this brave woman and her good helper, Dr. Reitman, to persist in this fight for free speech, to successfully establish the issue, and finally enabled them to proceed on their way south. With all lovers of liberty, I rejoice that the fight is well won, and would that we again subscribe

"Millions for defence,
But not one cent for tribute."

CASSIUS V. COOK, Sec. F. S. League.

FREE SPEECH DEFENCE FUND

San Francisco Account.

RECEIPTS.

Per John Kassel, San Francisco	\$17.50
H. J. Maddox, San Francisco	10.00
Social Science League Collected, San Francisco.....	7.50
A. Horr, San Francisco.....	6.35
C. V. Cook, San Francisco..	6.00
Wm. Buwalda, San Francisco	5.00
A. Iseman, San Francisco..	5.00
J. Edelson, San Francisco..	5.00
Mr. Etique, San Francisco..	5.00
Mr. Weinberg, San Francisco	5.00
Mr. Finburd, San Francisco.	5.00
F. Erklens, San Francisco..	5.00
A. Robins, San Francisco...	5.00
B. Fernstein, San Francisco.	5.00
Lydia Todd, San Francisco..	5.00
A. Makower, San Francisco..	5.00
J. Biesterbis, San Francisco..	5.00
Mr. Garish, San Francisco..	3.00
J. Davidson, San Francisco..	2.00
E. Frank, San Francisco....	2.00
Mr. Burroughs, San Francisco	1.50
Mr. Blumberg, San Francisco	1.00
Mr. Shapiro, San Francisco..	1.00
Collected at Dreamland Pavilion Protest Meeting....	35.35
C. T. Sprading, Los Angeles	25.00
Claude Riddle, Los Angeles..	10.00
Wm. C. Owen, Los Angeles..	10.00
Chas. Clark, Los Angeles....	5.00
Flora Oppleger, Los Angeles.	5.00
R. Wirth, Los Angeles.....	5.00
A Friend, Los Angeles.....	10.00
Knox & Richards, Los Angeles	2.50
May M. Bostick, Los Angeles	1.00
Mamie H. Marks, Los Angeles	1.00
R. Zeitner, Los Angeles.....	1.00
Walter R. Gisske, Los Angeles	1.50
H. Schaffer, Los Angeles...	1.00
Susan Balfe, Los Angeles...	5.00
Pauline Cantor, Los Angeles.	.50
A. Shapiro, Los Angeles....	.50
G. Messmar, Los Angeles...	.50
Edmond Norton, Los Angeles	.25
A Friend, Los Angeles.....	.50
G. Gillespie, Los Angeles....	.50
Wm. Becker, Los Angeles...	.50
Fr. Louder, Los Angeles....	.50
Sol. Saunder, Los Angeles..	1.00
G. Soyez, Los Angeles.....	10.00
Ernest Besselman, San Diego	1.00
Per Ernest Wirth, East Pasadena	3.00
Abbey B. Morgan, Gavanza, Cal.....	3.00
Per Dr. Geo. Pyburn, Sacramento, Cal.....	27.75
Per A. Wilbers, Seattle, Wash.	15.00

Carried forward.....\$300.70

Brought forward.....	\$300.70
A Friend, Seattle, Wash....	1.00
Per S. Siven, Portland, Ore.	6.00
Kitty Beck, Portland, Ore..	5.00
C. E. S. Wood, Portland, Ore.	15.00
Mr. Holzworth, Portland, Ore.	1.50
Per A. Edelstadt, Butte, Mont.....	7.50
Per J. Cline, Salt Lake City, Utah	6.75
Dr. C. D. Spivach, Denver, Colo.....	1.00
Sidney W. Hooper, Fargo, N. Dak.....	5.00
Chas. Steinhauser, New Ulm, Minn.....	5.00
A Friend, New Ulm, Minn..	1.00
Dr. A. Tappan, Kansas City, Mo.....	1.00
Daniel Kiefer, Cincinnati, O.	10.00
Fay Lewis, Brockton, Ill....	5.00
Per Dr. R. M. Yampolsky, Chicago	14.00
Herman J. Schad, St. Louis, Mo.....	2.00
Per F. Kramer, Winnipeg, Canada	5.00
Per N. Hornstein, London, Ont.....	27.50
Leonard Abbott, New York..	5.00
Per Alexander Berkman, New York	145.00

Total\$569.95

EXPENDITURES.

Legal Services, Kirk & King	\$150.00
Legal Papers, and Reports..	22.30
Per C. V. Cook, Expenses in connection with arrest, bail, etc.....	33.25
Printing Appeal Circular....	5.00
E. G. Expenses, postage, telegrams, 'phones.....	25.00
E. G. & Ben R., Expenses Jail	20.00
Deficit on Meetings stopped by Police.....	62.13
For publishing MOTHER EARTH since police interference..	150.00
Living expenses, E. G. and Ben. R., S. F.....	102.27
	<u>\$569.95</u>

Received at M. E. Office.

Previously acknowledged....	\$169.75
H. Kuehn, Chicago.....	1.00
M. Slive, Syracuse, N. Y....	1.00
N. Navro, Phila.....	1.00
I. Goldenberg, Norwich, Conn.	.50
K. Raizen, Norwich, Conn..	.30
M. Henkin, Norwich, Conn..	.25
Mr. Clyan, Norwich, Conn...	.10
Mr. Liberman, Norwich, Conn.	.10

Carried forward.....\$174.00

FREE SPEECH DEFENCE FUND—Continued

Brought forward.....	\$174.00	Brought forward.....	\$290.05
M. E. Taft, Norwich, Conn..	.50	Ego, New York.....	1.00
K. Sefanovitz, Norwich, Conn.	.50	S. M. B., New York.....	1.00
B. Solomon, Norwich, Conn.	.30	Dr. Andrews, New York....	2.00
Mr. Capten, Norwich, Conn.	.50	E. Casadei, Vancouver, B. C.	.50
Mr. Kipfer, New York.....	3.00	G. Galetti, Vancouver, B. C.	.50
J. Roman, Ladd, Ill.....	1.00	M. Kisluik, Atlantic City....	2.00
Bolton Hall, N. Y.....	5.00	J. H. Hyman, Atlantic City..	1.00
S. Mundo, Hammond, Ind..	1.00	H. E. Zucas, Atlantic City..	1.00
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TO OUR READERS.

This issue begins the fourth year of the magazine. We urgently request our subscribers to send in their renewal at once, as—according to the ruling of the Post Office Department—we cannot carry any unpaid subscribers.

Voltairine de Cleyre

WILL LECTURE AT THE

Harlem Liberal Alliance

100 WEST 116th STREET, NEW YORK

Friday Evening, March 26th, 1909

SUBJECT:

Anarchism and American Traditions

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MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. IV

APRIL, 1909

No. 2

THE MARTYRS OF HELL

By LOLA RIDGE.

*Not your martyrs anointed of heaven
The ages are red where they trod;
But the hunted—the world's bitter leaven,
Who smote at your imbecile God:*

*A being to pander and fawn to;
To propitiate, flatter, and dread
As a thing that your souls are in pawn to,
A dealer that barter the dead;*

*Who gloats with a vengeance unsated,
And sells the lost souls in His snares
Who were trapped in the lusts He created—
For incense and masses and prayers.*

*They are crushed in the coils of your halters:
'Twere well, by the creeds ye have nursed,
To send up a cry from your altars,
A mass for the martyrs accursed.*

*Just a passionate prayer for reprieval,
For the Brotherhood not understood—
For the heroes who died for the evil,
Believing the evil was good.*

*Here's a toast that has never been given;
Listen, thralls of the Book and the Bell:*

*To the souls of the martyrs unshriven,
The bondmen who dared to rebel—*

*To the Breakers, the Bold, the Despoilers,
Who dreamed of a world overthrown;
They who died for the millions of toilers,
Few—fronting the nations alone;*

*To the Outlawed of men and the Branded,
Whether hated or hating they fell,
I pledge the devoted, red-handed,
Unflinching heroes of hell!*

❖ ❖ ❖

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

IT is fashionable among a certain element of the intellectual *blasé* to insist that, after all, progress is but a fiction. We are to-day no nearer the solution of Life's problems—so runs their legend—than were the ancients. The Greek philosophers were no less profound than their modern colleagues; we think the same thoughts, live essentially the same lives, and just as ineffectively question the ever mute Sphinx.

'Tis a fallacy of the poor in faith, the weak in sight and hope. We have not, indeed, solved *all* the problems that have vexed mankind since the dawn of civilization. But Life is a tangled skein whose threads must be unwound laboriously, one by one.

Aeons have rolled into the ocean of eternity ere man first struck the mental flint that discovered to him the very presence of Life's Sphinx. The scales of superstition and ignorance fell one by one from his sight, till at last he dimly beheld the tangled skein. And as the light grew, and the waters of time clarified man's vision, his unsteady hand groped among the threads, tugging here and there, seeking the beginning or end, ever seeking in darkness. In vain he pleaded for aid, divine or human; in vain he implored. Yet not all in vain: his cries strengthened his voice, and his tears purified his sight. The agony of suffering was slowly piercing the tangle, and the enigma was imperceptibly dissolving in the tears of his great need. And lo! suddenly he beheld a beautiful maiden, and in her hand he saw firmly grasped the loose end of Life's woof.

Nor could the liberating Ariadne altogether unravel the tangled skein. But the modern Theseus is following her through the winding paths of the labyrinth, out into the open road of final solution.

And the maiden's name was Mechanical Invention.

* * *

THE smug and self-satisfied are but too apt to forget that they live in houses built on sand. They follow the usual course of their lives, make profits out of the widows and orphans, and proclaim with pious unction that we live in the best of all worlds.

But once in a while something happens, a link in the social chain is broken, and the whole rotten fabric begins to totter and threatens to fall. Then the good people wake up and wonder what has disturbed the even tenor of their lives. One after another they miss their customary pleasures, and grow angry at the deprivation. Soon they realize their very existence imperiled, and consternation reigns in the camp of respectable stupidity.

What happened? 'Tis the slave becoming unruly. The greedy workingman again making impertinent demands. Only the workingman. But the whole elaborate structure is trembling and its very foundations seem to be sinking.

The recent strike of the French postal and telegraph employees has shaken respectable society to its very core. It is, indeed, terrible to realize that our leisure and comforts, nay, our very necessities, depend upon the good will of mere labor. Why, if labor were so minded it could suddenly stop all the wheels of civilization; not a stroke of work could be done; we might even be degraded to the pangs of vulgar hunger.

Why, it is terrible.

* * *

IT is probably the first time in the history of modern labor that the tremendous power of solidaric effort has been so conclusively demonstrated. Never before have we witnessed such a convincing object lesson as to the efficacy of direct action and the invincible strength of co-operation. The General Strike of the workmen of but *one* department of industry was sufficient to put a great country absolutely at the mercy of the strikers. What, then, would happen if the producers of several or of *all*

industrial departments were to assert their rights to life, backing such assertion by a general national and international strike?

Mighty Labor, the world is yours, if you but will it.

* * *

IT is to be hoped that the organized labor of this country will soon grow out of its diapers and attain manhood.

If the United Mine Workers intend to follow the usual ridiculous tactics of "preparing" for a strike by protracted dilly-dallying with the operators, it were the part of wisdom to capitulate at once. Much time, energy, and suffering would thus be obviated. But if the miners really want to make their demands heard and respected, they cannot afford to waste time in baby-acting, conferring and carrying on long palavers with the mine owners. The latter merely want to *prepare themselves*—with scabs and millions of tons of mined coal.

The Achilles of capitalism has but one vulnerable spot: the pocket. To force the exploiters to make concessions, the producers must use drastic methods, acting quickly, energetically, effectively. Instead of preparing the enemy by interminable and profitless discussions and parleys, he should be treated as an enemy. Nor should the interests of labor be entrusted to weak, incompetent, or treacherous leaders. Direct action is the motto. Solidaric co-operation of rank and file, the means. If you strike, strike hard. The method of sudden and complete cessation of work, a determined stand, and no compromise, will alone ensure speedy victory.

* * *

WE learn from recent statistics that crime in New York keeps ahead of the city's growth. The same holds true of the county and State. While population has increased four per cent., the rise in crime has grown ten per cent. The overcrowded condition of penitentiaries and prisons in New York State is not peculiar to the latter. Information from many other States indicates that similar conditions also prevail there. The prison officials, almost without exception, attribute the increase of crime to "two circumstances: the hard times and the influx of aliens."

The two circumstances are, in reality, but different aspects of one and the same cause. For, indeed, the influx of aliens is but an indication of the hard times prevalent in European countries. Hard times in America and increased immigration from abroad merely mean that the masses everywhere, in *all* countries, are suffering want and poverty. Yet these masses work and produce. Why are they in want? What becomes of the products they create in such abundance?

The answer to this question will at the same time explain the prevalence of crime. Monopoly and privilege, aided by government, have divorced the producers from the machinery of production. Helpless without the latter, labor is forced to sell its power for whatever pittance the lords of the land and the captains of industry are willing to give. Deprived of the full equivalent of their work, the masses cannot buy back their products. Hence "overproduction," in the midst of nameless misery, hard times, and "superfluous" labor power.

What is the jobless man to do? Unemployment has become the chief problem of our civilization. It fills our prisons, builds new ones and overcrowds them, and still crime is on the increase, and hard times grow harder. And all the while the masters of life wax more insolent and reckless, turning the earth into a furnace of misery and suffering, and the State continues to torture and murder the children of its own iniquity.

But the hour of atonement is approaching. The ghost will not down.

* * *

IT would seem that in our Christian civilization the difference between right and wrong is one of terminology only. Thus the hungry man who takes a loaf of bread is a thief; but he who steals four-fifths of your product is called a manufacturer. To appropriate a dollar that does not belong to you is robbery; to grab a million acres is business. If you kill in sudden passion, it is murder. If you electrocute your enemy with deliberate preparation, it is justice.

When a wrong is right is decided, in all orderly communities, by the government. That is a body composed of the most learned, incorruptible, and unselfish social elements. The decisions of government are based on a book

of classified right and wrong. This sacred book is called the Law. The Law is steadily enlarged by the addition of new laws, abolishing former laws. Laws may contradict and nullify each other, but the Law is unchangeable. Laws come and go, but the Law remains intact. The Law is always the Right. It cannot err. It knows no distinction of sex or color. It kills alike male and female, white and black. It knows neither pity nor mercy. Only Duty: the duty of upholding the Existing, the Accepted Fact, the Law and its Makers.

Great is the Law. It transcends right and wrong.
'Tis the Law.

❖ ❖ ❖

ANARCHISM AND MALTHUS

By C. L. JAMES.

JOHAN STUART MILL, who knew little about the difference between Anarchism and Socialism, but sympathized with both, as far as he understood them, has left on record the sentiment that the Malthusian theory, long considered the fatal objection to Socialism, might prove the strongest argument in its favor. Being much of that opinion myself, I have long desired Malthus, a writer of whom everybody talks and whom nobody reads, to be more generally understood. His life and character strike me as very irrelevant to his reasonings; but since prejudice always insists on getting them in, and generally tells lies about them, here is the truth. Daniel Malthus was the friend and executor of Rousseau. It need not be said, he was a radical. He was also an author to whom some literary merit is attributed; but he always wrote anonymously. His social grade was that of an English "gentleman," living on an income derived from some sort of stock. That he was pretty rich, and that he met with financial reverses, may be inferred from the facts that he passed through the University of Cambridge as a student in the most expensive class; but his son, Thomas Robert Malthus, the economist, was sent there on a cheaper plan; at which time we also find that the family, though increased, had moved into a smaller house than that where he was born. Here, during the winter of 1797, the father and

son had some arguments about the merits of *Political Justice*, a book recently published by William Godwin (husband of Mary Wollestonecraft, and father-in-law of Percy Bysche Shelley). Godwin was an Anarchist of that early unscientific type which preceded Marx and Proudhon. Like his French contemporary, Condorcet, he vaguely entertained those ideas to which Saint Simon, about twenty-four years later, gave precision. That prodigious increase of wealth-producing arts which marked the last quarter of the eighteenth century was transforming military into industrial organization. The trades of the soldier, the legislator, the judge, the jailer, the sovereign, and the hangman, would soon be discarded as useless by a generation whom commerce was bringing to understand human solidarity. Commerce itself, by its effect in cheapening the means of life, would be obliged to make way for Communism. The Golden Age, the Paradisacal State, was not only before, instead of behind us—it was at the door. The courageous optimism which could think so when the greatest of popular revolutions was, after fearful bloodshed, in the act of transformation into a conquering military despotism, does credit to Godwin's heart, and his imagination; and the elder Malthus was delighted. But the younger pointed out difficulties. In Godwin's Utopia, life was to be maintained so easily that the "struggle for existence" (a phrase used by Malthus) would have ceased and population, naturally, would increase fast. For things had by no means come to that in the United States, where the settlers were still killing Indians and working negro slaves; where they had fought seven years against a tax, and were in the act of domestic rebellion for cheap whiskey. Yet even in the United States living was so easy, that population, aside from immigration, doubled every twenty-five years. No such rate of increase could possibly continue. As this is a point on which ignorant critics of Malthus continually blunder, we will try to get it clear. The ignorant critics speak about destructive effects of this increase as if it were equally remote with the earth's falling into the sun, or the extinction of the sun itself. But anyone who can use a table of logarithms may convince himself in five minutes that the progeny of one Adam and Eve, doubling every twenty-five years, would pack like oranges in a box, not

after geologic aeons, but in a few centuries. Of course no such result is possible. Yet it would evidently happen but that something hinders. What does? Increase of the death-rate. This comes in various forms, all horrible to contemplate. Densely peopled countries, India, China, Egypt, Ireland, are mostly very liable to famine. Those happier in this respect have had dire experience that crowding and pestilence go together. Even where these destroying angels spare to smite for the sins of the people, the mortality of cities, notwithstanding all their opulence and knowledge, is invariably higher than that of the poorer, ruder country. But above all other things, war has been not only a check on overpopulation, but a proof that even very ignorant people know a check is needed. That they may not starve, cannibals fight and cut each other. Shepherds, indeed, cannot starve while their flocks are fed; for the flocks increase faster than the men.* But the flocks must have food as well as the men; and, because they increase faster, they reach the limit beyond which they cannot be supported, sooner. Then the shepherd-peoples also resort to war. They sweep across three continents under the black banner of Mahomet, or, perhaps, they are defeated, and almost annihilated, in a battle like that of Aqua Sextiae, by the richer and more civilized neighbors whose territories they have invaded. Either way, the problem of over-population is solved for some time, so far as they are concerned with it. In agricultural countries, war is less popular. But when a government able to suppress it through a wide region arises, famine takes its place, unless the birth-rate be reduced at the same time. A great object-lesson of the kind had recently been seen in India. The first of her recorded famines on a large scale occurred under Anrunglebe,—the first sovereign who really ruled all India. And observe, this could be attributed to nothing but cessation of war, which, when famine threatened, had previously offered a more hopeful way of dying; for, except cessation of war, there had been no important change in the customs of India to account for so terrible a change in the

* This is one of Henry George's arguments to show that population may increase indefinitely—an argument utterly idiotic, as the next sentence shows.

results. The alternative of war or famine is likewise so generally understood that, though backward agricultural peoples are less pugnacious than the cattle-breeders, war was everywhere, always, the principal fact in their history, till it ended, as war normally does, in extensive conquests like those of the Great Moguls. In the highest state of civilization, where there are important manufactures and extensive commerce, there is less war than anywhere else. But even so typically modern a country as England had been at war fifty years in the preceding hundred, and if we clear our minds of cant about "rights," "international law," "the balance of power," and other diplomatic flim-flam, we shall find that the true object of a modern war is a commercial advantage; that nations get ready to fight for a commercial advantage when the pressure of increasing population makes the advantage sufficiently necessary. That increase of the population is the fundamental cause of war,—"*teterrima causa belli*"—as it always was. Now, Mr. Godwin is witness that war is the cause of government, slavery, serfdom, laws, punishments, unequal distribution of wealth. If, therefore, his Utopia, which is to banish all such things, were established, it could not last; and we should soon have them all back unless a way be found of checking propagation. But, in truth, too much is conceded in supposing his Utopia established at all. Since men were cannibals, some slow approaches to it have, indeed, been made. The tortoise of industry may be tiring out the hares of lust and plunder; but Mr. Godwin himself shows us that they are a long way ahead of her still; and to imagine them laid asleep by his Arcadian rhetoric is to show ignorance of human nature. All which led Malthus Jr. to another series of reflections. What he called Positive Checks on population—those which increase the death-rate—are inevitable, if propagation goes on at American speed, which, under Utopian conditions, it should exceed. But, generally speaking, it does not go on so fast. There are, then, Checks on population, of a different sort—Preventive—those which diminish the birth-rate. It is evident that there are many checks of this kind—among them vicious practices. But on these, Malthus, a clergyman, had no mercy. He classed them as Positive Checks,—appearing to hold, rather dogmatically, that they restrain

increase as much by raising the death-rate as by lowering the birth-rate; nor did he withhold this censure from the least injurious among them, such as those afterwards proposed by the Malthusian Socialist, Robert Owen.* The only check which Malthus would admit to be truly Preventive, or Prudential, is continence. This check is, certainly, far from inefficacious. The lowest savages, who graze like apes, know, indeed, nothing about it. But in the stage of hunting nomadism, a young man is not allowed to marry till the cruel rites of barbarian confirmation have proved him fit for his father's trade of war. If he cannot pass, he is good for nothing but a priest; and where priests do not fight (as sometimes they do) the general rule is that they are celibates. Among cattle-raising nomads, polygamy prevails; and men who are not smart enough to acquire stock can get no wives. In the agricultural state, and still more the commercial, it is mere commonplace that to marry without the means of supporting a family is imprudent. Thus, from the lowest conditions of man to the highest, we find continence increasing uniformly with civilization, except as superstition sometimes intervenes to cause a factitious increase, which, we may suspect, of being rather apparent than real. In that increasing celibacy whose causes are economic, much, no doubt, is loose; but much is genuine. It requires some force of character, some foresight, some judgment, to do what Jacob did for Rachel. Yet this is what many young men do in all social states, from the nomadic shepherds upwards, but increasingly. If the qualities they show be among those which make success in the battle of life, as they very clearly are, has not Godwin's materialistic philosophy confounded effect with cause? Is it not this improvement of habits which has made increase in wealth and knowledge? If the latter

* If he were wrong in this, he at least had something to say. Under the Roman Empire celibacy, of course, as a rule, improves, which, even under the Republic, had become a common way of avoiding the pecuniary pressure, increased to immense proportions. This saved the Roman peace from ending in famine, like the Mogul. But it did not avert dissolution of the Empire. Malthus would have been quite in the ordinary way of thinking if he attributed Roman misfortunes to Roman vice; and maintained that a chaste celibacy might have had better results.

ails, as we see it has so far failed, to "substitute the industrial *régime* for the military," is not that because the improvement of habits is by no means as general as are some of its superficial effects? A beggar may be made more comfortable in London than a king in Darkest Africa; but there is no making a fool anything else than a fool, or saving him from being pushed to the worst place among competitors wherever he may happen to live.

From these discussions sprang the famous essay of Malthus which was published in 1798. The prodigious sensation which it immediately produced caused five editions to follow during the author's life. The second, and most important, appeared in 1803. This book, with expansions, revisions, replies to critics,—in short, the subject of this book, variously handled—is coextensive with Malthus' literary activity. (He had, indeed, written an earlier pamphlet called *The Crisis*, in defense of Pitt's administration; but, by his father's advice, he kept it out of print.) The first edition of the Essay described its topic as the Principle of Population viewed with relation to the Future Improvement of Mankind. The motive of a critique on Godwin's *Political Justice* was still in Malthus' mind. He had also another reason for introducing his study in this way. Professing to be a Christian, and having recently taken holy orders, he knew well enough that he would be attacked on the ground of impugning the Divine goodness; and that no one would be so savage as his fellow-priests for this and other reasons. He, therefore, must have his theory about the future improvement of mankind, which, if not so rose-colored as Godwin's, must be sufficient for the pious purpose of vindicating the ways of God to man. Malthus professes, accordingly, to desire the future improvement of mankind as much as Godwin can desire it. The only question between them is about practicable means. Having argued as above that Godwin's Utopia, if set up, would fall; and, moreover, that it could not be set up, without a radical change in regard to an important relation which Godwin had forgotten to mention; Malthus proceeds to contend that his law of population, though it may seem hard to rebellious flesh, is, in truth, the law of human progress from the brute state of the lowest savage upwards. As distinctly as his most illustrious

pupil, Darwin, does Malthus perceive that "the struggle for existence" is what makes us progressively better fitted to exist. It is also what makes us more worthy. Terrible as have been the struggles, it is to them we owe it that we are not picking worms out of rotten trees, or ranging the sea-shore for carrion. It is because our ancestors were cannibals that they have, everywhere except in the most inaccessible jungles and islands, exterminated those weaker brothers of theirs who could be content with wild fruits or dead fish. That, as here, so at every later step in the struggle, whether between nations or individuals, the world has been made better by the success of the strongest, bravest, and shrewdest, can scarcely, indeed, be disputed, but it will not be adequately understood without our realizing that the improvement has been moral, no less than physical and intellectual. On a general view, it seems evident enough that the vices—sloth, cowardice, conceit, spite, envy, vanity, ill-temper, gluttony, lasciviousness,—are decided handicaps in the struggle, which must be, and are, wearing down, through the ill-success of those in whom they principally prevail. Of two only—avarice and falsehood—can it be pretended that they help anyone to outdo competitors. But too much is allowed in granting that they generally do. They may help an individual on a pinch. But compare nations, classes, sects, parties, whose lives are longer than those of individuals—nay, compare, not two but many, individuals—and it will be clear enough that neither piggishness nor rascality pays; that cunning, though an advantage in itself, is no such advantage as a reputation for veracity; that though generosity is often imprudent, it is not prudent to lack generosity. And thus the cynical saying that prudence is the only virtue God rewards, may be transfigured into this reverent sentiment that all the virtues can be deduced from the promises of one who will grant a sure reward to even prudence. Thus the actual causes of past improvement guide us to the process of future. The general direction is that in which Godwin can see no obstacles. War, slavery, punishments, inequalities of fortune and station, and the passions which cause them, are very bad things, to be avoided by every man, for himself, no less than for the sake of humanity. The man who will not fight if he can help it, is wiser than

the bully. But it does not do to forget that the best-tempered men will fight for life and those things without which life is worthless; that it is the direction of advantage in such necessary strife which has displaced those who thought fighting a sufficient end by those who very reluctantly adopt it as a means; that the one great error, of imprudence in giving life before providing material to support life, will continue as long as committed, to make the struggle for existence inevitable. In the second edition of the Essay, all this elaborate Theodice disappears.* So do many rhetorical passages, chief among them the famous one about "Nature's mighty feast," which all the world quotes, and generally garbles. There was a reason for this change. Malthus was now a famous man. Attacks on his doctrines from the side of superstition had come, of course; but they did not amount to as much as he expected; and he had ceased to care for them.† By Socialists, if the term at this early date be proper, his work had been rather well received than otherwise—Godwin particularly using expressions which implied that he had learned by it; as, from his life and associations we should infer, he easily might. The day when demolishing Malthus appeared a part of every radical's appointed task, did not come till Ricardo (died 1823) had drawn certain inferences from the theory of Malthus, about which more anon. Of more interest to Malthus' scientific mind were criticisms on statistical and other positive grounds. He determined, therefore, in revising his Essay,

* George says that the Malthusian theory did not originally involve the idea of progress. Referred even to the later editions of Malthus, this is incorrect; but for the first it is ridiculous, and shows at once that George never read what Malthus wrote in 1798.

† Those acquainted with Malthus in after life say he was one of the gentlest and most amiable of men; which we are also told about Ricardo and Adam Smith. But there are letters of his tutor extant, from which it appears that he had been a most pugnacious boy; and a phrenologist, reading his works with knowledge of their occasions, would find ground on every page for saying: "Firmness and combativeness, Large!" Malthus said that the charges of discouraging benevolence, and commending infanticide and abortion, etc., etc., gave him pain, when they were honest misunderstandings; but, considered as polemical tricks, he had learned to despise them, and got over answering.

to keep strictly within facts. Even the title was altered accordingly. His subject is declared to be, not the future improvement, but the past history and present prospects of mankind. In the substance of his reasoning there was one modification which his opponents naturally worked for all it was worth. In the edition of 1798 he had described the positive checks on population as "Vice and Misery," the preventive as based upon "the fear of them." A criticism, in which he admitted force, was that he had said nothing about hope. Ambition, the desire of improving one's condition, is certainly a chief cause of continence, and this is something more than fear of vice and misery for oneself or his posterity. Acknowledging this, the tone of theorizing is certainly more optimistic than before. This change in Malthus' language, rather than his meaning, together with the confession that he should have been more explicit at first, is the basis of the criticism often made by Coleridge and others, that the theory is a truism from which nothing can be inferred. That it is no truism, but an extremely complicated equation, may certainly be inferred from the facility with which critics misunderstand it, the multiplicity of ways in which they manage to do that, and the oft-recurring argument *ad verecundum*—it is very strange that Menu, Confucius, Moses, Solon, Cato, even the ascetic Roman Catholic publicists, should have held up increasing the species as a sacred duty; and that discovering the direful results of doing so should have been reserved for Malthus!* Of the four subsequent editions, nothing need be said here, except that they become progressively more statistical, comprehensive, and bold, until even friendly critics thought he would have been clearer for taking less pains to be clear.

* George, whose "refutation of Malthus" is useful because it gives in epitome those of every one else, with exquisite consistency, suggests both these views; sometimes wondering ironically that this great truth never was discovered before; sometimes intimating that it does not amount to a great truth, because everybody knows all the truth there is in it, and governs himself accordingly. That Malthus actually stated all the truth there is in this, would never be suspected by a reader of George.

(To be continued.)

THE END OF THE ODYSSEY

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

“**P**ERSEVERANCE and postage stamps will get any article published”—is a favorite slogan of a friend of mine.

On several occasions, when I have sent contributions to some of the leading magazines, they were returned. Indeed, it would have been nothing short of a miracle had my articles been accepted. “Progressive ideas are all right, if presented in moderate form and by respectable writers. But Emma Goldman, who is neither . . . Dear me! How can we compromise our good standing.” And so I stopped wasting Perseverance and postage stamps.

However, I can bear my friend out in the truth of his claim. Perseverance is indeed a wonderful factor in helping to overcome difficulties, especially when combined with postage stamps or their equivalent.

He who travels on the wings of imagination travels far—sometimes. At least I thought so last October, when I took leave of my few but faithful friends to begin my tour around the world.

Ere I had gone very far I had occasion to verify my friend’s opinion as to Perseverance and postage stamps.

In India the people are often overtaken by famine epidemics, bringing great disaster to that John Bull ridden country. But how insignificant is the harm wrought by such awful outbreaks when compared to our national pest—election. Its poisonous effects are being felt at all times, but at no time does it assume such monstrous form as during a presidential campaign. Electionomania, America’s greatest malady, far worse and more destructive than cholera. Will medical science never invent some serum to relieve us from its ravages? Just fancy talking reason or ideas to a feverish, delirious brain.

Perseverance and postage stamps suggested that cold compresses of reason have often broken the most stubborn fever. So for a month I diligently applied the cold-cure method. By the latter part of November my methods were crowned with success. The audiences began to show signs of normal temperature and an appetite for wholesome food. High-spirited and light-hearted, I swiftly

moved along the route of success for MOTHER EARTH, nearing to the Pacific Ocean and Australia.

But a new spectre appeared now on the firmament, black and sinister, challenging the utmost vigilance and perseverance—Christmas. What? The month of glad tidings—of peace on earth and good will to all—a spectre? Yes, a hideous, black, deceiving spectre, that has held the human mind in bondage for almost two thousand years. The legend of the birth of the Redeemer, like all legends, is based on a lie. It has gone on perpetuating itself, until to-day it serves but as an excuse for commercialism, greed, and petty speculation. Christmas—a howling, pushing, scrambling, obsessed bargain huntress; with no interest or time for anything, least of all for Christ himself, were he to chance into the madhouse at Christmas time.

Hopes were low, and postage stamps few. But Perseverance shook his mane and cried, Onward! Nor did he relax his grasp when confronted with police brutality and persecution.

In January I reached Los Angeles, very much depressed and weary. But the balmy clime of the sunny South, coupled with the devotion and thoughtfulness of friends, rejuvenated my spirit. Comrade Claude Riddle's skillful management of my meetings did the rest. I left the Angel City relieved from a heavy burden in the form of a considerable debt, with a hundred and fifty dollars for MOTHER EARTH's friend, the enemy—our printer. But all that was as nothing compared to the hope and strength that were mine, thanks to the love and kindness of my Los Angeles friends.

San Francisco was to be my last battlefield, the date of my departure for Australia having been set for January 23d. The comrades of that city, with Alexander Horr as prime mover, left nothing undone to insure success; but the treacherous Conspiracy of Circumstances assassinated our efforts.

The Conspiracy of Circumstances! Who does not know its power, its quiet, persistent, merciless power. Unlike a foe of flesh and blood, one cannot meet it in open battle, or even escape it. It is always with you. Never in my experience did I feel its blind, relentless fury as during my stay in San Francisco. It was this inanimate, dumb, blind force that was ever at our heels, using a thousand

conceivable tricks to frustrate our every plan. More than once the Conspiracy of Circumstance was near succeeding. But Perseverance was no easy mark; especially the combined tenacity of sturdy warriors who met the enemy with unsheathed sword.

It was a desperate battle, with Perseverance as victor, the Conspiracy of Circumstances eloping with all the postage stamps. No equivalent at hand to pay transportation to Australia, there was nothing left to do but to steer back to the little home of MOTHER EARTH. But Perseverance would not yield. The South, the South! it urged. Why not?

In all my travels I had never visited the South. Somehow the very thought of it conjured up horrible pictures—pictures of little victims in the cotton fields, of bodies dangling from trees, bodies mutilated to cinders and ashes. But when the idea of going to Texas was suggested to me, I recollected the wise saying, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." Remembering the sweatshops of the East with its countless victims, how could I condemn the South? Mindful of the race feuds in New York City, the burning of negroes in Springfield, Illinois, how could I cast stones?

After visiting Los Angeles, where I had two good meetings and a debate, I proceeded to Texas. It was indeed a rich experience—though not in postage stamps.

My first stop was El Paso, a city containing, among other nationalities, thirty thousand Mexicans, whom an American administration subservient to that monster Diaz, would not permit to hold public meetings addressed in Spanish. Perchance these poor victims might tell the horrors of their country, the terrible despotism, the appalling poverty, more terrible than in the domain of the Bloody Tsar.

The press of El Paso, with the exception of the *News*, thrives on the Judas Iscariot gold pieces, ground out of the Mexican peons. No wonder it was so venomous in its denunciation of Anarchism. But with all that we had one meeting in El Paso and disposed of some literature. The principal good, however, was done by the intelligent and fair editorial of the *News*, which of course would never have been written had I not visited the South.

San Antonio, the most southern city of Texas, with its

lazy, quiet, and easy-going exterior, with its old market place where slaves were bought and sold (selling and buying still continues with less cost to the modern master and with the consciousness of the slave that he is now *free* to sell himself). No hall could be procured in this city, except at a very high rent, and as the outlook was not promising, we decided to hold no meeting. But some propaganda was accomplished by several decent accounts in the local newspapers of interviews.

Houston looks like the average American city, but unlike others, it can boast of a miracle: the Chief of Police and Mayor offering the City Hall for a lecture by Emma Goldman. Who can say that the twentieth century lacks wonders? Having enjoyed the hospitality of the police so often without my consent, I could not accept their offer voluntarily. We secured a hall from some Catholic order, but when it became known that I would speak, the brethren thought Satan broke loose. Terror-stricken, they sent a committee to pay all our expenses and begged to be released from their contract. Who ever heard of a Catholic bargain with Hell?

For a time it looked as if Houston, too, would remain in darkness as to the real meaning of Anarchism. But, thanks to a few brave Houstonians, that city has now some excuse for being on the map. A group of Single Taxers came to our rescue in the freest and kindest spirit. The Single Tax "Log Cabin," donated by one of their comrades, Mr. J. J. Pastoriza, an extraordinary man in many respects, was turned over to our use. The Cabin is on the outskirts of the city, crude and rugged, with a romantic air about it, to satisfy the most poetic imagination. With lamps dimly lighting the place, and the men and women closely pressed together, it was nevertheless the most inspiring meeting of my entire tour. When I looked into the earnest faces, so near that I could almost touch them, I forgot the hardships of the past and the disappointments of the future—all I felt was the warm pulse of humanity, a rich, great, beautiful possibility of human brotherhood.

Man is greater than all theory. It is therefore of little moment whether Single Tax, economically, is but a petty reform and that, politically, it is hanging on the coat-tails of the Democratic party. As men I have found them the

bravest and staunchest champions of liberty in the widest sense. And that is a great deal more than can be said of the party which has a mortgage on "scientific" Socialism, with a premium on the densest kind of stupidity. Its cowardice of authority and intolerance of everything not baptized in the holy chruch of the Marxian-Engels rites, are really sickening. Of course, there are exceptions, but they merely prove the rule. The few Socialists of independent mind and spirit are not very long tolerated by the Holy Synod.

With two meetings in Fort Worth I closed the tour of Golgotha, and reached New York nailed to the cross of necessity.

Reviewing the struggle of the last six months, I can say that but for Perseverance it would have been impossible. But it was not that alone. My friends and comrades have a big share in the accomplished feat. Especially is this true of the San Francisco and Los Angeles comrades, whose efforts were truly heroic. By that I do not mean to undervalue the assistance of comrades in other cities. Indeed not. Everyone helped in his own way. The way may not always have been the right one, but that is only because most of our comrades make up in idealism what they lack in practical judgment.

However, more than anything else, the unfaltering optimism, the great zeal, and the cheerful bohemianism of our friend, Ben L. Reitman, helped to conquer many obstacles.

My tour to Australia is not abandoned; only postponed—until I can discover the eloped postage stamps. That I do not lack Perseverance our readers know.

Meanwhile I shall deliver a series of lectures in New York, the first to take place Sunday, April 11, 11 a. m., at Lyric Hall, Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street.

The subject of my first lecture will be : "The Psychology of Violence."

The series will be continued during April and May, the lectures to take place Sunday mornings at Fraternity Hall, 100 West 116th street, corner Lenox avenue, New York.



AT LOS ANGELES

IF Emma Goldman had no other weapon in her armory, she wields one that will always work havoc with convention—that of directness. However one may differ, one knows what she is driving at, and there is no dilly-dallying with the outskirts of the question in hand. The result is applause, violent dissension, oftentimes the indignant rustle of skirts, and afterwards a buzz of excited conversation that fills the air with electricity and makes it difficult to clear the hall. In a word, one comes away with conviction that there has been thought in the making.

Personally I objected when I heard that Emma Goldman was to come back again to Los Angeles and debate the sex question with Mr. Cantrell. I objected because Mr. Cantrell had been delivering a series of most excellent lectures on Nietzsche, Stirner, and other radical writers, and drawing good houses. I found it hard to believe that he could conscientiously maintain the negative on the question selected for March 8, which was that "Free love without collective regulation is the only guarantee of a healthy race," and I was sure that he would be unwilling to sacrifice principle to the exigencies of debate.

Obviously, whoever believes that the collectivity must regulate the most private concern in life is placing the collectivity above and not below the individual; is equipping it with the most enormous power over the individual, and will be committed to an unending series of restrictive measures which he can justify only by the doctrine that the individual must be sacrificed to the good of the community. This brings one back directly to military conscription, the defense of Church and State, and all the hideous doctrine of slavery to institutions against which Anarchism is a righteous and peremptorily necessary protest.

It seemed to me—and for that reason I objected—that this was the position that Mr. Cantrell would be forced by the terms of the debate to occupy, and it was the position he actually took. He deliberately went, or was forced back, to the old State Socialist position that Benjamin R. Tucker stated so clearly some twenty years ago, and which I cannot do better than quote:

"Whatever, then, the State Socialists may claim or disclaim, their system, if adopted, is doomed to end in a State religion, to the expense of which all must contribute and at the altar of which all must kneel; a State school of medicine, by whose practitioners the sick must invariably be treated; a State system of hygiene, prescribing what all must and must not eat, drink, wear, and do; a State code of morals, which will not content itself with punishing crime, but will prohibit what the majority decide to be vice; a State system of instruction, which will do away with all private schools, academies, and colleges; a State nursery, in which all children must be brought up in common at the public expense; and, finally, a State family, with an attempt at stirpiculture, in which no man and woman will be allowed to have children if the State prohibits them, and no man and woman can refuse to have children if the State orders them. Thus will Authority achieve its acme, and Monopoly be carried to its highest power."

That is absolutely all there is to it. Enter on the State Socialist path of regulation and restriction, with the philosophy that the individual is the creature instead of the creator of the collectivity, to which he must be subject, and you arrive inevitably at Prohibition, Sabbatarianism, Comstockism, suppression of free speech, and Puritanic blue lawism.

When I have thus stated the issues set out in the debate, and said that Mr. Cantrell held, with much persuasive eloquence, that the collectivity must see to it that the relations of the sexes are so regulated as to insure a healthy race, I have given all there was to the debate, for it would be waste of good space to describe the vehemence with which Emma Goldman assailed his position. The thing that seems to be worth dwelling on is the fact that many of those who have been attending Anarchist meetings for long time past, and whom I personally supposed to be the foes of restrictive legislation and imbued with a dread of official interference, seemed to be carried away with the eloquence with which Mr. Cantrell defended his position. The absurdity of the thing was brought forcibly home to me when I found two women arguing vehemently that Mr. Cantrell was right, although I happened to know that both had contracted entirely happy alliances, which any

officialdom, charged with the duty of seeing to it that the purity of the race was maintained, would put immediately under the ban.

I myself had occasion to deliver an address on the centenary of Charles Darwin the following Sunday, and to point out that, if Darwin's doctrine is true, these things follow: (1) That the struggle for existence is individual, every being trying to make the best of its life. (2) That the chief aim of each individual in that struggle is to improve its environment, overthrowing and destroying it when unfavorable to its existence. (3) That in this effort to improve and, if necessary, revolutionize its environment the individual groups itself to the best of its ability, as conditioned by the amount of free choice it enjoys, with those who can assist it in such improvement, and (4) That, if Darwinism proves anything, it is that the individual creates the group and not the group the individual. (Which, I may remark incidentally, made a large number of Socialists furious.)

From this I went on to show that the stirpiculture, advocated as a policy by Mr. Cantrell, was diametrically opposed to the entire principle of evolution as explained by Darwin, who devotes his most eloquent pages to the part that free, individual sexual selection plays in the perpetual elevation of the type, giving the flower its scent, the bird its plumage and song, and the mammal its courage—the truest and the most gorgeous poem ever submitted for the contemplation of man.

On the other hand I showed, quoting from the records of local societies and idiotic bills introduced by hayseed legislators, that he who says official stirpiculture says the "knife," which has been freely advocated as the treatment for criminals.

To-day's papers give me the news of how a Los Angeles woman of culture and refinement, wishing to marry a Japanese of the superior class, for whose scholarship and mental elevation she vouches in a most eloquent interview, was set on by a howling mob at Portland, Ore., and rescued by the police only to be thrown into jail and released on the promise that she would abandon her matrimonial intentions. On her departure for the South she was again assailed by a fanatic herd and pelted.

That mob was undoubtedly actuated by confused stir-

rings of the very doctrines—the State Socialistic doctrines that sacrifice the individual so remorselessly—which Mr. Cantrell ardently advocated. Its action springs from a blindness to the priceless value of individual freedom which Emma Goldman so dauntlessly champions by word and deed.

However, the debate drew an immense crowd, and is itself still earnestly debated.

W. C. O.



THE CONFESSION OF AN AUTHOR

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

AMONG the modern writers who are not satisfied to give merely artistic expression of their creative work, but strive to actively participate in the social and political life of the times, stands in the foremost ranks H. G. Wells. Like Leo Tolstoy, Anatole France, G. B. Shaw, Maxim Gorki, Jack London, Gabrielle D'Annunzio, Octave Mirbeau, José Echegaray—to name only those best known—Wells also enters the arena of social battle to voice his political faith and to defend his *Weltanschauung*.

H. G. Wells is a prolific writer. So far he has published short stories (three volumes), romances (eleven volumes), novels (two volumes), sociological and Socialist essays (five volumes). To the last series also belongs the work recently issued by Putnam's Sons, "First and Last Things."

The author calls his book a frank confession of the early twentieth-century man—a confession just as frank as the limitations of his character permit; it is his metaphysics, his religion, his moral standards, his uncertainties, and the expedients with which he has met them.

Autobiographies and confessions have ever been a favorite mode of expression of the thinker, the artist, and the social transvaluator. A confession is the most characteristic *document humain*; a veritable treasure for the psychologist and literary epicure. More true wisdom can be learned from the confessions of a St. Augustine, Benvenuto Cellini, Jacob Böhme, Wolfgang von Goethe, Jean Jaques Rousseau, Søren Kirkegaard, Oscar Wilde,

Leo Tolstoy, Peter Kropotkin, or of a Maria Bashkirtseff than from scores of philosophic and historic volumes. Every pathfinder in the realm of thought is urged by inner necessity to reveal his soul, his inmost being, his doubts, and struggles, to bear witness to the integrity of his faith, and to offer his martyrdom on the altar of humanity. Confessions may differ in form of expression and contents, but their aims are always similar. H. G. Wells deals less with his own personality than with his attitude toward the *Zeitgeist* and its problems.

As in his former sociological works, "Anticipations," "Mankind in the Making," "Modern Utopia," and "New Worlds for Old," we also find in "First and Last Things" the attempt to solve the riddle of life.

The conscious impulse to solve this enigma was, indeed, never so strong as in our epoch. We, the children of the twentieth century, lack conviction—a positive *Weltanschauung*. Rudderless we drift upon the ocean of life. We are tormented by the consciousness that in spite of all mechanical progress and our increased cognition of natural laws, in spite of all our knowledge, systematized into sciences, we have approached no nearer the adequate solution of life's enigma than our forefathers. We strive to find *terra firma* in the chaos of the innumerable hypotheses and creeds. All the subtle, yet necessary and unavoidable, problems, which occupied the philosophic minds of the ancients, still press for solution.

Great unrest characterizes, more than ever before, contemporary thought. It oppresses alike the philosopher, the man of science, the artist, and the social student. Wearied by the vain efforts and broken in spirit, many are driven into the arms of mysticism: a Verlaine, a Huysmans, a Strindberg, a Laura Marholm, believe to have found the solution of life's problem in the lap of Catholicism. But the strong and vigorous seek new leaders and new values. Isben, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Rodin, and Wagner discover to them new worlds.

What manner of world is offered to us by H. G. Wells? What is his faith?

He believes that the time has arrived to revive metaphysical discussion for a satisfactory solution of the modern problems of life. The subject of metaphysics is thoroughly treated in the first part of his "First and Last

Things." The author takes the exact sciences severely to account and proves, with a fine touch of scepticism, the delusive character of our senses. By many an apt example we are made to see the ease with which the eye, the ear, and other human organs can be deceived. The fallacy of considering language a satisfactory means of expressing thoughts and feelings is also pointed out with convincing clearness; an observation reminding one of the excellent work of Fritz Mauthner, *Versuch zur Kritik der Sprache*, discussing this theme in an ingenuous and able manner.

What, however, are the practical conclusions from these observations, according to H. G. Wells? All the great and important beliefs—he holds—by which life is guided and determined are less of the nature of fact than of artistic expressions. Therefore the right solution of life's problems is, in the estimation of our author, the abandonment of infinite assumptions, the extension of the experimental spirit to all human interests—Pragmatism.

The second part of Wells's book deals with Belief; the third, with General Conduct; and the fourth, with General Things.

Under the composite head of General Conduct the author elucidates the problems involved in the social question, and strives to explain his personal attitude toward Socialism. He criticizes both revolutionary Marxian Socialism and the administrative State Socialism, as well as the Cunctator tactics of the Fabians. To him, Socialism is the collective consciousness in humanity . . . a common step we are all taking in the great synthesis of human purpose. It is the organization, in regard to a great mass of common and fundamental interests, that have hitherto been dispersedly served, of a collective purpose.

He holds that Socialism is, and must be, a battle against human stupidity and egotism and disorder, a battle fought all through the forests and jungles of the soul of man. As we get intellectual and moral light and the realization of brotherhood, so social and economic organization will develop. He considers poverty merely one of the symptoms of a profounder evil never to be cured by mere attacks against itself, which disregard the intellectual and moral factors that necessitate it. And therefore the So-

cialism which fights poverty and its concomitants alone must inevitably result in failure.

It is rather peculiar that one holding such sound Anarchist views should so near-sightedly fail to draw the logical conclusions from his premises.

The author proves an opportunist of deepest dye the moment he turns from general theoretic questions to practical means and tactics. He is opposed to all individual initiative, even considering the latter anti-social. His views as to marriage, the family, State, war, and especially with regard to militarism, are contradictory and untenable. It is nothing short of ridiculous to consider militarism as "a step to a higher social plane," when compared with the activity of the producer.

It is also incomprehensible that the author has failed to emancipate himself from the spook of State—the more so, since he builds his hopes for the future on the co-operation of voluntary associations and brotherhoods, the *Samurai*, or "new republicans."

However, according to Wells's own confession, he has freed himself in "First and Last Things" from many fallacies he championed in his former sociological works. It may, therefore, not be out of place to express the hope that his next earnest attempt will finally land him on the shores of a Stateless humanity.

But even if we cannot give our unqualified assent to the conclusions of H. G. Wells, we can conscientiously recommend his book as a valuable contribution to modern thought.



A LAST APPEAL

OUR first appeal, published last October, *re* the organization of the International Congress, which should have taken place in the current year, brought only very few answers.

Meanwhile time is getting short.

We find ourselves obliged to address a few plain words to our comrades, and to tell them that it is of no use to constitute organizations if these have to remain on paper and not become a living and acting reality.

We have no need to discuss here with those comrades who disbelieve in the possibility or usefulness of a general

and permanent organization amongst the Anarchists of different countries. They are within their rights in not caring about an initiative which they don't like—although they could have profited from a meeting of comrades which, without binding them otherwise, would give them the opportunity to defend their opinions and become better acquainted with the opinions of others.

But those who initiated, or who hailed with enthusiasm the idea of an Anarchist International, ought to have tried their best that this International should live a prosperous and useful life.

One should therefore convene everywhere and without delay, by the initiative of those who are interested in it, all comrades, and propose to them to adhere to the International, if they had not done so already, and to decide as to the questions concerning the coming Congress. All approved resolutions should then be communicated to us as soon as possible, so that we may take them into consideration in the preparation of the Congress and the determination of date and place of meeting.

Remember the decisive importance which this Congress must have for the Anarchist International.

It is, in reality, a question of life or death.

To continue a worn-out life, without real effect on the development of the propaganda and Anarchist action, would be worse than useless. It will be for the Congress to see whether the hour has really come for concerted action between the Anarchists of all countries, and how to realize such action.

The question of principle was settled—for the adherents, at any rate—at the Amsterdam Congress. It is time now to act—and the sooner, the better.

Let us not forget, either, that the question of the Congress is intimately connected with that of the Bureau: If no Congress will be held this year, if comrades do not answer our repeated appeals for a stronger agitation for the enlargement of the A. I. and for the common and more systematic action of the Anarchists of all countries, the Bureau has no more *raison d'être* and becomes, by the fact of its members' passivity, a platonic organization, without special ideal, without real value, and consequently non-existent.

The existence of the Bureau, as it is now composed,

ceases formally on September 1st, 1909, nominal date of the next Congress.

It goes without saying that, if comrades from all parts find premature a Congress during the current year, but if, at the same time, they promise us their material and moral aid; if they try to give more life and activity to the International, if they take themselves energetically to the organization of Anarchist forces into groups and federations—strengthening in this way the Anarchist International and giving to the Correspondence Bureau the possibility of being the bond between all those groups and federations; if the comrades would undertake this most necessary work in the Anarchist ranks, the Correspondence Bureau, as it is at present composed, would not refuse to continue to work until the next Congress, and would take an active part in this work of organization, without which the Anarchist propaganda will continually suffer.

But if, at this last appeal which we issue to-day, comrades do not answer in this sense and leave the A. I. and the Correspondence Bureau to their own fate, our position will become more and more untenable, and we shall be glad to see the approach of September 1, when, relieved of our mandate received in Amsterdam, we shall get rid of a ridiculous burden which might have otherwise been, if wished so by the comrades, an agreeable duty and a work to which we would have always been ready to give our best energies.

It is our last appeal. To those of you who stand for Anarchist organization belongs the last word. We await it, hoping still that at the eleventh hour you will understand the capital importance of putting into practice the principle of organization and the absolute necessity of reacting against the apathy which seems to have overtaken all our groups at the present moment.

To work, comrades, and *the sooner—the better*.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

E. Malatesta,
R. Rocker,

A. Schapiro,
J. Turner,

J. Wilquet.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

The last elections of officials of the Confederation du Travail was hailed by the conservative press as a victory for the "sane" element. In place of Grifuelhus, the revolutionary, the candidate of the opportunists, Niel, was elected as the General Secretary of the Confederation. How little the rejoicing of the reactionaries was justified, was quickly proved by the recent strike of the post and telegraph employees. Never before did a General Strike of a certain department prove so successful. Paris was far more completely cut off from the rest of the world by the might of the workers than was the case in 1871.

The government has been forced to capitulate, yielding to most of the demands of the strikers.

* * *

The new daily paper of the revolutionary syndicalists is appearing since the first of February. It is called *La Revolution*.

Comrade Malato, having recently inherited some money, devoted the same to the founding of the paper. Such a publication was a crying necessity, having for its purpose the opposition of the opportunist elements within the movement.

Besides Malato, Pouget, Faure, Mme. Sorge, and other able comrades are co-working on the editorial staff.

La Revolution is published at Paris, 12, rue du Croissant.

SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland is about once more to act the policeman for Bloody Nicholas.

Vladimir Rasenko, a Russian, has been arrested at the instigation of the Russian government. He is charged with having participated in the robbery of a mail train at Larga (Russia) in September, 1908. During the affair one soldier was killed and several others wounded. Then the "robbers" broke into the car and expropriated seven thousand roubles. Several of the men were arrested on the spot. Others, among them Rasenko, escaped. Upon learning that Rasenko sojourned in Switzerland, the Russian government demanded his extradition, to which request Switzerland eagerly acceded.

The workingmen of Genf have taken action against the extradition of Rasenko, by calling a large meeting to voice their protest against the contemplated outrage. Similar meetings are being organized all over Switzerland.

After having been imprisoned nine days, Comrade Coppa Eugenio was expelled from this country and handed over to the Italian authorities at Chiasso.

GERMANY.

A number of comrades, among them Gustav Landauer, have recently organized the Socialist Bund and are now publishing a new sheet called *Der Socialist*.

The chief object of the Bund is to begin *now* the preparatory work of ushering in a free society, within the confines of existing conditions. Instead of mere negative criticism, active work is planned; instead of the passive, the active General Strike is to be practiced. The chief means of realizing this programme will take the form of groups, organized for production and consumption, combined with educational work, both calculated to undermine the present political and economic régime.

The address of *Der Socialist* is: Berlin, Skalitzer Str., 24 A.

* * *

The Prussian Minister of War has felt his dignity offended by an editorial in *Der freie Arbeiter* and caused a charge to be brought against the paper. Comrade Ernst Böttcher, the editor, was thereupon arrested and sentenced to one month imprisonment.

The "honor" of the Minister is now saved.

RUSSIA.

According to statistics furnished by the Police Department to a committee of the Duma, there were 3,319 condemnations to death by military courts and 1,435 executions during the four years ending January 1, last. There were 683 additional executions under the special drum-head court-martial law which was effective from August 1, 1906, to May 3, 1907.

These terrible massacres have moved even the conservative Duma to make a protest. Naturally, nothing in the way of results can be expected from that protest. Only the resurrection of a strong revolutionary movement can prove effective in stopping such wholesale murder.

ARGENTINE.

The Syndicalist Revolutionary Federation has issued a call to all South American labor organizations to participate in a Congress. Many promises to send delegates have already been received from Chile, Paraguay, Brazil, Peru, and Uruguay. The comrades of Argentine are expecting good work for the movement to result from the Congress.

HUNGARY.

The military Moloch has again demanded more victims. Comrades Chényi and Feldmann, charged with anti-military propaganda, have been sentenced to one year prison each. Their "crime" consisted of issuing an appeal to the recruits, calling upon them to refuse to play the role of murderers of their fellow-men.



FREE SPEECH DEFENCE FUND

F. Barone, Acton, Ala.....	\$1.00	A Friend, Chicago.....	.50
F. Milbrat, New York.....	1.00	D. Glick, Philadelphia.....	1.00
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City	.25		



BOOKS RECEIVED

- COMPENDIO DE LA HISTORIA DEL SOCIALISMO.
A. Hamon. Salud y Fuerza, Barcelona.
- ECONOMIC INFLUENCES UPON EDUCATIONAL
PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES. Frank Tracy
Carlton, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
- COMRADES. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Doubleday, Page & Co.,
New York.
- ERIN'S HOPE. James Connolly, J. E. C. Donnelly, 749 Third
avenue, New York.
- COMRADE KROPOTKIN. Victor Robinson, The Altrurians,
New York.
- THE CONNECTING LINK. B. A. Simpson.
- DER STAATSSOZIALISTISCHE CHARAKTER DER SOZI-
ALDEMOKRATIE. Ferdinand Domela Nieuwenhuis,
Archiv für Socialwissenschaft, Tübingen.
- ALMANACCO DELLA RIVOLUZIONE. 1909. Gruppo La
Propaganda, S. Paolo, Brazil.
- THE BOMB. Frank Harris, Mitchell Kennerley, New York.
- REBEL RHYMES. "The Unknown."
- DER ANTIMILITARISMUS ALS TAKTIK DES ANAR-
CHISMUS. Pierre Ramus, Brüssel.
- THE OPEN SHOP. Clarence Darrow, S. A. Bloch, Chicago.
- THE CRISIS. Robert Hunter, S. A. Bloch, Chicago.

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin.....	5c.
Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin	50c.
Conquest of Bread. By Peter Kropotkin.....	\$1.00
Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. Reduced to.....	\$1.00
Ideals of Russian Literature. By Peter Kropotkin..	\$2.00
Mutual Aid. By Peter Kropotkin.....	\$2.00
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An Appeal to the Young. By Peter Kropotkin.....	5c.
Law and Authority. An Anarchist Essay. By Peter Kropotkin	10c.
War. By Peter Kropotkin.....	5c.
The Basis of Trade Unionism. By Emile Pouget....	5c.
Evolution and Revolution. By Elisée Reclus.....	5c.
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No. 3

COSMA

By CHARLES FARWELL EDSON.

*HERE do I stand and frankly state my right,
I want myself to blossom for my good.
I want fair freedom, nothing grudged to me,
But given me because it is my due.
I want these hands to toil in usefulness;
I want this brain to work out things that count;
I want my soul to touch the soul of life;
I want my body to bring forth his child.
I want my life lived to its ultimate,
Most nobly, frankly, freely to its end.
I want man's love as it is given to me,
And woman's smile that trusts me as I trust.
I want to read the varied books of life,
That open pages to me day by day;
Sweet youth, mid-age, and old age with its fruit
Matured by God throughout the blending years.
I want my life to grow throughout my life
And every cell in tune with nature's chord.
I want to stand and face the world as man,
But with my woman's smile within my eyes.
You grant me this, and such a life will come
As will make Heaven's fabled story cheap;
Make hell pass as the dreams have passed before,
For hell is ill-meant, ill-spent live of life;
And fairer than the sun on new spring day
Will burst the light of woman's beauteous soul;
But fairer still will new-born man stand forth
In that sweet freedom that he gives to her.*

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE average newspaper man's conception of the First of May does not rise above that of "expected rioting." With ill-concealed sarcasm our capitalistic editors, referring to France, express their relief that the "impending revolution" did not materialize. A few broken heads here and there, a red flag confiscated by the police, some meetings prohibited or stopped, but—"the Republic still lives." Yet behind it all one can clearly sense the suppressed fear of probable revolutionary events abroad exerting an awakening influence upon American labor. And perhaps the fear is not entirely unfounded.

True, the people of this country have so far failed to grasp the revolutionary meaning of the First of May, so clearly understood in Europe. American labor is still satisfied to parade on the legally sanctioned Labor Day. But the former pride in its "glory and dignity" has been sadly punctured. The workingman has lost faith in his alleged sovereignty. He is beginning to feel the iron of servitude cutting into his very bone. The spell of his dream of independence is broken. The awakening to his actual degradation is poignant, indeed. Half blinded, as it were, by his cruel disillusionment, he still vaguely grasps every palliative nostrum, desperately clutching at every straw of possible relief. But all in vain. Every attempt is proving more ineffective, and the working masses are gradually crushed under the wheels of the industrial Juggernaut.

And as the process continues, American labor is beginning to understand the absolute hopelessness of its crude, antiquated methods. The workingmen are learning that they cannot successfully appeal from the devil to his mother-in-law; and that the law, the natural ally of monopoly, cannot serve two masters. The mad saturnalia of exploitation are quickening the duldest perception, and hasten the complete awakening. In the crucible of misery and suffering labor's vagueness is being steadily transmuted into a clear consciousness of its interests. A little while longer, a few more steps along the route of political and economic despotism, and the ineffectuality of reformatory attempts will be transformed into decisive, revolutionary action.

Then even the Lilliputian brain of our American journalists will begin to see the light. They will learn that the First of May does not mean "expected rioting." They will realize this great day to be the watchword of the international proletariat, grown to full, active manhood.

* * *

THE hysterical ado made in certain quarters about the recent killing of a New York detective in Sicily is nothing short of disgusting. The press would have us believe that "the whole country" is mourning the death of the man. For the sake of one's respect for the people's sanity, however, it is to be hoped that by "the whole country" are meant only detectives and such others as possess a detective's soul, if those creatures may be said to be the possessors of anything even remotely approximating a human soul.

One who voluntarily chooses—for money—to become a human bloodhound must be ready to reap what he has sown. To sneak about, with or without disguise, prying with treacherous eyes into the affairs of others, never hesitating to violate with perjured tongue and mailed fist their lives and liberty, occasionally proves dangerous. Those who secretly financed the dead detective's wild adventures may indeed regret their investment. The man himself may even be mourned by those whose wakeful hours are haunted by the threatening specter of their despoiled victims. But "the whole country"? What interest have honest folks in the whole miserable tribe?

The action of the New York legislature in voting an annual pension of two thousand dollars for the detective's widow is a most outrageous insult to the intelligence of the people, and especially of the working people. Has the legislature ever pensioned the widow of the miner killed in the performance of his most necessary and useful toil? Has the State provided for a family whose sole support was done to death in the caissons of our subways? Shall the orphans of the underpaid producer, wantonly sacrificed on the altar of capitalist cupidity, be doomed to starve, while the taxpayers' money is wasted on the brood of men whose sole vocation in life is to protect the masters against the very consequences of their exploitation?

If the people of New York State have a spark of self-respect, they will speedily repudiate this latest legislative outrage.

* * *

IT has been well said that they who use the sword shall perish by the sword. Thus the monster of war, continually multiplying and perfecting the instruments of human slaughter, is steadily working towards its own destruction and elimination. Similarly, authority striving to press mankind into the governmental mold, inevitably aids in the breaking of its own model. Seldom has the historic truth of this been better illustrated than in the case of the former soldier of the United States army, William Buwalda.

For the terrible crime of shaking hands with Comrade Emma Goldman, after one of her lectures at San Francisco, Private Buwalda was court-martialed and condemned to five years' military prison. Unconscious of any wrong committed, or even intended, Buwalda was (as he subsequently wrote to me) dazed by the action of the government in whose faithful service he spent fifteen years of his life. But the government built better than it knew. It sent Buwalda, the soldier, to jail. But in the darkness of the prison night there awakened *the man*, and out of the ashes of suffering and wrong a human soul stepped forth into the light of day.

In vain the government's subsequent show of "clemency," the commutation of Buwalda's sentence, and his final "pardon." The floodgates of the heart and mind once opened, no power could stem the tide of awakening, and to-day our friends may join us in the happy greeting of the first anniversary of William Buwalda's resurrection into the world of Anarchy.

As a fitting finale to his emancipation from the military nightmare, Comrade Buwalda returned to the United States government the medal awarded him for bravery in the Philippines. The characteristic letter accompanying the medal to Washington will be found in this issue.

How true was Buwalda's reply to the question the police recently asked him: "What have the Anarchists ever done for you that you should turn against the government?"

"They made me think," said Buwalda.

WHATEVER may be said of the revolutionary events in Turkey, the mere fact that the most absolute despotism of modern times was forced to yield to the march of progress is in itself of tremendous significance.

True, but a change of rulers has taken place. And back of the religious and military antagonisms, there may prove to lurk the fine hand of European diplomacy. Yet even so, the demon raised will be hard to lay. For the violent hurricane which has swept the Ottoman Empire will pierce the dense canopy of hoary tradition and custom, culminating in the revolutionizing of the masses. Bourgeois changes are the historic preludes to popular revolution.

Desperately the masters of the world clutch at the dial of Time, straining every nerve to push the hands backward. But louder and ever louder knells the hour of tyranny's dirge.

* * *

SELDOM has the hypocrisy and corruption of modern commercialism been so vividly illuminated as by the story of Castro.

As President of Venezuela, he attempted to rid the country of the American and European corporations, whose exploitation of the South American republic was reducing that country to the verge of ruin. Especially the American "investors" excelled in enmeshing Venezuela with a net of corruption, bribery, and plunder. Failing to bend Castro to the will of Mammon, the foreign capitalists repeatedly incited revolutions, all of which, however, ended in failure. Finally the worthy pillars of law and order carried their differences with Castro to the highest courts, and again suffered defeat. Their crimes were so palpable, every decision resulted in their condemnation.

Unfortunately, a critical illness necessitated Castro's temporary absence from Venezuela. The occasion gave the corporations an opportunity to play a most damnable coup, aided by the international, subsidized press and the United States government. Gomez, a creature of the asphalt interests and acting President of Venezuela, was quickly induced to declare Castro a fugitive from justice, aiming to discredit him in the eyes of the Venezuelan people, and thus secure the ascendancy of his capitalist

enemies. But, far from being a fugitive, Castro immediately returned to his country. Then it was that the combined governments of Europe and America hastily rushed to the aid of their uncrowned masters, and, in defiance of the laws of Venezuela and the will of its people, prevented, by force of arms, the return of Castro to his native land. Dangerously ill, Castro was violently dragged about from place to place, driven from shore to sea, and not allowed to land in Venezuela, the European governments co-operating with the Washington authorities, obedient to the orders of international monopoly.

Whatever be Castro himself, his merciless hounding by the combined governments of the world is due solely to his firm stand against the rapacity of American and European corporations. His opposition to the despoliation of Venezuela did good service to his country and to the world at large, exposing the pitiless cabal of government and capital against any one daring to resist the Moloch of Profit. The story of Castro is a tremendous object-lesson in Christian civilization.

* * *

WHAT the world is pleased to call facts are notoriously misleading things, requiring imagination and a certain temperament in their application. Skeptics on this subject are referred to the recent reports of Mr. Williams, New York State Commissioner of Labor, and Mr. Bogart, New York City Commissioner of Licenses. The latter, in his report to Mayor McClellan, declares that labor conditions in this city have not improved since the panic of 1907, and that the books of the local employment agencies show a decided falling off in the amount of unskilled labor employed in the city since that time. Not only is there less demand, we are informed, for unskilled labor than there was a year ago, but the wages paid to the laborers, with the exception of farm hands, are lower. This unpleasant fact is made plain in the reports furnished to the Commissioner of Licenses by the various employment agencies of the city during the past twelve months.

Mr. Williams, on the other hand, reports a steady decrease in the number of unemployed in the State since October, 1907, and, after a canvass of trade unions representing a membership of 125,000, declares that there were at the end of March *only* 21 per cent. of the workers of

the State out of employment. Not bad, indeed. In fact, there is real cause for rejoicing that during the first three months of this year, every fifth working man in the State was out of employment the *entire time*. Civilization proceeds at an alarming rate; our mastery of the forces of nature is so great that four men do the work of five and support the extra man, pauperizing and debasing him meanwhile by the process.

The same papers that supply the above figures inform us that during the past forty years 149,566 bodies of the poor of this city have been sent to Potter's Field. What suffering, what pride, what blasted hopes were buried in those nameless graves we shall never know; but over them all we seem to hear the smug Philistine snuffle, "If poverty and the incentive to struggle were abolished, would it not destroy our opportunities to develop those charitable instincts of ours which are so beautiful and uplifting?" To which we reply, Amen! What an affliction that would be—for the Philistine. *Twenty-one per cent.!*

* * *

IN these days of spineless unionism, water-soaked radicalism, and ultra-respectable Socialism, it is refreshing to hear the clear, clarion notes of uncompromising manhood wafted to us from across the continent.

We joyfully welcome the entrance of the new fighter in the revolutionary arena, the *Industrial Worker*, published weekly at Spokane, Washington. We greet the noble band of conscious workers, who have courageously swept aside the barriers of representative superstition, and ably strive to shed into the labor ranks the light of revolutionary aims and tactics.

* * *

THE hundredth anniversary of Thomas Paine's death* will be commemorated at New Rochelle on Decoration Day, May 31st. The Liberal Club, Paine Historical Society, and other bodies will participate in the exercises. Interested organizations are requested to communicate with the Secretary of the Paine Centenary Committee, Mr. Van der Weyde, 241 Fifth Ave., New York.

* Died at New York, June 8, 1809.

THE MAY DEMONSTRATION

By LE TRIMARDEUR.

In life it often happens that the beginning of a thing is mistaken for its end. The May idea is also exposed to similar error. It is, therefore, of the utmost necessity ever again to point out the true significance of the May demonstration and to emphasize the final aim of this movement.

To present the case in a nutshell: The essential idea of the May celebration is nothing else than Direct Action against capitalism, the direct struggle for the emancipation of the proletariat from wage slavery.

The May demonstration was to usher in this battle; to serve, so to speak, as the annual day of victory in this warfare. On the First of May were to be celebrated the triumphs of the past, and a new campaign mapped out against exploitation. This and nothing else was the leading motive of the yearly May demonstrations, according to the conception of the International Congress of 1889, which met at Paris.

Unfortunately, the opportunist leaders of various countries have succeeded in falsifying the meaning of the May celebration, minimizing the effect of the demonstrations, and directing the movement in peaceful channels. No wonder, then, that the idea of the May celebration proved a failure in those countries. Deprived of its true import and its very essence, the First of May necessarily lost its psychologic effect.

The leaders and politicians of the labor movement were not slow to perceive that their sinecures were in danger if the workers were to realize that Direct Action, rather than parliamentarism, is their proper tactics, and that wage slavery can be successfully fought only on the economic battlefield, with the Social General Strike as the chief weapon. Were the workers to learn this, the labor fakers would be doomed as an unnecessary and harmful tribe. Therefore they sought, from the very beginning, to deprive the May celebration of the meaning involved in the Day of Direct Action and demonstration. In this they have, indeed, been successful to a considerable extent. Thus, for instance, the Socialist party of New York declined to participate this year in the public demonstration, because, as the party's delegates explained,

they feared the demonstration might assume too large proportions and so become impracticable.

Thus the day which was to demonstrate the power of the international proletariat proves to be the very day when the decline of the revolutionary movement becomes most apparent. No wonder, then, that reaction grows apace, and the insolence of the powers that be steadily increases.

Fortunately, however, the spirit of opportunism has not infected the proletariat of *all* countries. Pure-and-simple unionism and political inanity have not triumphed everywhere and paralyzed the energy of labor. The workers of the Latin countries, and especially those of France, prove to us again and again what tactics must be employed to wrest victory in the daily struggle with capital, and point the way of preparation for the final goal: Direct Action and the General Strike.

The French workers have also permitted themselves to be duped for years by political clowns; but finally they realized that there is no difference whether their rulers be Bonapartist, Republican, or Socialist. But too often they have experienced in their own persons that their upstart comrades demeaned themselves with greater brutality and arbitrariness than the old exploiters.

To-day no political upstart or labor leader could dupe the French proletariat. They have realized the truth of the motto, "The emancipation of the working class must be the work of the workingmen themselves." By their methods of Direct Action they set an example for the proletariat of all other countries. Step by step they approach the final goal, the General Strike. One need but casually glance at the press of the various countries to witness the respect and fear inspired the enemy by the methods of French labor. Thus the First of May has preserved in France its original revolutionary meaning: a militant campaign against exploitation. The example of France cannot fail to exert a salutary influence upon the workers of other lands. They, too, are becoming conscious that only by their own efforts will they ever achieve their emancipation. Therefore they, too, must follow the example of the French workingmen, and impart to the First of May its old character, that of introduction to direct economic battle and the General Strike.

ANARCHISM AND MALTHUS

By C. L. JAMES.

(*Continuation.*)

Amidst all these changes, which quite amount to making the book a new one, there is no wavering about the "main principle," as Malthus termed it. The "main principle," or Malthusian Theory, properly so-called, may be boiled down to this, that increase of the Positive Check (premature deaths) can be averted only by increase of the Prudential Check (continence). Its arithmetical self-evidence needs no further exposition, if the American figures, on which it was founded, be correct. In this respect it is characteristic of the author. Malthus was not a very consecutive thinker or lucid writer, though in his youth he was a florid one; but figures were his strong point (he came out of Cambridge with the high mathematical point of Ninth Wrangler). His description of human increase in America as "geometrical" and increase of food as "arithmetical" has been pronounced affectedly technical by one of his few really competent reviewers (Mill); but it is not without justification. Population, doubling every twenty-five years, does not increase in a very rapid geometric ratio, like the pennies paid for nails in the problem of the horse's shoes. Let such a population live, as long as it can, on flocks and herds, grain, commissions in exchange, or what you will; all, except perhaps the last, also increase in a geometric ratio, and faster than men, thus making their increase at the old rate practicable—true; while there is vacant land to be exploited; but how long will that be? The increase of land in pasture; of grain, under the intensest culture; of commerce, while the continents are being developed, is not, for want of land, at a geometrical rate—we put it high in supposing it authentic, thus:—

Years	25	50	75	100	etc.
People	x	$2x$	$4x$	$8x$	etc.
Produce ..	y	$2y$	$3y$	$4y$	etc.

Evidently, too, the principle is highly important. Not to mention "the future improvement of mankind," if their "present prospect" be that forbearance from unchecked indulgence in an appetite they share with brutes is the only alternative from the double agony of unwelcome

births and premature deaths; if "their past history" have for its key-note excessive births, necessitating premature deaths, by sacrifice to Moloch, as in Syria; legal infanticide, as at Rome; illicit infanticide, as in China; abortion; famine; pestilence; war; the miseries and disgraces of slavery, which, in all its forms, is the result of war; between which propositions the first is mathematically demonstrable, and the other historically notorious; then recalcitration against the moral is the mark of a brute; the laws which still do in some measure encourage masculine sensuality, feminine dependence, and their hideous consequences, are the brutal laws of barbarians, who wanted food for powder because, like other men, they sought to gratify their desires with the least exertion, and because plunder is, in the barbarous state, the easiest way to live, nor can the voluble individual who, in our time, praises their polity, escape being deemed a brute on any ground but the contemptuous one that he is only an ignorant sensationalist. Most assuredly, the whimper that Malthus attributes "vice and misery to a natural instinct with which are linked the purest and sweetest affections," deserves no sympathy from one whose estimate of women's rights and duties is at all above the Rooseveltian standard.

Men, however, are not easily convinced of what they do not wish to believe. The windows of heaven have rained refutations upon Malthus for, now, a hundred and ten years. That the refutations do not refute is shown by the fact that they continue to rain. But though the shower gives no sign of slackening, originality in making the missiles was exhausted long ago. The modern student not only keeps his refutations of Malthus on the same shelf with his reconciliations of Genesis and geology, but knows, as soon as he looks into one, on what part of the shelf to put it.

Among refuters of Malthus we have specified two

* Malthus, whose eye surveyed the world, did not, of course, overlook so huge a fact as infanticide. From a moral point of view, his judgment on it may be anticipated; but from an economic, he reasoned that it rather increased population than otherwise, being looked forward to, wherever tolerated, as a resort before children are born; while, after that, parental affection limits it to a last resort.

kinds, those who say the theory is a truism, and those who arraign it on some such *à priori* ground as impiety; being "dangerous to morals"; being pessimistic; being a stock argument of Tories and the privileged classes,—concerning which we shall say more.* A third class of refuters, probably as numerous as the rest put together, are the eclectics, who reproduce all the arguments of previous anti-Malthusians, without perceiving that they contradict each other. There are also many who attempt a *reductio ad absurdum*, and succeed triumphantly—in making themselves absurd. Such are those who accuse Malthus of representing vice and misery as rather good things than otherwise; of supposing we are in danger of an actual squeeze; of recommending infanticide, against which we have seen that he discovered a new argument; of being refuted by all the wisdom of antiquity. These are not always easy to distinguish from the *à priori* critics; but there is this important difference that Messrs. *à priori* fairly understand what Malthus meant, while the reducer to absurdity always misunderstands him grossly. A common case, which also illustrates the complexity of his alleged truism and the ease with which it can be misunderstood, is that of the man who asks for proof that population does increase, and reminds us of fishers washing their nets upon the rock of Tyre, or jackals howling among the ruins of Babylon. Now, *Malthus never said that population on the whole did increase*—not that I doubt it, but I might, without contradicting Malthus. He said that there was a powerful human instinct which *tends* to increase population; and therefore (which is an important point) that it must increase—unless the Positive Check or the Prudential hinders. But he was not

* Much the best criticism of this kind was made by Karl Marx. The capitalists, he says, have regular employment for a limited number of proletaires. What they call the surplus is an excess over that number. They are quite insincere in affecting a desire to reduce it, for it is the reserve of their army. Out of this "surplus" come the "scab," the strike-breaker, the policeman, the common soldier, where there is no conscription. This is true enough; and it is a good reply to hypocrites who find in the Malthusian Theory a "parry to demands for reform." But what it has to do with the truth of the theory I do not see; nay, if we must be polemical, the fact that neglect of Malthus breeds strike-breakers seems to me an excellent reason why Socialists should be Malthusians.

so ignorant of what either can do as to be unaware that celibacy like that of the Roman Empire, especially after it became Christian, or a visitation like the Black Death, may diminish population very fast.

The theory of Malthus has, a good long while ago, converted all writers worthy to be called economists, all biologists, and all historians. Its first victories were among those emphatically to be designated as the men of his own time. The great party which had ruled England without intermission from 1715 to 1760, was breaking in the vortex of the French Revolution. Those among the Old Whigs who followed Burke and Pitt soon came to be indistinguishable from the Tories, whose ashes were warmed into life by a sympathetic reign and by the extinction of their evil genius, the exiled House of Stuart. Malthus' place as a politician was among the New Whigs, whose importance began when the Napoleonic wars were over—with those who abolished slavery, repealed the Corn Laws, put an end to imprisonment for debt, took away the political disabilities of Jews, Catholics, and Dissenters; reformed the representative system, swept away the Draconian penal code; established the policy of peace. He deserves to be called a Liberal, because he was in favor of everything good which was ripe enough to be done during his own literary period; from the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, to the Reform Bill, thirty years later, and shortly before his death. But his celebrity, of course, is mainly in connection with political economy; his importance to ordinary readers is known chiefly on this account, that political economy was the especial field of England during the nineteenth century. The Manchester School, till lately dominant, looks to Malthus as its second founder; and, since schisms have arisen in that school, it is to the specific views of Malthus that there has been a reversion from those of the long-idolized Ricardo.

David Ricardo, supposed, till Mill openly seceded from among his pupils, to have placed political economy on a basis of all-comprehensive demonstration, was six years younger than Malthus, who long outlived him. They were intimate friends, their disputes were always in perfect good temper; and since Ricardo continued to be read, but Malthus did not, very few people, until lately,

knew how much they differed. It is from Malthus' supposed law of population that Ricardo deduced his famous law of rent, which George has made familiar to everybody, and on which Marx founded his "scientific Socialism." Population increases beyond the capacity of land, in use, to support it; other land, therefore, must be taken up; since men seek to gratify their desires with the least exertion, the best land will be improved first; between its yield and that of the inferior land intervenes a constantly increasing margin of rent, which is what makes the difference between rich and poor. It reduces wages to the minimum obtainable from the poorest land (the Iron Law of Wages, Lasalle called this). Yet worse remains. Since cultivation extends, this minimum is not a stationary but a diminishing quantity. True, the cost of living is diminished, and the laborer's real wages do not, therefore, fall as fast as the nominal, but they do fall, for those commodities the laborer chiefly wants are those most directly derived from the soil; and they are not being cheapened, but the contrary.* Ricardo is thus the true founder of "the Dismal Science." The extreme pessimism and determinism of his views, which have been compared to those of Calvin, did not prevent their "taking" with English capitalists, who, during the Corn Law battle, found in them a weapon against English landlords. But Ricardo also furnished Socialism with a weapon against them both. Except the Anarchists, all Socialists who make any pretensions to scientific economic reasoning, begin with Ricardo. Their common burden is that government must, and, when these things become better understood, a democratic government certainly will, confiscate rent for the common good, and, they usually add, assume control of business. How their idol, the government, will, after all, manage to keep people from finding it harder to live as the Law of Diminishing Returns keeps shortening the result of their labor, these reformers do not, indeed, make quite as clear as could be wished. But here is where their prejudice against Malthus began. His

* This is important. George repeatedly assures us that ability to create any kind of wealth is ability to create as much of any other kind. But if the Law of Diminishing Returns from Agricultural Lands be correct, this is not correct for the most important kind of wealth.

name became associated, though Ricardo's rather should be, with the Law of Diminishing Returns. It is, therefore, a fact of extreme interest that Malthus decidedly rejected Ricardo's improvements on his system. *The difference between Anarchism and Socialism*, as we usually understand the latter term, is *the difference between Malthus and Ricardo*. Malthus, we remember, had never said that population necessarily increases. Under the existing conditions, he believed population to be limited by the willingness of capitalists to employ labor; nor is there much doubt that this is substantially correct; though the "wage-fund doctrine" of Senior, McCulloch, and other Ricardians,* overdo it. Now Malthus observed, nor could Ricardo deny,† that capital will not take up waste land unless it can get from such land as much as from those institutions which borrow and lend money for speculative enterprises. Except, then, as improved methods bring up the profit on waste land to the current rate of interest, there will be no rise of rent. Experimental cultivation by government, philanthropists, theorists, or communists, produces no such effect:—it must be business cultivation yielding profit and also wages up to rate. For one of Malthus' most striking doctrines, in pronounced contradiction to Ricardo and all his followers, is that *real wages never fall*. Malthus studied history and society, which Ricardo, in his theorizing a mere formal logician and mathematician, did not. Ricardo, then, might vaguely think (for here, as often, he is not clear) that capital indemnifies itself for rent by cutting wages; but Malthus knew how tenacious labor is of every advantage it has gained in the war with parasites. He believed such gains to be continuous. He had a theory of their origin, which, if rather empirical, is sufficiently comprehensive, and, as usual, savors very much of Darwin.

What, with Fate-like persistency, has raised real wages

* By making an actual sum out of the "wage-fund," which in the works of Adam Smith and Malthus, is only a rhetorical phrase.

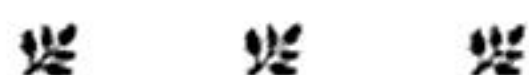
† This was reserved for George. Ricardo, a practical man of business, knew too much about the comparative incomes of landlords and capitalists, under varying conditions of time and place, to say that Rent was swallowing all which labor *and capital* ought to get from land above the poorest.

since they consisted in the daily find of toads or lizards, which may take up all a Digger Indian's time, is, in Malthus' language, "accidents." Some of these accidents were blessings very terribly disguised. One of the most important was the Black Death, which killed serfdom throughout the greater part of Europe, by reducing the number of laborers, and exciting such competition for their services that they could no longer be kept from migrating in search of high wages. Such "accidents" would do the laborer no permanent good, if he were quite the shiftless being which some bourgeois writers represent him. But, though generally ignorant and stupid, he has certain "strong instincts and plain rules," which serve his turn. He will not work for less (real) wages than he is used to getting. Even down to the state of chattel slavery we can see this. Coolies may work for rice gruel; but it would never do not to make negro slaves more comfortable than many white men are. The "standard of comfort" among laborers, raised, from time to time, by "fortunate accidents," and kept from falling by strikes, peasant insurrections, increase of continence, in short by the laborer's determination to keep it up at whatever hazard, has been the guarantee of progress; for it is these struggles which increase knowledge.

Examples of the "accidents" are numerous. The breaking up of the Roman Empire killed chattel slavery, which requires extradition not to be obtained under the loose rule of the Barbarians. The restoration of slavery, though favored by circumstances in the colonies, has been stoutly withstood, and, in Malthus' time, was evidently failing. The discovery of America, by relieving pressure in Europe, raised the standard of comfort there; and legalization of Trades' Unions is evidence that it will not fall. The French Revolution made the peasants landowners, and the restored Bourbon dared not rob them; etc. Evidently, Malthus' economy is not a dismal science. Believing a high standard of comfort the condition of social improvement, he was no prophet of "parsimony." He encouraged, indeed, saving by retrenchment of expenses upon the lower appetites; but with a view to enjoyment, not mere money-making. The English proletaire who denies himself gin, if at all, that he may have good clothes, a furnished house, a lease, a library, is wiser

than the French peasant who lives on black bread that he may buy more land. Malthus went further than perhaps any economist reckoned "orthodox" in recognition of the great truth that exchange is the chief source of riches and that starving to get ahead of each other, like the Coolies and the Jews in many places, makes all the people absolutely poor whomever it makes relatively rich. Thus his view of "progress and poverty" differed from Ricardo's, it has been said, as Arminianism from Calvinism. Malthus refers everything to the individual, Ricardo to certain institutions, such as land ownership, which he took for granted. In the minds of Socialists, Ricardo's principles tend to passive reliance on the Omnipotent Goodness of the State, those of Malthus to repudiation of the State, or Anarchism.

(To be continued.)



A WOMAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

THE United States government in a mad chase after Emma Goldman.

What a significant title for a funny story. What rich material for a cartoon!

By the decision of the Federal government, Emma Goldman, the terrible, may now be deported. Well, serves her right. What on earth made her select our dear country, anyway? It's different with us Americans. We are here through no fault of ours. But for her to come voluntarily, to live here twenty-five years, and to go on as if she were at home—that is strong, indeed!

What didn't our government do to get rid of her?! For seventeen years the police have camped on her trail; her meetings were broken up; her audiences clubbed innumerable times, but that didn't seem to help. Then she was arrested again and again—not for what she said, but for what she was going to say. Why, she was actually sentenced to Blackwell's Island penitentiary once, for inciting to riot which didn't take place, but which might have taken place. Well, what happened? When she came out, she was worse than ever. In 1901 she was held under twenty thousand dollars bail, while our poor government spent thirty thousand dollars to connect her

with McKinley's death. In short, every conceivable method was used to relieve the anxiety of the United States government. But that woman simply sticks and sticks. However, if there is anything Uncle Sam cannot do, we should like to know it. Hasn't he men in the secret service patriotic enough to do any kind of a dirty job for money? Well, we sent some of them to a city called Rochester, where, many years ago, a man had the misfortune to marry that there Emma Goldman. He was a good man, you know; for no American citizen can be a very bad man. But that marriage was a blotch on his citizenship. So, out of Christian kindness and American loyalty, his naturalization papers were annulled. Wasn't that a clever idea? Of course, it cost quite a lot. Some people in Rochester had to be cajoled, intimidated, threatened, frightened, and possibly bribed. But it was done all right, and the country might now breathe easy if—but there is Emma Goldman, still enjoying *our* air, looking at *our* sky, counting *our* stars, basking in *our* sun, and dreaming un-American dreams,—can there be a greater indictment against any human being? Not enough of that, she actually disbelieves in *our* or any government, and insists that they are only here to divide human interests. She attacks the entire system; she will have it that it is a life-and-soul-destroying mechanism, and that it strips man of the finest and best in him.

Did anyone ever hear of such treason?

Were she an American citizen, we might some day hang or electrocute her. But an alien—what's left for us to do but to deport her. The trouble is, where, oh where can we send her?

Poor, poor United States government! Yours is, indeed, a difficult task. True, your hard, persistent labors have been crowned with some success. You have Emma Goldman's citizenship. But she has the world, and her heritage is the kinship of brave spirits—not a bad bargain.

EMMA GOLDMAN.



WM. BUWALDA'S LETTER TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT*

HUDSONVILLE, Mich.,
April 6, 1909.

HON. JOSEPH M. DICKINSON,
Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:—After thinking the matter over for some time I have decided to send back this trinket to your Department, having no further use for such baubles, and enable you to give it to some one who will appreciate it more than I do.

It speaks to me of faithful service, of duty well done, of friendships inseparable, friendships cemented by dangers and hardships and sufferings shared in common in camp and in the field. But, sir, it also speaks to me of bloodshed—possibly some of it unavoidably innocent—in defense of loved ones, of homes; homes in many cases but huts of grass, yet cherished none the less.

It speaks of raids and burnings, of many prisoners taken and, like vile beasts, thrown in the foulest of prisons. And for what? For fighting for their homes and loved ones.

It speaks to me of G. O. 100, with all its attendant horrors and cruelties and sufferings; of a country laid waste with fire and sword; of animals useful to man wantonly killed; of men, women, and children hunted like wild beasts, and all this in the name of Liberty, Humanity, and Civilization.

In short, it speaks to me of War—legalized murder, if you will—upon a weak and defenseless people. We have not even the excuse of self-defense.

Yours sincerely,

WM. BUWALDA,

R. R. No. 3, Hudsonville, Mich.

* Copy of the letter Wm. Buwalda sent to the U. S. government when returning the medal awarded him for faithful service in the Philippines.—*Ed.*

ANARCHISM AND EDUCATION

By H. KELLY.

WHY Anarchism should be demanded and applied in art, science, literature, the drama, education, and many other fields of life, the political and economical alone excepted, has long been and remains one of the mysteries of life. The Pope thunders against modernism, but free churches and synagogues multiply and cover the earth. Anarchism in the pictorial and plastic arts is accepted everywhere, and geniuses like Millet, Whistler, Rodin, and others, are glorified and held up as examples of men who defied accepted traditions and insisted on expressing themselves, while master minds like Whitman, Ibsen, Lester, Koch, and others, are heralded as beacon lights to a groping and blundering mankind. The Froebels in education inhabit every corner of the globe, and their cries grow more and more insistent for a freer and saner method of teaching youth the duties and responsibilities of life.

Mr. Harold E. Gorst, a famous English educator, has recently visited this country, lecturing and writing on education. His methods, as set forth briefly in the March issue of the *North American Review* under the heading, "An Educational Revolution," are startling enough to make one gasp with astonishment that such a pious old humbug as Sir John Gorst should be sire to such a revolutionist. The tenor of Mr. Gorst's article may be judged from the following:

"How many individuals, to begin with, have discovered their precise vocation to lie in the work they are compelled to do in order to earn their daily bread? The percentage of happy, contented people who are doing, consciously, just what they are fitted for is notoriously small. Is there a single person, possessing a tolerably wide circle of acquaintance, who cannot point to dozens of examples of individuals that are leading wasted and disappointed lives through pursuing an uncongenial occupation? There are writers, thinkers, artists, and musicians eating their hearts out in Wall Street; there are engineers in the pulpit or driving street-cars; naturalists and farmers slaving away at figures in a counting-house; scholars masquerading as administrators; and men of action, the would-be

pioneers of new and productive industries, bound hand and foot in some office of law or commerce. It is a pitiful story, the first chapter of which commenced in the elementary school. And it is something worse than cruelty to the individual. It is the canker which produces national inefficiency and national decay, and which multiplies mediocrity in every profession and occupation throughout the length and breath of the land. A well-known Philadelphia professor testified publicly in my hearing, a few weeks ago, to the high percentage of men in technical colleges who were compelled to give up their course, because it was discovered, at the eleventh hour, that they had no aptitude for the vocation for which they were being trained."

National inefficiency and national decay multiply mediocrity, etc., etc. My, my! And this with our boasted specialization of industry, marvelous development of machinery, and what not. Isn't it all very startling—and true? Isn't it true that even the most fortunate amongst us, when not engaged in work that is positively pernicious, are expressing at best but the negative side of our nature, while our nobler and better selves lie dormant within us, still-born children who might have done much and been happier for doing it. And yet, there is hope in the cry of such men. True, they do not see clearly that irrational systems of education, with their concomitant evils—national inefficiency and national decay—multiplying mediocrity, are inevitable while men are slaves to a barbarous systems of economics and authority. But the more insistent becomes the cry for a freer and fuller life, the surer the bonds of Church, State, and property will be loosened, and perhaps one day we shall see progress along these lines, equal to that in other walks of life. To demand that men select their own occupations, instead of being arbitrarily fitted to them, is indeed a revolutionary doctrine, which finds deep sympathy with us. To sneer at, and twit the inefficient, shows a lamentable lack of knowledge or appreciation of life. Yes, there are human derelicts and inefficients, and plenty, but one of the great secrets of life is that each one of those, if fitted to his proper place in life, can serve a very useful purpose in the world and be happier by so doing. An inefficient business man or workman is despised and looked down upon

as one who is useless and undeserving of even the humblest seat at the banquet table, and yet why should he debauch and stultify his soul by making himself proficient at something he has no interest in. Why? Speaking to one of our best known and most libertarian clergymen and to one of the ablest and most successful public school principals in New York—a woman of force and character—I was informed by both that work was in itself a noble thing, and in one case that we should feel our life well spent if we earned a living for ourselves—at anything honest, though obnoxious. Why one should consider work, which has no social value and is personally objectionable, as noble or self-satisfying merely because it is done well, is quite beyond us. By all means encourage, stimulate, and help the youth to discover that form of occupation which Bancroft, the historian, said would be a pleasure and solace in his old age, for by so doing you not only people the earth with efficient men and women, but you people it with *free* human beings.



THE EASIEST WAY

An Appreciation

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

HIPPOLYTE TAINÉ assures us that the real criterion of the development and culture of a people is its literature. No doubt Taine used the term in a broad sense, including also the drama. Is not the latter one of the strongest, if not the strongest, medium of literary interpretation of life? If so, we must assume that America had hitherto neither culture nor development, since its drama, at least, was of the poorest quality indeed. The people at large still consider the theater a place of cheap amusement and relaxation from the daily grind, while the melodramatic impossibilities serve as a vehicle to inflame the imagination of the street gamin or the hero worship of the boarding school miss.

However, the last fifteen years have wrought a great change from the nerve-racking mechanism of our existence to a deeper and finer appreciation of the true relations of life.

This awakening is the natural sequence of a commercialism which has about reached its zenith. This condition it is which furnishes the stimulus to a real American drama worthy of the name.

If it be true that nature will use up a great deal of human material to mold one genius, why may it not be equally true that innumerable dramatic attempts had to be made before the real drama could be born?

"The Easiest Way," by Eugene Walter, can be considered the first American work of real dramatic art. The artistic merit of this drama lies not so much in its harmony of details, itself extraordinary, but rather in its faithful and bold portrayal of life. After all, what is art but life? Life, not in the exceptional, but in its everyday, ordinary manifestations. When truly great, art merely aids us to see with the inner eye, the human eye. Thus, when we look at Rodin's masterpiece, "Old Age," representing an ugly, shriveled woman in the process of decay, we will at once behold the panorama of a thousand incidents and events. We can see the child's joys, the youth's dreams and aspirations, the intensity of mature love, with all its ecstasy and pain; we see a thousand blighted hopes, and an endless struggle against the inevitable laws of life, and the final dumb submission and despair. Looking upon art from this viewpoint, I consider "The Easiest Way" truly great. Of the five characters whose lives are unrolled before us, none represents the exceptional. No such spirit as of a Mrs. Alving, or the colossal figure of Brandt or Dr. Stockmann can be found in "The Easiest Way." Much less are we called upon to divine the complex temperament of Anna Mar or Heinrich the Bell-forgers. Nothing but every-day people, living every-day lives; yet so vividly brought before us as to hold the rapt attention for hours and to dissolve themselves in our very blood till they become part of us.

No wonder respectability became enraged. To think that "disreputable" beings can suffer, that they, too, cling to life, and struggle and lie and cheat for "a bit of love, happiness, and peace!" Why, they even have a code of morals. The men clinging to their "honor," even though it costs a human soul. The women striving to become "respectable and decent" through matrimony. How per-

fectly awful that respectability should be molded of the same clay.

"The Easiest Way" is supposed to represent a "peculiar phase" of New York life. If that were all, it would be of little significance. After all, Laura Murdock and Elfie St. Clair are not the only demi-mondes who have been dramatized. We have had Zaza, Camille, Du Barry, and others. That which gives the play real importance and value lies much deeper. It lies, first, in the fundamental current of our social fabric which drives us all, even stronger characters than Laura, into the easiest way—a way so very destructive of integrity, of truth, and justice, yet the only one to exist at all. Secondly, the cruel, senseless, criminal fatalism conditioned in Laura's sex. These two features put the universal stamp on the play, and destine it to prove the strongest indictment against society.

Laura Murdock, a cheap actress, is playing with a stock company in the mountains of Colorado. She is kept by Willard Brockton, a wealthy man about town, interested in theatrical ventures. He travels twenty-five hundred miles to Denver to take Laura back with him to a palatial home in New York. The girl, however, has meantime fallen in love with John Madison, a young reporter. Unlike others of his set, he was willing to take Laura, though she had a past, since he himself had lived rather a fast and easy life. Brockton, the elder of the two, knowing the girl well, asks Madison how much he makes a week, and when informed that it is only thirty dollars, he warns Madison that Laura is utterly unfit to forego her habits of luxury. Holding to the old proverb that love is blind, Madison arranges with Laura for her to return to New York to seek independence, while he would exert strenuous efforts to "make his pile," when he would marry her.

In the second act we see Laura in a cheap furnished room, with all her money, jewelry, and dresses gone, unable to get an engagement. Madison is still in the West, writing daily long love letters to Laura, which, coming on a hungry stomach, with no prospects in view, fail to have the desired effect on the girl. At the moment of her greatest despair a visitor is announced, Elfie St. Clair, an ex-variety actress, now the mistress of a man old and

ugly, but, in the words of Elfie, "who is good to me." The two girls were friends at the time when Laura lived in the same atmosphere. But now that she is undergoing a treatment of the virtue cure, she rebukes Elfie for her life and for her lack of understanding of Laura's new ideals. But necessity knows no law. Laura is about to be evicted. Though spurning Elfie's manner of life, she is willing to accept a loan from her. But Elfie, with all her cynicism and cruel knowledge of her atmosphere, has retained some sense of justice, and is about to leave her friend to her own fate. But when Laura breaks down, Elfie recants and is willing to assist her. At that moment Laura, realizing her utter distress and inability to stand the strain any longer, decides to go back to Brockton, who had come in Elfie's motor car and is waiting downstairs. Brockton is overjoyed, tells Laura it is his first real happy day in six months, and puts money on her table, but insists that she should go back to him only if she can do it voluntarily; and if not, offers to aid her to a position with one of the theatrical companies. When Laura resolves to return, Brockton insists on her writing to Madison, renouncing her love for him. "I know it's cruel, but I've given Madison my word of honor to let him know should you return to me." Two months later we see Laura in an expensive hotel, amidst souvenirs of the previous night's debauch. Brockton is there, apparently quite at home. Laura has all the luxuries for which she had sold herself; but in consequence she is growing to hate Brockton and is very anxious about Madison, to whom of course she did not send the letter dictated by Brockton. At that moment a telegram arrives announcing that John Madison had made a fortune in the West and is hurrying East to marry Laura. He is due that afternoon. Brockton, reading the news of Madison's sudden luck in one of the morning papers, realizes that Laura had not "played him fair" and did not send the letter. He insists that he would not permit her to receive Madison and that the latter must learn everything, but finally yields to Laura's promise to tell all to Madison. When Madison arrives Laura is too weak to meet the critical moment and suffers him to depart to make preparations for the wedding, without keeping her promise to Brockton.

The fourth act finds Laura dressed for her journey, waiting for Madison. When the latter arrives he tells her that all is ready for the final step, but that he had heard rumors about her and Brockton. But Laura assures him that she has kept faith. John has taken her word, and then suddenly sound Brockton's footsteps in the hall; his key opens the door, and with the manner of being at home he walks through the parlor to the bedroom. At that moment Madison knows all. He points his revolver at Brockton, but is stopped by Laura. She pleads with Madison and urges her helplessness, her weakness, her need. Madison cannot believe her again. Finally she threatens suicide. Madison, cold and rigid, scoffs at her, "You haven't the nerve." He leaves her.

Laura stands for a moment paralyzed with grief and despair, and then hysterically screams, "To hell with them all! I'm going to Rector's to make a hit."

When I saw the play the first time I could not help wishing for an American Bernard Shaw to write a thirty page preface as a text-book for critics. Indeed, what our critics do *not* know about the drama would fill more than thirty pages. To quote a few Solomonic oracles: "'The Easiest Way' is a slum play." "'The Easiest Way' attacks the theater trust." "'The Easiest Way' shows how a man about town victimizes a poor girl," etc., etc. But then our critics possibly knew better, but it were dangerous to analyze such a powerful indictment against society.

To say that Brockton forced Laura to return, or that the theater trust even is responsible, seems to be an absurd and superficial grasp of "The Easiest Way."

Brockton is certainly not an ideal character. And yet, compared with other men whose money decides human destiny, he is kinder and more humane, at least to Laura. In fact, the girl herself tells us so in the first act: "You have been awfully good to me, and now you will surely not stand in the way of my happiness." And he does not, only he knows Laura and therefore has little faith in her perseverance.

Again, in the second act, Brockton shows that he is not altogether void of decency. He asks Laura not to come unless she can do so voluntarily. He even offers to get her an engagement. Finally, in the last act, when the

house built on a lie crumbles to pieces, with Madison horribly shaken, Brockton says, "You are all in. How I wish I could be all in." A man who is still capable of such regrets has something in his favor.

No, it is not Brockton. It's our criminal waste of human energy, our cold, cruel, economic and social fabric, that drives Laura, even as it drives the average girl to marry any man for a "home." Or as it drives all men to endure the worst indignities for a miserable pittance.

"Do you know what it means to be hungry?" Laura asks Madison in her last desperate attempt to hold him. No, he did not know. His rigid, puritanical clinging to "honor" and "truth" made him blind to the awful force of conditions that has broken stancher spirits than Laura's.

And then—there is that other condition, the fatalism of Laura's sex. Elfie St. Clair sums up the inevitability of that force in the following words: "Don't you know that we count no more in the life of these men than tamed animals? It's a game, Laura, and if we don't play our cards well, we lose." There it is in a nutshell. Woman in her battle with life has but one weapon, one commodity—her sex. To succeed she has been trained to bring into the competitive field *not* brains, skill, judgment, character, or integrity; her sex was her attribute. That alone served as trump card in the game of life. Aye, and it has also served her as the greatest force to bring men to her feet.

Thus both Brockton and Madison in their attitude to Laura are similar. Madison bids for her with a marriage license and Brockton—well, he wants the girl as his mistress, but in return gives her more freedom of movement. The only condition he ever made was that she be "on the square" with him. While Madison makes it very clear to Laura "what it means to be my wife."

Yes, it is that cruel, blind fatalism that has made of woman a parasite, an inert thing. Why, then, expect perseverance or energy of Laura? The easiest way is the path mapped out for her from time immemorial. She could follow no other.

It is impossible to do justice to the wealth of dramatic and artistic moments contained in "The Easiest Way." What wonderful psychologic grasp of human character,

as portrayed by Elfie St. Clair. Harsh, cynical, yet so full of human touches. How much some of our Christian ladies could learn from her. The simple thoughtfulness of putting a fresh flower on Laura's table, and her readiness to forgive and help, though she was so bitterly hurt by her friend's scorn. And in the third act, when she pours out her loneliness into Laura's ears, "Do you know that you are the only thing I love?" Just think of it, ladies and gentlemen, a "bad" woman, one who sells her body, yet craving love and affection.

The most tragic moment in the whole play, to me, is not that Laura goes to "make a hit." After all, compared with the dull, dreary life of thousands of working girls, hers is the brighter. The tragic moment is expressed in the loud, shrill organ music, at the moment when Laura cries, "Paint my face and adorn my body. They have robbed me of my soul!" That terrible lack of sympathy, of oneness with human sorrow; a quivering soul, and discordant sounds streaming through the window. Men and women living side by side, passing each other, yet each blank and barren. That is at once the most tragic and dramatic moment of the entire play.

As to the artistic rendering of "The Easiest Way," a separate essay ought to be devoted to that. Frances Starr in her interpretation of Laura is truly exquisite. But, then, America is rich in individual dramatic artists: Julia Marlowe, Mary Shaw, Maude Adams, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, etc., etc. That which makes an epoch in American acting is the extraordinary artistic harmony of the *ensemble*. The next step, and the most difficult, is the revolutionizing of the audiences. The one who will accomplish that feat will make himself immortal indeed.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES**SPAIN.**

The Spanish Anarchists have initiated a wide-spread movement for the liberation of the victims of Alcala del Valle.

In 1903 various agrarian strikes took place in Spain, during which the people repeatedly clashed with the authorities. This also happened at Alacala del Valle, where the rural police made brutal use of their weapons, killing and wounding a number of the strikers. The affair resulted in the arrest of 94 persons. The government resorted to the torture of the prisoners—men and women—to wring confessions. Thus the authorities hoped to “prove” that it was the strikers who were responsible for the massacre! Many of the prisoners were subsequently released, while 36 were tried by court-martial and sentenced to long terms. Most of the convicted men are still suffering in the Spanish dungeons at Bagnó. A strong movement is on foot to bring about the release of these victims of governmental cruelty.

INDIA.

The *Free Hindusthan*, published in New York City, writes:

Since the Indian Nationalists declared their creed in the Indian National Congress of 1907 at Surat, it is the policy of the British government to break up the Nationalist organization by any means.

Our recognized leader and genuine patriot, Sj. Bal Gangadhar Tilak, became a victim of this policy, and has been deported for five years. Sj. Arabinda Ghose was charged with bomb-throwing, and put in prison, and is awaiting trial. Sj. V. O. Chidambaram Pillai, the originator of the “Swadeshi Steamship Company,” is sentenced to transportation for life on a charge of sedition, and at least two hundred young journalists and printers have been sent to prison. These acts of repression could not extinguish the fire of patriotism that burns in the people of India; and the Nationalist party arranged for their Congress at Nagpur. But, to the ruin of the British government, nine of our Bengal leaders were deported at the early part of December. We are sorry to know that Sj. Aswini Kumar Dutt, Sj. Krishua Kumar Mitra, Sj. Subodh Chaudra

Mullick, S. Shamsandar Chakervatty, and S. Pulin Behary were victims of this drastic action.

The British government stopped the Nationalists' Congress by prohibiting all public assemblies at Nagpur, and within the district from December 15, 1908, to January 15, 1909. At the same time the "Loyalists" of India had their Congress at Madras.

The British government can stop public meetings and put us in prison, but cannot steal our hearts. The path we have to take has been clearly spoken by Mazzini:

"But in a country where open oppression of liberal sentiments meant prison or exile, if not scaffold, there was no alternative but secret societies."

* * *

In the court at Alipore, a Bengali youth shot and killed Ashutosh Biawas, who acted as public prosecutor in a recent trial of Hindu Anarchists, charged with conspiracy against the government. The youth was arrested.

* * *

A bomb was thrown at a railroad train near Barrackpur, fifteen miles north of Calcutta, and an investigation resulted in the suspicion that the act was an attempt upon the life of Lord Minto, the Viceroy of India. The Viceroy was due to pass this spot on his way to Assam, but it so happened that he was on another train.

* * *

Balkrishna Ravji Palvankar, editor and proprietor of the Bombay journal *Rashtaramakh*, has been sentenced by the district magistrate of Colaba to eighteen months' rigorous imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 500, or six months extra, in connection with the publication in his paper of a seditious article. The magistrate, in the course of his judgment, said the article was "from beginning to end an abuse of the English."

Vinayek Rao Joshi, editor of the journal *Vishravritta*, published at Kolhapur, was sentenced to eighteen months' rigorous imprisonment. His co-editors, Vishnu Vijapurkar, an ex-professor of Sanskrit at the Kolhapur State College, and Waman Joshi were sentenced to three years' simple imprisonment, with a fine of a thousand rupees, and three years' rigorous imprisonment, respectively, for publishing an article inciting to dissatisfaction against the Maharaja and abetting murder.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

- THE POWER OF A LIE. Johan Bojer. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.
- AINDA O MILITARISMO PERANTE A POLITICA MODERNA. Apostolado Positivista do Brazil, Rio de Janeiro.
- THE GIANT KILLER. Carl Eickemeyer. New York.
- MODERN LOVE. An Anthology. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.
- ANACTORIA. Algernon Charles Swinburne. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.
- THE UNSEEN DANGERS BEHIND HUMANITY. Joseph S. Shatzke, Aurora, Colo.
- DIE FRANZOESISCHE REVOLUTION. By Peter Kropotkin. Theod. Thomas, Leipzig.
- THE SOUL OF THE WORLD. By Estella Bachman. Equitist Publ. House, Pasadena, Cal.
- CORRECT THINKING. By Parker H. Sercombe. Tomorrow Publ. Co., Chicago.
- CENSORSHIP OF SEX LITERATURE. Theodore Schroeder, Cos Cob, Conn.
- A PSYCHOLOGIC STUDY OF MODESTY. Theodore Schroeder, Cos Cob, Conn.

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Vol. IV

JUNE, 1909

No. 4

FREEDOM IN AMERICA

By WALTER CRANE.

*WHERE is thy home, O Freedom? Have they set
Thine image up upon a rock to greet
All comers shaking from their wandering feet
The dust of the Old World bondage, to forget
The tyrannies of fraud and force, nor fret,
Where men are equal, slavish chain unmeet;
Nor bitter bread of discontent to eat,
Here, where all races of the earth are met?
America! beneath thy banded flag
Of old it was thy boast that men were free,
To think, to speak, to meet, to come, to go.
What meaneth, then, the gibbet and the gag
Held up to Labor's sons who would not see
Fair Freedom but a mask—a hollow show?*



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

IT is a callous heart, indeed, that can remain unmoved at the thought of our country's glory. America, the freest land on earth! How well it deserves the sweet-sounding name, inspiring the lowliest citizen with his happiest dreams. Liberty is our eternal watchword. No sacrifice is too great for us to preserve the rich patrimony of freedom left us by our heroic fathers. We would sacrifice everything, even the best and noblest in our midst, to guard our dearly-bought freedom. Happily, there is no need for sacrifice. Our rights and liberties are quite safe in the hands of the good men to whose keeping we have entrusted them. Night and day they guard our noble heritage. Nor hand, nor eye may desecrate, even by a flitting glance, the dear old relic. 'Tis too sacred for daily use, too ancient for common wear. We count no effort too great in guarding Liberty. Life itself is no consideration where Freedom is at stake. 'Twere false economy to spare lead in quieting the cries of the people disturbing the calm repose of our Goddess. Aye, there be those even that dare demand the sight of the sacred relic, to possess themselves of Liberty. Such traitors to the memory of our noble past must be silenced by club and cannon, quickly and effectively. For the holy grave of Liberty must suffer no disturbance, though the people perish.

* * *

THE soil of this nation has been soaked with its best blood, a million lives sacrificed, and eight billions of property destroyed to emancipate the negro, to make him the equal, "before the law," of his white brother.

That was fifty years ago. Since then we have not stood still in this great Republic. No, indeed; we have gone far—backward. To-day it is judicially established that the colored man is *not*, legally,—not even legally—the equal of the Caucasian.

A jury having awarded to a negro porter damages for false arrest and imprisonment, the learned judge set the verdict aside on the ground that the prisoner could not have suffered as much as claimed because he is a—negro. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York has sustained the judge.

None but the naïve will be surprised at the decision. The latter merely strengthens the observation of all intelligent people that justice and equality are a miserable myth. The judge set aside the verdict awarded to the colored porter because the latter was *colored and a porter*. Not only is the color of a man's skin apparent to blind Dame Justice, but that prostitute is constitutionally prejudiced in favor of the fat purse. A man's occupation is considered an unfailing badge of innate quality. No wonder we have a caste system enforced by law.

It is difficult to reconcile this decision—the intellectual owls say—with the spirit and purpose of the law. None so blind as those that will not see. There is no greater superstition than the notion that law is synonymous with justice and equality. Whatever the theoretical delusions about the law, in reality its sole mission is to create inequality—social, political, economic—with all its brood of attendant evils, and to uphold and perpetuate an iniquitous system, the very foundation of which is inequality of opportunity.

The Civil War, though it abolished black chattel slavery, completely failed to emancipate the negro. He was “freed” to be turned into a wage slave, far more profitable to his masters than in his former condition.

The history of the American negro well illustrates the utter worthlessness of political “rights and liberties” when not founded on material independence. To-day we realize the crying need of a new proclamation of independence, of economic emancipation. Nor can any Lincolns accomplish the true manumission. The modern wage slave himself, be he black, red, or white, making common cause, can alone successfully break the fetters of his capitalist bondage.

* * *

TO give men the benefit of the doubt is both wise and charitable; we should be the last to discourage such a policy. It frequently happens, however, that what appears on the surface as a change of heart, and frank admission of it, is merely Philistine flub-dub.

After having robbed, murdered, and debauched the Indian, “Buffalo” Bill, a member of the Wanamaker Clan, Generals Miles, Porter, Wood, and other distin-

guished citizens now propose a society to extol his virtues and perpetuate his memory. To this end these gentlemen recently feasted at Sherry's, and discussed—between the courses, we presume—the subject.

That idol of our childhood—alas, those idols!—Col. Cody, who fought many a gallant fight and rescued stage coaches galore from the “painted devils” armed with repeating rifles and blank cartridges, was out with a suggestion to erect a statue in New York Harbor, larger and better than our immortal “Goddess of Liberty.” It may have been that “Bill” had looked upon the wine when it was red, or he might have felt it was the least he could do to repay the noble red man for enabling him to accumulate several million dollars by fighting sham battle these twenty-five years in Wild-West shows. Whatever the reason, *we* are grateful. Gen. Miles, Ex-Commander of the U. S. Army and an Indian hunter himself, when called upon to speak, said:

“I share in Col. Cody's admiration for the Indian and in his hope for such a monument as he suggests,” said Gen. Miles. “The Indians always kept treaties, and we always broke them. The early explorers kidnapped them, they were sold into slavery in New England, they were hunted like dogs in Connecticut. Acts of atrocity marked white treatment of them wherever the whites went in every territorial extension. New York Harbor is the fitting place to display to the world the quality of the welcome extended by the natives to those who came here to build for the Republic we all enjoy.”

Gen. Porter approved the idea as coming from a man who knew the Indians better probably than any one else.

It is possible Gen. Miles treated the Indians he captured in a humane manner; but we have never heard that he refused to hunt them down and, if necessary, kill them when they revolted against our tyranny and infamy. He was a soldier and did his “duty,” which consisted in killing Indians, and now that they are but a remnant, and but a debauched remnant of their former glory, he indulges in flowery rhetoric as to their virtues and our infamy. That our conduct to the Indian has been infamous there is no question, but Gen. Miles can't escape his share of the odium by such death-bed repentances.

* * *

THE plastic arts have not yet been touched by the muse of Reality, else the antiquated notion of Justice holding a balance were discarded for the more modern conception of a policeman wielding the whip over the tender body of a child.

The infamous distinction of introducing this barbarity into the New York courts fell to Justice Olmsted. Four very young boys, charged with a crime too heinous to be included in the statute books—disorderly conduct—were ordered flogged by the good Christian judge.

It was *poverty* that was thus punished. Knowing that the parents of the arrested boys were abjectly poor, the judge gave them the "choice" of consenting to the whipping of their children or paying the, to them, impossible fine of twenty-five dollars.

The parent of one of the young victims, unable to pay the exorbitant sum, presented to the court a certificate of a physician testifying to the child's physical condition, prohibiting bodily punishment. Thereupon the just *cadi* shouted at the parent: "Consent to the flogging of your boy, or pay a fine of twenty-five dollars."

The father was shocked and almost dropped in front of the bench. He asked for a little time to consider the matter, and presently returned and said he "chose" to whip the boy.

"Then do so, and when the police lieutenant under whose surveillance the job must be done, reports to me that the boy has been punished properly, I will remit the fine."

The most unpardonable sin of Christian civilization is poverty. The sight of their victims shocks the sensibilities of the pious. Well-fed respectability has no mercy for the children of the manger. For out of the latter there may step forth again, as did two thousand years ago, the spirit of social unrest, pointing the accusing finger at sleek hypocrisy and driving the money changers out of the temple.

* * *

THE N. Y. *Times*, which no one can accuse of undue sympathy with the cause of labor, occasionally per-

mits itself the luxury of letting the cat out of the bag. A recent editorial on the Philadelphia car strike bears evidence of a clear appreciation, on the part of the *Times* writer, of direct-action methods.

The editorial reads:

"From the very beginning of the street car strike in Philadelphia it has been obvious that the one hope of success for the men lay in the amount of loss they could safely inflict on the company and of inconvenience on the public. As always when strikers are unskilled, or so little skilled that almost anybody can with a little instruction fill their places fairly well, and with a little experience satisfactorily, a mere abandonment of work would have been nothing more than an invitation for the unemployed to come in and take it up. That there was immediate resort to violence, the destruction of property, and the mobbing of strikebreakers, need cause no surprise, since in the situation any other course would have been hopeless."

* * *

THE good old burg of East Orange, N. J., may always be depended on to live up to the highest American ideals. That aristocratic little town boasts a number of direct Mayflower descendants. Sons and Daughters of the Revolution live there, too; surely nobody will expect *these* to suffer revolutionary talk. Goodness, 'twere intolerable, disgraceful.

Such a dire possibility was to be averted at all cost. A secret conclave of the Mayor and Chief of Police resulted in the decision that the good people of Orange were not fit to hear a lecture on the drama. The entire police force of the loyal suburb was on hand to convince the local citizens that great danger threatened them. And indeed it did, since clubs were trump.

In undisputed possession of the situation, authority—personified in the venerable Chief—proudly felt itself lord of all it surveyed. All was well with the Oranges; already their faithful guardians saw the welcome vision of home and wife, and were beginning to stretch their weary limbs in sweet anticipation, when suddenly there

woke a thousand dead echoes. Authority stood aghast. "What, ho!" cried the wary Chief, sternly suppressing a struggling yawn. "Do they dare?"

Then it was that Paul Revere's intrepid ride was repeated—this time on foot. Bravely the uniformed heroes beat it to Heretic Freeman's camp. The good burg was to be saved, for the enemy was abroad. In truth, there she was, in a barn, defying the King's edict and shocking all loyal Tories by calmly addressing an unsuspecting audience.

Fearlessly the town's noble guardians marched to the barn, up to the very gates of the enemy, and there—halted. "Too late," cried the Chief, hot tears of despair grooving their path on the weather and whiskey-beaten face. "Too late; the town is doomed."

Happily, the Chief was mistaken. Incredible as it may sound, good old Orange still remains on the map. But the barn incident will immortalize the city, and history will witness the Descendants of the Mayflower doing honor, in time to come, to the Sons and Daughters of the Orange Barn Party. And their coat of arms will represent the Christ Child in the Manger.



THE MOVEMENT FOR FREE SPEECH

THE recent suppression of the Emma Goldman meetings on eleven different occasions has given rise to various protests, despite the general lukewarm acceptance of persecution which so often characterizes the American public. The realization that free speech is the most vital object to be cherished has found expression even through the columns of such newspapers as the *New York Sun*. After quoting the State and National provisions in regard to free speech, the editor declares:

It is noticeable that the Fathers did not make any exception in laying down the rule. . . . Now the question arises: "If the Congress may not make laws limiting freedom of speech, do the police as such, and in the ordinary course of their business, possess any such summary jurisdiction as was exercised by one Detective Rafsky when he broke up a meeting held in a hall recently? . . . Let it be admitted that it was dangerous to the community to have such a subject discussed as "The Modern Drama, the Strongest Disseminator of Radical Thought." There

was a simple and legal way to deal with the particular enemy of society who was supporting this thesis. The police might have taken notes of what was said, and reported to the proper authorities. Thus, supplied with a warrant, they might have taken her into custody. The courts would have done the rest.

One thing is plain, the police themselves were in doubt as to what section of the Penal Code they were proceeding under. And besides, whatever notions they had on the subject, even the most earnest opponents of Anarchists and Anarchism must admit that they exceeded their powers in a way perilous to all of us. We are living under the Constitution of the United States and under the Constitution of the State, not under the imaginary summary jurisdiction of ignorant, illiterate, and ridiculous policemen.

The editor of the *New Haven Union*, in an article no less forceful, expresses his contempt for the outrageous conduct of Cowles, Chief of Police of New Haven:

The Chief did not attempt to prevent Emma Goldman from speaking, as he said he would. Somebody told him he had no right to do that. He let Miss Goldman and her escort into Colonial Hall and then he lined the doors with police and refused to let anybody in the hall. . . . We hope Dr. Reitman and Miss Goldman will make a test case of this matter. We urge this not because we abhor Anarchy less, but because we value the doctrines of free speech and the right peaceably to assemble more. . . . When Chief Cowles prevented law-abiding citizens from going into Colonial Hall last night, he indirectly denied Miss Goldman the right of free speech, because if "the gift without the giver is bare," so the speaker without the audience is useless. Not only that, but Chief Cowles, not because he had the moral, perhaps even the legal right, but because he had the might of the thug and bully, prevented hundreds of law-abiding citizens from peaceably assembling to hear Miss Goldman.

It may be urged that Emma Goldman is not a citizen of this country and cannot demand the protection of laws to which she has not subscribed or sworn allegiance. This is a very narrow jurisdiction within which to limit the operation of our free institutions. But it cannot be denied that, alien or citizen, Emma Goldman has a lawful right to freedom of speech anywhere in this country. It cannot be denied that law-abiding citizens have a right peaceably to assemble to hear her if they so desire. It cannot be denied that Chief Cowles, by an abuse of his power, can stop citizens doing so, because he did it last night. But it must be said that in doing this Chief Cowles is violating the most sacred rights of men, that he is the real and only law violator, that he is the one who is engendering hatred born of police persecution in the public mind, that he is teaching the people that might makes right, that he is advertising Miss Goldman and gaining for her public sympathy, that he is doing in short, all that a chief of police with a spark of common sense would not do.

From such a known lover of liberty and fair play as William Marion Reedy, the following sentiments from his organ, *The Mirror*, are not surprising:

New York's police have broken up a meeting at which Emma Goldman was to deliver an address upon "The Revolutionary Spirit in the Modern Drama." People who entered the hall to listen to her were hustled and shoved out of the place. This in the face of the constitutional guarantees of free press, free speech and free assemblage. It is not Emma Goldman who suffers most from such atrocities. It is the principle of liberty. The little woman is not one hundredth or one thousandth part as dangerous to American principles as the police who suppress her meetings. This cannot be too strongly impressed upon the popular mind. An impression prevails that Emma Goldman proposes the violent overthrow of government. She does not. All she is guilty of is insistence upon unqualified liberty for a people so educated that they will need no government to restrain the liberties of one another.

Louis Post, editor of *The Public*, gave vent to his indignation over the suppressing of free speech and free assemblage in an article from which we quote the following:

We are constrained again to ask the motive for the persecution by the police in so many places of Emma Goldman.

Not only is she persecuted to the extent of deprivation of unquestionable rights under American law, but peaceable and law-abiding persons who wish to hear her speak and have the right under American law to hear her speak, are treated as rioters and dispersed without a shadow of necessity or right.

When a hall is engaged for her to speak in, the owner is threatened, lawlessly threatened, until he breaks his contract. Should he withstand this pressure, his hall is invaded by policemen who disperse the peaceable audience with threats of violence.

That is what happened in Lexington Hall, New York, a few days ago. The facts reported at the time have since been more definitely presented in a letter to Mayor McClellan from Alden Freeman, a well-known and respected man both in New York and the New Jersey suburb of East Orange.

Mr. Freeman, who had twice before heard Miss Goldman in New York, and hadn't, as he explains, the slightest premonition or thought of the experience before him, went to hear her Lexington Hall lecture on the Modern Drama on Sunday morning two weeks ago. He describes himself as "a law-abiding citizen who has always believed that police officers were maintained by the whole body of citizens to uphold our rights and add to our comfort and to promote the peace." With recollections of previous lectures by Miss Goldman, he "was anticipating an intellectual treat," for he is interested in dramatic literature; but after what happened he felt as if he "had made a journey to Russia." Here is his experience:

"Miss Goldman had rented the hall and had a contract for it. Just as she was about to begin to speak, four police officers

came in and notified the hall-keeper that if Miss Goldman was allowed to speak he and his wife and children would be arrested. The hallkeeper replied that Miss Goldman had a contract for the hall, and therefore he was powerless to do anything. Thereupon the police said to the frightened hallkeeper that he and his family must come to the station. Then the hallkeeper notified Miss Goldman that she must not speak. A detective and three uniformed policemen walked up to the platform, telling Miss Goldman that the hallkeeper didn't want her to lecture. Miss Goldman quietly replied that as the hall was hers she would speak, especially since the audience insisted on her speaking by remaining in the hall. The detective and policemen left the place, and all was quiet for a few minutes. Suddenly a squad of a dozen policemen rushed into the hall and turned the audience out into the street. Most of the people present were Americans in whose blood the love of freedom of speech and assembly had been bred. It was probably their first experience, and much indignation and protest were aroused. They could not help but feel that free speech is a farce, and that the American police can exercise more arbitrary authority than is conceivable in monarchical countries."

Numerous individual protests found a hearing in the New York *World*, *Herald*, *Sun*, *Times*, etc. Space permits us to quote but a few of them:

To the Editor of the Evening Sun.

Sir:—J. Osborne Lunt's letter in to-night's issue of your paper interested me. In confirmation of his statement that Miss Emma Goldman said nothing objectionable last Sunday morning in her lecture, "The Drama, the Strongest Disseminator of Radical Ideas," I can procure the affidavits of six persons who were present—five ladies and one gentleman, residents of the upper West Side, and none of them Anarchists.

My friends were entirely unprejudiced, except that they had paid the entrance fee and desired to hear Miss Goldman lecture. They were unanimous in the opinion that both Miss Goldman and her audience had been unfairly treated by the police when they broke up the meeting.

It is this stupidity on the part of the police which goes far toward the making of Anarchists. Is a lecture dangerous because it is labelled "Emma Goldman"? And what has become of our much-praised "freedom of speech"?

New York, May 25.

CHARLES S. RATHBUN.

To the Editor of The World:

Allow me to enter a protest through the columns of your paper against police interference with the Emma Goldman lecture in Lexington Hall last Sunday morning. Such conduct on the part of detectives and police every liberty-loving American should deem subversive of that spirit of freedom for which our forefathers fought.

To endow detectives and police with the power of suppressing a lecture on the drama, to credit them with the intelligence of literary critics and the responsibility of censors, is a satire on

democracy. These censorships we expect from an autocratic government like Russia, but we, who call ourselves freeborn Americans, retain an abiding faith in our heritage of freedom. Is this faith to be utterly stifled by autocratic methods in America, by the arbitrary force of a policeman's stick?

New York, May 24.

LILLIAN BROWNE.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Will you kindly state the law or ordinance under which the police acted yesterday in forcing an audience from a hall where Emma Goldman was giving a lecture on the modern drama?

She did not make a statement which might not have been made in the most orthodox pulpit in Christendom. This makes it quite clear that she was not compelled to cease talking because of the objectionable character of anything she said.

Furthermore, the policemen were sent there for the express purpose of closing the meeting without any reference to anything which the speaker said. Now, does not this action constitute a violation both of the State and Federal constitution concerning liberty of speech?

Let it be understood that the political theories or doctrines of Miss Goldman are not being discussed. They have no bearing whatever upon the question. Miss Goldman is not in prison, and the fact that she is not held in restraint affords common sense and legal presumption that the State does not consider her a menace to society. If such is the case she certainly has the same right that anyone else has to rent a hall and speak to as many people as desire to hear her.

New York, May 24, 1909.

ALICE DAVIS.

The protests have resulted in the following Manifesto which was framed for the purpose of awakening the general public to a realization of the actual danger threatening that spirit of freedom, without which life is unendurable.

A DEMAND FOR FREE SPEECH*

THE Constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech." The Constitution of the State of New York declares that "No law shall be passed to restrain, or restrict, the liberty of speech."

An issue that confronts us is this: Shall the police be allowed to usurp powers denied to Congress and the Legislature?

It is a well-known fact that for years, and especially within the last six weeks, the police have denied the

* All progressive publications are requested to copy this manifesto.

right of free speech. Their lawless methods have become a matter of daily newspaper comment. The right of free expression has been denied to many, but to none so persistently as to Emma Goldman.

Miss Goldman has been arrested many times. In most cases she has been suppressed even before she opened her mouth. She has been subjected to indignities and abuse. Only twice has she been held for trial. Only once has she been convicted. This was in 1893, for "exciting to riot," though no riot occurred.

Within the last month the police of New York City, Brooklyn, and Yonkers have systematically interfered with and broken up meetings to be addressed by Emma Goldman. This has been done, not openly, but by intimidating and threatening the hall keepers. The owners of halls have been terrorized. They have been told that arrest and imprisonment awaited them and their families if Miss Goldman were allowed to speak in their halls.

These tyrannical methods were used to break up a meeting Sunday, May 23rd. Miss Goldman was announced to lecture on the drama. Members of the police force were present and had threatened the hall keeper and his family with arrest should the lecture take place. Miss Goldman had spoken only a few words in regard to the drama as a disseminator of radical thought, when a detective stepped to the platform and said, "Miss Goldman, the owner does not want you to speak." He then turned to the three uniformed officers, ordering them to clear the hall. The audience, however, remained seated. Miss Goldman then quietly announced that she had contracted the hall and therefore had a right to proceed with her lecture. The detective left, presently returning with twelve additional police.

It is not necessary to approve or share Miss Goldman's ideas to recognize the importance of the issue raised by this kind of tyranny. Such methods may logically result in the suppression of any one disagreeing with the dominant political rule.

It cannot be said that Emma Goldman should be denied the right of free speech because she is an Anarchist. The Constitution provides that no exception be made. It guarantees free speech *to all*. A right established at such cost as was paid by the framers of the Constitution

is not to be surrendered now at the behest of ignorant police.

We believe that Emma Goldman has a right to be heard.

It is our purpose to establish this right.

We appeal to the public through this Manifesto to support us in our effort to re-instate the right of free speech. We shall support Miss Goldman in a public meeting soon to be held, to test that right. If need be we shall fight this matter in the courts.

(Signed) *Free Speech Committee:*

BOLTON HALL,	ALEXANDER IRVINE,
LEONARD D. ABBOTT,	MEYER LONDON,
	GRACE POTTER, <i>Secretary</i> ,
	Box 47, Station D,
	New York City.

Up to the time of going to press the following signatures have been received:

J. G. PHELPS STOKES, New York.
ROSE PASTOR STOKES, New York.
WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor *St. Louis Mirror*.
DANIEL KIEFER, Cincinnati, O.
C. E. S. WOOD, Portland, Ore.
KELLOGG DURLAND, (Journalist) New York.
BENJAMIN DE CASSERES, (Author) New York.
MARIUS DE ZAYAS, (Artist) New York.
CARL DE FORNARO, (Artist) New York.
ALDEN FREEMAN, East Orange, N. J.
RYAN WALKER, (Artist) New York.
MAUD WALKER, New York.
DR. M. R. LEVERSON, New York.
FERDINAND PINNEY EARLE, (Artist) Monroe, N. Y.
WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING, (Author) New York.
ANNA STRUNSKY WALLING, New York.
CARL HAAG, (Sculptor) Norwalk, Conn.
SOFIA HAAG, (Sculptor) Norwalk, Conn.
ALLAN L. BENSON, (Journalist) Yonkers, N. Y.
ELLIS O. JONES, (Journalist) New York.



OUR FRIENDS, THE ENEMY

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

SUPPRESSION of Anarchist meetings and clubbing of their audiences have become such an ordinary affair, one hates to waste space in writing about it.

After all, what are the police for, if not to suppress the Anarchists? No one attacks the machinery of government, the corruption of politics, the brutality of the police, the sham of our existing society, so persistently as do the Anarchists. Therefore they must be silenced. Therefore they must be suppressed.

Realizing this, I should have not the least objection to the attitude of those in power towards myself and my comrades. What I do object to is the contemptible, cowardly, sneaking methods they employ.

Within the last month, the police of New Haven, Brooklyn, Yonkers, East Orange, and New York have suppressed eleven meetings that I was to address. Was it done openly? No. Detectives sneaked behind the hall owners, bullying and threatening them with arrest and ruin, until they had to yield. That is the curse of this country. Everyone imagines himself free and independent, and yet nearly everyone is mortally afraid of the police. It is because they know that the average officer on his beat is omnipotent. No matter in what trade, business, or profession one is engaged, the success or failure thereof will depend on the grace of the police. Therein lies the secret of the absolute indifference on the part of the general public to the daily and hourly criminality of those who are here to "protect the lives and the liberties of the people."

But, "the Constitution of the United States declares that Congress shall make no laws abridging the freedom of speech." That is all well and good for Congress, but what has that to do with the police of the United States? They have "evolved" their own laws, laws to suit their own purposes, and the most interesting thing about their laws is that they are almost always sustained in the courts, by the press, and public opinion; else how is it possible that the Chief of New Haven, assisted by a few officers, can prevent five thousand people from entering a hall? Is it that these people do not know their rights

as guaranteed by the Constitution, or is it because they have been police-ridden so long that they have lost the manhood to sustain their rights? Or how are we to explain the 275 American citizens dining at the Sunrise Club in New York City under police surveillance, without the slightest protest? Did they, too, not know their rights?

I am being assured that most people approve of the suppression of Anarchists, or of myself, because their minds have been poisoned by gross misrepresentation of Anarchy. Possibly; but in that case there is even less excuse for their slavish submission, since the interference with the right of expression means also the interference with the right of hearing or listening to anything that might dispel misrepresentation. In short, it is impossible to get away from the fact that the authorities of this country are so arbitrary, so outrageously brutal because they rely on the ignorance and cowardice of the people.

Fortunately, I have learned long ago that the ultimate success of a truth depends not on the many, but on the perseverance and earnestness of the few. Too bad that the police never learn anything; else they would know that their action during the last month tends only to strengthen the zeal, devotion, and faith in a great cause. This, too, they would know: that while they have suppressed eleven meetings, thereby causing MOTHER EARTH a great material loss, they have planted the seed of discontent and hatred in many hearts. Already there exists great bitterness among those who feel, and great opposition among those who think. As to myself, I hate to hurt the sensibilities of my friends, the police; but they might as well attempt to direct the course of the stars as to direct the course of my life's work. They can not do it; at least not while I live.

* * *

A VISIT TO YONKERS

By H. KELLY.

AS the immortal bard said, "Circumstances make compromizers of us all." Such were the thoughts that circulated through my brain as I wended my way to the village—nay, town, of Yonkers a few days ago. My good friend Emma Goldman felt the divine call to

hie there and acquaint the good citizens of that burg with the doctrines of Anarchism, and a meeting was arranged for that purpose on May twenty-third. Strange to say, although Anarchist doctrines have been taught in this city for twenty-five years—and Yonkers is but seventeen miles as the crow flies from City Hall—an Anarchist has never spoken there.

Having in mind many and recent experiences of police interference after meetings have been arranged, it was thought best to interview Yonkers' Chief of Police as to his attitude in this particular affair, and to this end a committee of two waited on me with an invitation to take on the task. I consented, of course, not because the task was pleasant, but rather the reverse. Next day I sallied forth to kill the dragon, and if I failed to return with his head, kindly credit me with "extenuating circumstances."

Arriving at Yonkers just before noon I fortified myself with a glass of buttermilk and a doughnut and set out for police headquarters, which I found without difficulty. After waiting a short while I saw the Chief, who took me for a book agent and seemed quite relieved to learn such was not the case. After acquainting him briefly with the object of my visit, he pleaded an appointment with his dentist and asked me to return at 1:30. Returning at the appointed time to find him engaged questioning a boy, I was compelled to wait an hour before seeing him. At last I was admitted to the presence of Authority in the shape of the Chief and of a third man, who, judging by his proportions, was there as a protector rather than as a witness. His part in the comedy was a silent one, however; so he is dismissed from further consideration. Authority opened the proceedings by asking once more the object of my visit, after which the conversation waxed fast and sometimes furious during the hour, the Anarchist, strange to say, doing most of the talking. To appreciate this fully the conversation should be given in dialogue form, but as that is impossible here we must give the best impression we can.

The Chief informed us that the meeting could not take place, because he supposed red flags were to be displayed. The people of Yonkers were happy and contented, and they didn't want any outside agitators coming there to stir up discontent. Hadn't Emma Goldman been mixed

up in the Haymarket affair? Didn't we believe in killing kings and rulers, etc.? Our answers were as follows: "I might answer your question as to the flags by remarking that surely you are not afraid of flags, even if they are red; as a matter of fact, there are to be no flags at all; it will be a lecture wherein Miss Goldman will explain her theories and appeal to the intelligence of her hearers; no fireworks, no flights of oratory; just a sober appeal to the minds of her audience. As to the Haymarket affair, I have no apologies to make for it. I would say, if you wish to know the truth of it, read Governor Altgeld's reasons for pardoning three of the condemned men; it's interesting. The affair was before Miss Goldman's or my time. Stirring up discontent? Yes, we plead guilty to that. With 21.5 per cent. of the working class of New York State—one man out of five, according to the State Labor Bureau at Albany—out of work; nearly 200,000 deaths from tuberculosis during 1908, and over 200,000 men, women and children killed or maimed last year by preventable accidents, it is time to stir up discontent. As to the people of Yonkers being contented, you will pardon me, Chief, but it is not up to you to decide that question. We have the right of free speech, to appeal to the people, and if they will have none of us that is their business. We even have the Constitution on our side." To which he replied he hadn't read the Constitution for some time, but he was sure we were acting illegally. "Yes, it is true that Anarchists have committed acts of violence, have even killed rulers; but may I remind you that Republicans killed the King and Crown Prince of Portugal, Royalists killed the King and Queen of Servia, and, according to my recollection, the man who killed the Mayor of Chicago in 1893 called himself a Single Taxer. Booth, who killed Lincoln, was a believer in State rights and slavery; Guiteau, who killed Garfield, was a disappointed office seeker. Why, may I ask, have none of those theories been condemned? I am not apologizing; merely seeking information." My figures on tuberculosis and accidents dazed authority a trifle, but she responded gamely on the unemployed by saying there were no such number out of work in Yonkers; that every honest man who wanted work could get it; why, men had come in that office and on their knees begged for work,

and when it was provided for them they didn't keep it. There was the wood yards where deserving men could earn their bed and food and so on. Having earned (?) my bed and breakfast at one of these places some years ago, I spoke as an expert and answered the Chief briefly on that point. After discussing bread lines and unemployed, the Chief delivered himself as follows: "What are you going to do with these fellows who won't work, if there is no government? Is it right they should have things the same as we who do?" (Pardon me, gentle reader, I am a mere chronicler. "We" were sitting there with heels up, while other men were working.) "And besides," continued the Chief, "the trouble is the poor have too many children; that's the trouble; too many children." With suavest manner I turned inquisitor and asked: "Well, what is your remedy?" The Chief's answer literally is "unfit to print," delivered as it was with a laugh and a leer at the silent man, who grinned back. Translated, it was to the effect that the poor should restrain their sexual desires. My answer was that, it being a physical appetite, it is no more elevating than eating; but it is one of their few pleasures, and there is no more reason why they should be deprived of it than rich people; and besides, I had a better remedy than his. Science had discovered a method whereby sex desire could be gratified without procreation—I tried my best to talk down to the guardian of Yonkers' morals—and there were many well-meaning people who would like to convey that message to the poor. He seemed genuinely interested and asked, "Why not?" To which I answered: "Do you know what would happen if I announced a lecture on this subject in Yonkers next Sunday?" "No." "Well, let me tell you. Some one of those good respectable citizens you spoke of, men who unbeknown to their wives have mistresses, would be outraged and write to a certain pure (?) man, Anthony Comstock, that we were wallowing in a sea of filth out here. Mr. Comstock, anxious to save Yonkers, would rush out here, show you his authority, and you, as Chief of Police, would be forced to close the meeting and take me into custody for trying to remedy what you consider a great evil. That is *one* of the things we Anarchists protest against. I take it you are not aware that some of the greatest men of the day were Anarchists.

There was Ibsen, the master dramatist. You've heard of Ibsen?—he discreetly avoided answering the question—Elizée Reclus, whose geographies are standard works in our schools; Kropotkin—"Pardon me," says the Chief, "ain't these men you are mentioning all foreigners?" "I might answer you by asking what that has to do with the question? Reclus' geographies are not rejected because he was a foreigner, and you surely don't refuse to accept a truth because the man who uttered it wasn't born in America. For your information, I might say that the first man who ever called himself Anarchist, Josiah Warren, was an American, and Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and even Jefferson were nine points with us. You know Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman?" The silence was oppressive once more.

We had wandered far afield and Authority had admitted that my ideas were not objectionable, and with all the finesse of a policeman had paid me the compliment of saying that I was different, meaning that my hair was the usual length and I didn't look hungry. The compliment was accepted with due humility, but the meeting, the meeting, that's the thing.

"You evidently knew or thought there was something exceptional about this meeting; otherwise why should you ask my permission for it to take place? If a social club wanted to have a ball they wouldn't come to me." "Pardon me, I am not asking your permission; but if you wish to know why I came here, I'll tell you. I take it you are just an ordinary Chief of Police?" "Yes, oh, yes; just an ordinary Chief of Police; just the same old Chief." "That's what I thought. Have you ever read any books on Anarchism?" "No." "Any papers or pamphlets?" "No." "Ever hear any lectures?" "No." "Then, I take it, I am the first Anarchist you ever met; in fact, by your own admission, you know nothing of Anarchism or Anarchists." "Well, I've read the newspapers." "Oh!" "Well, we must go by the newspapers." "I fail to see the necessity. If they call a man, you, Chief, for instance, a horse thief, there is no reason we should believe it without investigation. We have had some experience with the police in other cities; have had our meetings interfered with by men like yourself who, on their own admission, know nothing of us or our subject. If we had announced

our meeting without notifying you, when you learned of it, as you surely would, you would have considered it your duty to save the people of Yonkers from these dreadful Anarchists. In short, you would have prevented a lecture on a subject you know nothing about. Therefore, I came to see you and tell you the facts, so you can not say you didn't know what was to take place. Now, about the meeting." "Well, I don't see anything objectionable in what you say, and I want you to understand there is nothing personal in this. I don't know Miss Goldman, but—" "Well?" "I'm afraid the meeting can't be held."

To those who ask, Was it worth while? my answer is: It isn't every day an Anarchist has a chance to put a Chief of Police through the third degree.



THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

THE French Revolution forms the most momentous turning point in the newer history of civilization. No event has had greater influence upon the social, economic, religious, scientific, and artistic life of France and other European countries than this tremendous upheaval. It is indeed the source of all modern social ideas, the fountain-head of all the problems we are striving to solve.

One would suppose that an event of such epoch-making import, transvaluing—as it did—all social values, would have been investigated by the social historian along all its phases, and all mooted points cleared, to help us form an adequate picture of those remarkable days. Yet that is not the case. True, we have brilliant portrayals of the heroic side of that Revolution and its leading personalities; nor are splendid descriptions of its ideal phases wanting; but so far we entirely lacked a competent exposition of the economic side of the Revolution, its most important moment, and consequently the most difficult to analyze and describe. The bourgeois historians, whether of the progressive or reactionary camp, entirely ignore this phase of the Revolution. They generally content themselves with picturing the heroic attitude, the differences and contro-

versies of leaders and parties, the political importance of the Revolution. Few, however, attempt to treat its socio-economic significance. Only recently have certain investigators begun to turn their attention to this important phase.

Among the social thinkers of our day probably none has realized this gap as clearly as Peter Kropotkin. But few contemporaries have felt themselves drawn with such strong bonds of sympathy toward the French people as did our comrade. To fill this gap he passed many years in the study of the French Revolution. The result of his prolonged investigations is now before the world in two large volumes.*

The work will fill a niche of honor in the literature of the French Revolution. No former work on the subject can compare with Kropotkin's in the lucidity of treatment of this great popular drama, its economic causes and effects. The people, defamed alike by friend and foe, the hated revolutionists of that magnificent period, have at last found in Peter Kropotkin an eloquent advocate. He has thoroughly swept away the accumulated cobwebs of myth, presenting to our view an almost entirely new picture of the great upheaval. It would require more than our limited space to do justice to this remarkable work. Suffice here merely to indicate the importance of the same.

The author elucidates the two great currents which have prepared, brought about, and carried through the Revolution. The one current, the *idealistic*—the wave of new political ideas submerging old State forms—originated with the bourgeoisie. The other, that of *action*, issued from the masses—the peasant and urban proletariat, seeking the immediate and radical improvement of their daily economic life. The juncture of these two powerful currents in a common aim, their temporary mutual aid, *was* the Revolution.

Without the previous hunger uprisings of the proletariat of the cities and fields, the Revolution would have been impossible. All the idealism and radicalism of the

* The French Revolution, 1789-1793. By Peter Kropotkin. German Edition of Gustav Landauer. Published by Theo. Thomas, Leipzig.

Third Estate would have failed to achieve a similar result. The masses, driven to desperation, sounded the key of the great drama; and when the Revolution was triumphantly marching through the land it was they, the French proletariat, who forced the bourgeois radicals onward, thus repeatedly saving the oft endangered situation. No sooner, however, were the aspirations of the bourgeoisie achieved than the inherent antagonism between them and the people became apparent.

Kropotkin annihilates the legend of the bourgeois historians concerning the alleged voluntary abdication of the feudal nobility. He convincingly proves that the National Convention but sanctioned in principle that which the people had already themselves put into action. The Convention had no choice but to recognize the established fact. And, indeed, it never went further than that. It even attempted, later on, to put reactionary limits on the conquered rights.

One of the most interesting chapters of the work is the one describing the contrast between the Girondists and the by them so bitterly antagonized "Anarchists." The renegade Brissot was the spokesman of the Girondists. He who in his younger days proclaimed "Property is robbery," suddenly became so inspired by reverence for private possession that he even censured the Convention—the day following the historic Fourth of August—for "the inconsiderate rashness" of its decrees against the feudal system. He published a number of brochures venomously attacking the "Anarchists." Louis Blanc appropriately characterized Brissot as one of those who to-day are premature Republicans, to-morrow lagging revolutionists,—men lacking the strength to keep step with the century, having exhausted themselves in marching in its advance guard.

Not only Hébert, Marat, Roux, Varlet, Chaumette, L'Ange, and other members of the Montagne, but even Danton and Robespierre were labeled Anarchists by the respectable Girondists.

The communistic movements reared in the lap of the Revolution are described by Kropotkin with interesting detail, forming a valuable contribution to a better understanding of these currents during the Revolution. He

clearly points out the origin of modern Communist Anarchist and Socialist views in the great French Revolution.

Similarly to the previous works of Peter Kropotkin, "The French Revolution" is characterized by the creative power of the scientific investigator and independent thinker, coupled with the idealism of the social agitator. Our beloved comrade has placed in our hands a new intellectual weapon of great effect.



A SCIENTIST ON A SCIENTIST?

By D. M. KIDER.

TO be scientific at least three things are supposed to be necessary: to be dispassionate, analytic, and intelligent. The last being the least important, we lay no special claim to that attribute, but insist on the other two. We are so dispassionate we have no positive opinions; our blood has become thin, living so long under the shadow of the statue of Liberty; and as for the power of analysis, we can split a hair equally with those theologians who discuss the number of angels that could dance on a needle's point.

So much by the way of our qualifications to discuss with Prof. Edward C. Spitzka. We are informed by no less an authority than the *New York Times* that Prof. Spitzka is "a noted New York alienist." In other words, he has a reputation that extends to Yonkers on the north, the Battery on the south, Jersey meadows on the west, and Blackwells Island on the east, as a specialist in nervous diseases. With such qualifications and such reputation, the *Times* publishes interviews with this gentleman on "Is the Death Penalty an Actual Check to Crime?" and "The Workings of Anarchists," in its issues of May 16th and June 6th. With no less than twenty-five cases of attempted assassination in countries without capital punishment, and seven cases in countries with capital punishment, this noted specialist (in nervous diseases) proves conclusively (?) that punishment prevents crime, or as he puts it: "Had the twenty-five of the first group selected the same weapons—steel and revolver, and used them with the same determination as the seven of the other, the presumable (scientific word that) result would have been not five but twenty attacks; not stereotyped

failure, but six or seven regicidal tragedies. That, instead of throwing nations into mourning,—the Greek prime minister Delyannas, killed by a wife murderer and gambler—the editor of an Italian newspaper,—and the King of Belgium, beloved by everyone of the inhabitants of the Congo Free State, still alive and spreading the gospel of Christ—the twenty-five attempts excited their derision, was due to the selection of a weapon which, as a critical analysis of the entire field—of thirty-two cases—shows, is proof presumptive of pusillanimous self-solicitude.”

In the face of such an extended field of inquiry and such stupendous scientific achievement, *we* must perforce remain silent.

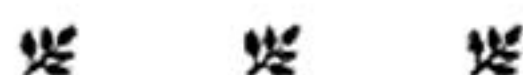
In the “Workings of Anarchists,” the great specialist (in nervous diseases) discourses learnedly on a dreadful organization, designated by him as an “international society of murder.” No, he does not refer to the German army, although at first sight one would naturally think so. He means the Anarchists, who are, says this worthy alienist (in nervous diseases), “an international army organized to war upon society, directed by skilful generals who carefully observe that first law of generalship—to inflict the utmost possible damage upon the enemy, with the least possible injury to one’s own forces.”

With remarkable keenness of intellect he elucidates his points until they are as clear as the Missouri River. He says that \$2,600 was collected to send a party, of which Bresci was one, to kill King Humbert, but “why so large a party went has never been disclosed, but my own theory has always been * * *

“Enough has been discovered to show that the first instigation of these assassinations proceeded from a man in London”—Dr. Spitzka mentioned the name—“who was well known to the police and whose connection with the crimes was morally certain. Yet, owing to the cleverness of this international system of conspiracy, the only thing that could be fastened on him in the way of legal proof was the writing of a newspaper article, and for that he could be sentenced only to three months’ imprisonment ‘in contumaciam’—in his absence.”

His field of inquiry is both large and comprehensive, going back as far as the Reinsdorff affair in Germany, in 1883, and includes the killing of Alexander II. and

Grand Duke Sergius, and the attack on General Melikoff by Russian Nihilists, and Guiteau, the murderer of President Garfield, whom by the way the worthy doctor thinks to have been insane. If all this evidence (?) selected with the most scrupulous care and set forth with the same absence of passion—as a vegetarian discusses lamb chops for breakfast—fails to convince, the mind is indeed hopelessly imbecile. The one quarrel—pardon, please—the one *difference* we have with this great man is his lack of appreciation of material things that makes the heart grow glad. With all the evidence he has against this “international society of murder” and the “man in London,” whose name he mentions several times in the reporter’s ear, he has refrained from parting with this evidence, saving society and incidentally being rewarded with a knighthood and diamond star by a grateful people and several appreciative monarchs. Perhaps it is because he is a noted New York alienist—of nervous diseases.



WHAT WE DID TO BERNARD CARLIN

By GRACE POTTER.

BERNARD CARLIN is dead. We killed him at six o'clock Monday morning, April 12, in Sing Sing prison, you and I, who are Society.

It was an exquisite spring morning. Perhaps you remember that Monday. Up in the country the bluebirds and robins were singing. The wild flowers were just beginning to come up. How those whose minds could plan Sing Sing prison ever came to put it on the beautiful, calm Hudson seems a deeper mystery every time a prisoner is executed there.

Barney Carlin, twenty-two years old, looking about fourteen, was led to the electric chair, while the sun, rising in red splendor, sent its cheerful rays in at the death-room windows with an impartial, negligent generosity.

“Jesus have mercy. Jesus have mercy,” reiterated the boy. A priest had told him to say the words. It would help him to forget that he had never known mercy yet. It would help him to be quiet and make it easy for those

whose task it was to kill him. It would help him not to make a scene. Does the church ever refuse to help the State at trying moments?

"Jesus have mercy," he whispered while the warden adjusted the electrodes and then with a quick snap turned the switch which sent a current of electricity through the frail little body. If he went where the priest promised he should go, while the doctors were feeling his pulse to know if surely the killing was over, Barney Carlin was in a place where that wonderful thing, mercy, which he had besought all he knew to give him here, would at last be meted out to him.

All his life he had wanted health; to be well and strong and cured of his half-blindness seemed to him the most desirable of anything in the world. And the next most to be wished for was friends. He wanted sympathy and he wanted affection. They say he was half-witted. I do not know whether that is supposed to excuse the State for killing him or him for killing his mother. Though he wasn't so witless but that he craved health and happy human relationships, he was so witless that he could not understand any reason why they should be denied him. Last April, when he was released from a protectory where his mother had had him sent, he went straight to her house in Brooklyn and shot her dead.

Most of his life had been spent in asylums, reformatories, and like institutions. When he was a year and a half old his father died, and he was put in an infant asylum. At four he was taken out, to be at once committed to a children's home. He was free again at eight, but he had contracted a disease of the eyes, common to institutional inmates, and he was a great trouble around home. His mother had him sent away again. His eyes kept getting worse. He began to realize what a dreadful thing blindness would be. He wrote passionate boyish appeals to his mother to have her bring a doctor to see him or else take him out to see a doctor. When she did nothing about it, Barney thought she didn't care what happened to him. When this institution released him, his mother sent him to school for the first time in his life. He couldn't study because his eyes were so bad. The

teachers scolded him for being so stupid. He didn't think to tell them of his half-blindness. The children made fun of him for a dunce. When they found he had been in institutions they called him names.

Then he made a discovery. There were other boys, down in the heart of the city, who didn't go to school at all and who didn't know any terrible truths about him. He ran away from school as often as he dared to be with these boys. He didn't care that they won his marbles away. He knew how to get more marbles from the pockets of the boys at school. Was it marbles they wanted? O, he brought them by the dozen! Tops as well, and knives and many boy-treasures. And in exchange Barney got what his soul was sick for—sympathy and human companionship. O, that such precious values could be gained in exchange for simple things one could steal!

A few happy months passed. He was often hungry, often cold, he was knocked about when home, in anger and dislike. "You are no use," they told the boy. But joy of joys, Barney knew that wasn't so. He was of use. He could steal for those beloved friends of his who talked to him and played with him and took him to their hearts.

One day when his mother thought him in school she was notified that the police had arrested him for stealing. The family knew it would happen, of course. That Barney never was any good. The black sheep of the family! He was convicted of the theft and sent to a protectory.

Months passed. Barney was lonely. So lonely. Lonelier than he had even been in all his life before. For he knew now what friendship meant. When the other prisoners got letters from their families they used to read them to Barney. He would rather hear letters from friends, he used to say, than relatives. Once in a while one from some prisoner's friend was read to him. For a long time after hearing such a letter he wouldn't speak to any one. He would sit silent and alone. Sometimes an attendant would see him put his hand in his pocket and draw out an imaginary handful of marbles. Then with glad boyish little cries he would bend on one knee and knuckle up his fist as if to shoot. And then—he would remember. And standing slowly erect he would

look mutely at his empty hand. He was only half-witted, you know.

One day a priest at the Protectory talked to the boys. "Your mother," he declared, "is your best friend." Barney didn't often listen to a priest. But he heard about his mother being his friend. He had never known that before. He thought of it during many, many sleepless nights. He thought of it as he went about his work in the day. Finally he wrote a letter to his mother. She didn't answer. But something had happened in Barney's heart. If his mother was his friend he loved her. He forgave her for not sending a doctor to see about his eyes. He even forgave her his weakness and sickness. He forgave her helping to keep him in institutions all his life. He had discovered she was his friend. So he wrote again and again. Would she only let him know in some way that she cared for him, he begged. She was in the same city he was. But she never came to see him. She never even wrote.

The weary years of Barney's youth went by. Something else happened in the prisoner's heart. . . . It was a lie, he knew now, about his mother being a boy's friend. When he could he would kill her. He would go to her Brooklyn home and shoot her, he planned, as soon as ever he was out. Last April when he was twenty-one they let him out.

In the court he said this when the judge asked him why he murdered his mother :

"I was alone in the world and everyone was against me, so I swore to kill my mother, who was the cause of all my troubles. She wasn't human. On April 7 I got out of 'quod' with \$10 in my pocket. I bought a revolver and five cartridges, went to my mother's home and rang the bell. She came to the door and said, sneeringly: 'Why, look at Barney coming here.' She turned her face toward the kitchen, where my sister was. Then I killed her. I fired five shots."

The judge said he was a monster unfit to live, and sentenced him to be electrocuted.

A woman who had had a son die a while ago heard about Bernard Carlin and sent a lawyer to try and get a new trial for him. She wrote to the boy and told him to call her mother, and said she wanted to help him for

her own boy's sake. But Barney wrote back he couldn't call her mother.

This woman's letters were the second happiness that had ever come to the boy. A new trial was denied him. The last thing he did before he prepared for the electric chair was to write her a letter of thanks for all she had done for him. He hoped, said this half-witted boy, she would have a long and happy life. And the last sentence was a wish that in the end she "would have a happy death."

With the cry on his lips, "Jesus have mercy," Bernard Carlin was electrocuted April 12, some thirty miles up the beautiful blue Hudson River, at Sing Sing prison.

Every prison that men build
Is built with bricks of shame
And bound with bars lest Christ should see
How men their brothers maim.

(*Oscar Wilde.*)

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THE RELEASE OF MICHAEL COSTELLO

ON the 12th of May Michael Costello was released from Moyamensing prison. A few days later I had a talk with him, and for the first time heard the facts concerning his arrest and imprisonment in connection with the "Broad Street riot," February 20, 1908.

I had never seen him before, nor he me, for not until the night of our conversation did he even know where the meeting was held, nor anything concerning it. He is a very simple, honest, straightforward workingman, and the story told in his poor, broken English was infinitely more moving than as I shall write it; but the substance of it was this:

He had been out of work for some time, then had gotten work for a few weeks when the snow stopped operations; he is a stone mason. On the day in question, having been out looking for work, and not finding any he returned home. His wife had ten cents in the house; he had one cent in his pocket. He went into a friend's house, and to pass the time began playing cards. Hearing a noise in the street, he with his friends went out and saw the procession of the unemployed moving up Christian

Street. They followed it, not in the street, but on the sidewalk, to the corner of Juniper and Locust. There, as he was standing looking at the police clubbing, a sergeant grabbed him by the throat, asking what he was doing there. His answer was: "Me look." The sergeant struck him on the head with his club—he bears a great scar at the corner of his forehead in memory—and marching him between two police with drawn revolvers at his ears, they took him to the station. There they searched him and found nothing. The next day, at the first hearing in court, the policeman swore Costello had a knife a foot long and was using it; but at the trial some days later the same policeman took out a revolver and swore, not that he had a knife, but "this revolver." And for this Michael Costello was sentenced to eighteen months in prison. The worthless lawyer who represented him did not even point out the discrepancy in the policeman's accusations!

Well, he is free—and no one wants to give him work because he has been in prison! He said to me very simply: "Me not Anarchist, not Socialist; me workman; me not understand. Not learned; only three class school;" and pointing to his forehead, with his expressive eyes struggling to *look* his meaning into mine, he added: "Me can't understand that things." He expressed his gratitude for what the comrades have done for him. He wishes to return to Italy, where his oldest child is roaming about uncared for, since its grandmother died while Costello was imprisoned. It is impossible for us to furnish him all the means to go, out of our present fund, which must be reserved for the family of Comrade Donelli, whose case is much worse than that of Costello, and also for some little assistance to the prisoner Troy, who will be released at the end of September. The latter is a nervous wreck, and has been four times in the hospital. Still, we must try to help as much as possible this honest and straightforward workingman, to whom the "land of the free" has been a land of unjust accusation, imprisonment, persecution even in the prison (he was ironed and starved for two days because he resented a brutal insinuation against his wife by another prisoner), and finally now a land where work is refused *because he has been in prison.*

Below I give the financial statement of the Committee. Please send all contributions to me, at 531 N. Marshall St., Philadelphia, Pa.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

EXPENSES.

Acknowledged in January MOTHER EARTH.....	\$361.00
To Mrs. Donelli, 20 weeks @ \$3.00.....	60.00
To Mrs. Costello, 20 weeks @ \$3.00.....	60.00
To Michael Costello.....	15.00
	\$496.00

RECEIPTS.

Acknowledged in January MOTHER EARTH.....	\$382.14
Radical Library Lectures, Phila.....	42.51
Weekly Contributions, Phila., per J. Cohen..	31.90
French comrades, N. Y., per G. Weiss.....	10.00
Freethought Ass'n., Phila., per V. de Cleyre.....	10.66
Group Kämpfer für Freiheit, N. Y., per A. Kazen.....	15.00
Chicago Social, per R. Schwartz.....	10.00
Harlem Liberal Alliance, N. Y., per V. de Cleyre.....	13.13
Free Speech Def. Com., Boston, per L. Goldberg.....	14.00
Montreal comrades, per O. Kritzer.....	8.85
Home Beneficial Ass'n., Phila., per M. Rosen.....	3.00
Arbeiter Ring, Branch 12, Phila., per J. Cohen.....	5.00
Shirt Waist Makers' Union, per V. de Cleyre.....	5.00
Chicago raffle, per R. Schwartz.....	16.00
A. J. Margolin, Phila.....	5.00
Two Catholic priests, Phila.....	40.00
F. M. L. Radich, N. Y.....	1.00
D. Glick, Phila.....	2.00
Wm. Silverman, N. Y.....	1.00
Perle McLeod, N. Y.....	1.00
Bowman, Cleveland.....	1.00
Bessie Gerstine, Phila.....	.55
Jas. Roman, Ladd, Ill.....	.45
Collected by Feinstein and Weinberg, Phila.....	2.10
Total Receipts.....	\$621.69
Expenses	496.00
Ballance on May 15.....	\$125.69

Owing to lack of space, the continuation of "Anarchism and Malthus" had to be postponed till our next issue.

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin.....	5c.
Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin.	25c.
Conquest of Bread. By Peter Kropotkin.....	\$1.00
Postage, 10c.	
Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. Reduced to.....	\$1.00
Ideals of Russian Literature. By Peter Kropotkin..	\$1.00
Postage, 14c.	
Mutual Aid. By Peter Kropotkin.....	\$2.00
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No. 5

THE FIRST ANARCHIST

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

*W*AS it a dream? was I awake? imagine it.
A man—was he Greek, Jew, Chinese, Turk,
Persian?

A member of the party of order, truthful
And grave, said to me: "This judicial death
Striking this charlatan, shameless Anarchist,
Is just. Order and authority must defend
Themselves. How suffer them to be discussed?
Besides, the laws are there to be executed.
They are eternal truths that must be made
To prevail, even at the price of the scaffold.
This innovator preached a philosophy:
Love, progress, empty words that I mistrust.
He ridiculed our ancient and venerable worship.
This man was of those who regard nothing holy,
He revered nothing that we reverence.
In order to inoculate them with his suspicious doctrine,
He went about picking up in all the most wretched places
Cow herds, fishermen, choleric rogues,
Unclean tatterdemalions having neither money nor scrip;
He entertained this rabble even in his guest chamber.
He did not address himself to the intelligent man,
Wise, honorable, having rents, money, wealth;
He cared for nothing; he led the masses astray;
With grimaces and fingers raised in air,
He pretended to heal the sick and wounded,
Contrary to the laws. But that was not enough:
The impostor, if you please, raised the dead from the
graves.

*He took fictitious names and counterfeit qualities,
 He passed himself off for what he was not.
 He rambled about at random, saying: "Follow me!"
 Sometimes in the country and sometimes in the town.
 Was it not enough to stir up civil war,
 Contumely and hate among the citizens?
 One saw running toward him frightful pagans,
 Lying in the ditches and in the limekilns,
 One a cripple, another deaf, another with a plaster over
 his eye,
 Another scraping his sores with an old piece of broken
 glass.*

*The honest man, indignant, retired into his house,
 When this juggler passed with such a crew.
 On a holiday, one day, I no longer know which,
 This man took a whip, and crying, declaiming,
 He drove out of the temple, and very brutally,
 Licensed merchants, the fact is authenticated,
 Very worthy people who kept shop on the temple grounds,
 By the permission of those who, I think, had the right
 Of the clergy, who received a part of their profit.
 He drew in his suite a sort of girl.
 He went about perorating, shaking the family,
 Religion and society;
 He undermined morality and property;
 The people followed him, leaving their fields fallow;
 It was very dangerous. He attacked the rich,
 He fawned upon the poor, affirming that here below
 Men are equal and brothers, that there is not
 Any great or little, neither slaves nor masters,
 That the fruit of the earth is for all; as for the priests,
 He tore them to pieces; in short, he blasphemed. That
 In the street! He related all these horrible things
 To the first cloakless and shoeless beggars that came.
 An end had to be made of it, the laws were explicit.
 He was crucified."*

*These words, spoken with a gentle air,
 Struck me. I said to him: "But who then are you?"
 He replied: "Indeed an example was necessary.
 I am called Elizab, and I am a scribe of the temple."
 "And of whom do you speak?" I demanded. He replied:
 "Why, of that vagabond who was named Jesus Christ."*

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

AN interesting feature of our national psychology is emphasized by the Elsie Siegel murder case.

The dead body of the girl was discovered in a trunk in a Chinaman's room. At once assuming that the girl was killed by the Oriental, the whole country became hysterical, every citizen practically constituting himself a spy on the hunt for the alleged murderer.

To judge from the general excitement, one would suppose that the taking of a human life is a most unusual thing in this land of ours, calculated to arouse the conscience of the whole nation. Yet one cannot help wondering at the general indifference over the systematic, daily murder of little children in our factories, the killing of women, the maiming of men, not to mention the numerous forms of slow death inflicted upon thousands by the greed and brutality of "civilized" life.

How explain the hysteria over the unproved murder of *one*, while we remain quite apathetic to the fate of thousands of human beings daily done to death by the wheels of industrialism? Is it because the victim in this case is a woman? But, then, are not thousands of her sisters ceaselessly sacrificed on the altar of forced ignorance, matrimony, and hate; yet few apparently care. Nor is any particular interest evinced in the fate of the women factory slaves whose every-day existence is a worse tragedy than that of Elsie Siegel.

If this girl's untimely death will cause the zealous Christian ladies of both sexes to abandon their silly efforts to convert the "heathen," Elsie Siegel will not have died in vain. And if the Siegel case should open their eyes to the inefficiency of Christian piety, to its practical criminality, and to the hypocrisy and brutality of already "converted" humanity, the death of Elsie Siegel will prove a blessing in disguise.

* * *

A MURDEROUS policeman sentenced to prison is such an unusual spectacle in our democratic land that the occasion serves as a text for numerous sermons and editorials, whose purpose it is to strengthen in the public mind the belief that there are still to be found honest and fearless judges.

It is, no doubt, to the credit of the intelligence of press and pulpit that they are at least beginning to realize that the people's former faith in the dispensers of legal justice has been sadly weakened. It does indeed need strengthening. But the efforts of preacher and editor, strenuous though they be, are doomed to bitter failure. For they are childishly pleased to ignore the significant fact that simultaneously with the weakening faith in the distribution of legalized justice, the people have also abandoned their belief in the honesty of the press and the disinterestedness of the pulpit.

The rapid strides of America within the last few decades, along industrial and commercial lines, may have considerably obscured the national vision with the veil of inflated vanity and exaggerated self-importance. But it would be no less stupid than dangerous to interpret the natural exuberance of youth as the innate lack of understanding. Though not yet within the portals of social maturity, the American people have already grown out of their intellectual short dresses. One by one they are discarding the habiliments of childhood. And as the boy, grown too large for his knee pants, first laughs at and then grows ashamed of them, so the American people now merely smile when legal justice and honest politics are mentioned. Another step, and the smile will be changed into shame, a shame that will discard the shameful things.

* * *

THE latest murder case—that of Mrs. Edith Woodill—is affording the yellow newspapers a thrice welcome source of sensational, disgusting pabulum to be dished out to an expectant public.

Yet what a splendid opportunity the Woodill case would be for a press interested in educating its readers to a true understanding of such tragic occurrences, thus helping to minimize the possibility of repetition. For the lesson of this case, as of so many other similar cases, if properly presented, could not fail to appeal to the most untutored mind.

A man, leading a miserable, loveless life with his wife, falls in love with a woman also unhappily married. What simpler and saner solution than for these two human beings, who love each other, to pick up the thread

of life together, giving a new meaning to their existence by shedding joy and happiness upon their mutual path.

But the law and public opinion, no less stupid than hypocritical, decree that four people should suffer unutterable misery and pain rather than break the icons of custom. Thus the man and woman are forced to continue the home relations, which lovelessness stamps sheer prostitution, to rear their children in an atmosphere of lies and discord, and to resort to hypocrisy to hide a sentiment pregnant with beauty and joy.

O for a pen to picture the blackness of despair, the grief and misery, the depth of hatred, the vice and crimes engendered by our Christian morality. Maidens in the bloom of youth and beauty, driven into a watery grave to hide the "shame" of their noblest heritage. Tender babes, exposed and forsaken, through fear of social condemnation; the homes made desolate, the hearts made cold—all because of the ghosts of a dead past.

Morality, what crimes are committed in thy name!

* * *

THE problem of procuring employment for old men is violently agitating some of our worthy contemporaries. The suggested solutions, such as finding "easy jobs" at ticket-chopping, convincingly prove the thoroughgoing philosophy of the reformers and supply splendid material for a first-class comedy.

No more damning indictment against existing conditions could be conceived than the absolute helplessness of society in the face of that really tragic spectacle—the unemployed old men. The interlocking system of great industrial concerns—the learned political economists tell us—is particularly unfavorable to the chances of the old. Nor does the "system" seem particularly favorable to the chances of the young, as the thousands of *young* unemployed sufficiently prove. Those who are fortunate enough to have employment are generously favored to the extent of being suffered to exist. The only ones particularly favored by the "system of great industrial concerns" seem to be the masters, the lords of the land and of the machinery of production.

To rail against great combinations of capital, while at the same time defending existing economic arrangements, is the height of folly. Industrial corporations and

trusts are the logical and inevitable products of the principle of profit and private ownership. Monopoly is the natural child of legalized robbery. These will exist and thrive as long as labor is willing to be exploited, and the consumer to be despoiled. When we cease to produce for the profit of others and begin to use the things we have created, monopolies and trusts will disappear. Then—and only then—will forced idleness, for young and old, become a thing of the past.

* * *

“MAYOR CHARLES A. BOOKWALTER, of Indianapolis, a printer, holding a working card in the International Typographical Union, was in Boston for a few days last month. Mayor Bookwalter was entertained by the officers of the Boston Typographical Union and greatly enjoyed an auto ride and lunch which were provided.”

The publisher of this magazine will be exceedingly gratified to read the above announcement, as no doubt will all union men and their sympathizers. Mr. Bookwalter is the gentleman who allowed his appointee, the Chief of Police, to prevent Miss Goldman from lecturing in Indianapolis, and some hundreds of people from hearing her. This, notwithstanding the Mayor's and Chief's admission to Mr. Hutchins Hapgood that their action was illegal and had no force in law. The world moves, however, as it is only a few years ago that the election of men with union cards to office was heralded as a short-cut to the millenium.

* * *

EVIDENTLY no course of action is too despicable for the United States government to stoop to in its anxiety to suppress undesirable persons.

The latest victim is Fred. D. Warren, editor of the *Appeal to Reason*. The Federal authorities have already made several attempts to silence the paper, whose caustic language has long been a thorn in the side of all those who fear criticism. The *Appeal* is perhaps especially hated in high places for its determined fight in behalf of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone. It is but too evident that the object of the government, in the present instance, is to railroad Editor Warren to prison, as a deterrent

example to all those who insist on the right of free speech and free press. We hope that the public conscience will be aroused sufficiently to prevent the contemplated outrage.

* * *

PERHAPS no nation has suffered greater oppression and violence than the people of India. Tyrannized over by rulers native and foreign, robbed and despoiled to the verge of actual starvation, they have suffered—mostly in silence. No doubt Buddhism and the teachings of the Yogi are responsible, to a great extent, for the meek, submissive attitude of the Hindus. Cunningly did their religious preceptors instill the poison of Karma thought and paralyze the spirit of rebellion with the alluring hope of superior reincarnation. And while the Hindu has been piously gazing at the point of his nose, his oppressors were successfully “concentrating” upon the wealth of the country; indeed, with such marked success as to give the followers of Buddha an earthly foretaste of Nirvana.

Fortunately, however, despotism bears within its own womb the germs of rebellion. The history even of long-suffering India is witness to it. The rapacity of the British bureaucracy may have forgotten the whirlwind that overtook the robber band of the East India Company; but the repeated rumblings of oncoming storm should have proved sufficient warning to a less arrogant ruler.

But tyranny is proverbially deaf to the cry of despair. Over-confident and contemptuous it struts along, ruthlessly stifling and repressing, stupidly blind to the uplifted Nemesis hand.

At last it strikes! There is consternation in the camp of Caesar. What! The meek Hindu a rebel? A Parsee Brutus in the very heart of the oppressor’s stronghold! And pale fear rages, hoarsely crying, Crucify him!

Yes, crucify the avenger of his people. But the rising sun will warm his blood into new life, and out of it will spring a thousandfold the rebels of despoiled India.

* * *

THE hope has been expressed in certain quarters that the recent change in the New York Police Department will tend to reform the service. We, however, be-

lieve that the only way to "reform" the police is to stop feeding them.

The kicking out of Bingham was, of course, the most decent official act of Mayor McClellan for many a day. But so far we have noticed no change in the manner of administration. In fact, the police followed the same old tactics in trying to prevent Emma Goldman's lecture Friday, July 2, arranged under the auspices of the Harlem Liberal Alliance. The manager of the hall was threatened in the usual way, and but for the presence of mind of a few comrades and the determination of the speaker, the lecture would not have taken place.

The only way to win free speech is—to speak, and to keep on doing so whenever free speech is threatened. No movement for free speech, properly considered, can be a temporary affair. The fight is a continual one. Only thus will we conquer. It therefore affords us great pleasure to inform our readers that all those who have become interested in the present fight for free speech consider the movement a permanent one, and are using their best efforts to interest ever wider circles and to increase the number of signatures to the Demand for Free Speech, published in our last issue. Since then the following names have been added: *New York*: Charles Edward Russell; James F. Morton, Jr.; Thomas Seltzer; Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr.; Gilbert E. Roe; Courtenay Lemon; E. C. Walker; C. P. Somerby; Leon Dabo; George Sylvester Viereck; Ex-Congressman Robert Baker; Leonard Van Nappen; Theodore Schroeder; Harry Kelly. *Chicago*: Francis Hackett; Charles T. Halliman, and Floyd Dell, of the editorial staff of the *Chicago Evening Post*; Louis F. Post, editor of the *Public*; Clarence S. Darrow; Voltairine de Cleyre, of Philadelphia; Michael Monahan, of Orange; Robert Thomas Paine, of Hoboken, and J. William Lloyd, of Westfield, N. J.; Rev. Eliot White, of Worcester, Mass; Eugene V. Debs, of Terre Haute, Ind.



A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE*

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

WHEN, in the course of human development, existing institutions prove inadequate to the needs of man, when they serve merely to enslave, rob, and oppress mankind, the people have the eternal right to rebel against, and overthrow, these institutions.

The mere fact that these forces—inimical to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—are legalized by statute laws, sanctified by divine rights, and enforced by political power, in no way justifies their continued existence.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all human beings, irrespective of race, color, or sex, are born with the equal right to share at the table of life; that to secure this right, there must be established among men economic, social, and political freedom; we hold further that government exists but to maintain special privilege and property rights; that it coerces man into submission and therefore robs him of dignity, self-respect, and life.

The history of the American kings of capital and authority is the history of repeated crimes, injustice, oppression, outrage, and abuse, all aiming at the suppression of individual liberties and the exploitation of the people. A vast country, rich enough to supply all her children with all possible comforts, and insure well-being to all, is in the hands of a few, while the nameless millions are at the mercy of ruthless wealth gatherers, unscrupulous lawmakers, and corrupt politicians. Sturdy sons of America are forced to tramp the country in a fruitless search for bread, and many of her daughters are driven into the street, while thousands of tender children are daily sacrificed on the altar of Mammon. The reign of these kings is holding mankind in slavery, perpetuating poverty and disease, maintaining crime and corruption; it is fettering the spirit of liberty, throttling the voice of justice, and degrading and oppressing humanity. It is engaged in continual war and slaughter, devastating the country and destroying the best and finest qualities of man; it nurtures superstition and ig-

* This "Declaration" was written at the request of a certain newspaper, which subsequently refused to publish it, though the article was already in composition.

norance, sows prejudice and strife, and turns the human family into a camp of Ishmaelites.

We, therefore, the liberty-loving men and women, realizing the great injustice and brutality of this state of affairs, earnestly and boldly do hereby declare, That each and every individual is and ought to be free to own himself and to enjoy the full fruit of his labor; that man is absolved from all allegiance to the kings of authority and capital; that he has, by the very fact of his being, free access to the land and all means of production, and entire liberty of disposing of the fruits of his efforts; that each and every individual has the unquestionable and unabridgeable right of free and voluntary association with other equally sovereign individuals for economic, political, social, and all other purposes, and that to achieve this end man must emancipate himself from the sacredness of property, the respect for man-made law, the fear of the Church, the cowardice of public opinion, the stupid arrogance of national, racial, religious, and sex superiority, and from the narrow puritanical conception of human life. And for the support of this Declaration, and with a firm reliance on the harmonious blending of man's social and individual tendencies, the lovers of liberty joyfully consecrate their uncompromising devotion, their energy and intelligence, their solidarity and their lives.



THE MIDNIGHT LUNCH ROOM

By ELSA BARKER.

*With little money one may enter here,
And yet those haggard faces watch outside
The frosty window—and the door is wide!
The clatter to my unaccustomed ear
Of dishes and hard tongues, is like a spear
Shaken within the sensitive, wounded side
Of Silence. Soiled, indifferent hands provide
Pitiful fare and cups of pallid cheer.*

*In my warm, fragrant home an hour ago
I wrote a poem on the peace they win
Who worship Beauty. Let me breathe it low:
What would it mean if chanted in this din?
What would it say to those out in the snow,
Who hunger, and who may not enter in?*

ANARCHISM AND MALTHUS

By C. L. JAMES.

(Continuation.)

RICARDO'S positive dogmatism, plausible syllogizing, and coherent style, gave his writings an advantage over those of Malthus. As concerns conservatism they were equal, or rather Ricardo's superabundant acknowledgment of indebtedness to Malthus made the latter appear to the generation which did not read him more conservative than the former really was.* The Seniors, McCullochs, Bentham, Macaulays, Mills, Leckys, Martineaus, Marcells, and other orthodox exponents of Ricardo, contemporary with the Socialistic upheavals and panics between 1848 and 1871, but little aware to what purposes Marx and Proudhon were turning their instructor, deduced from Ricardo, whom they represented as the greater pupil of Malthus, notwithstanding the real difference, that labor depended for support on the wage-fund; that to lessen the wage-fund by frightening capital was to do laborers the worst of injuries; that the admitted harshness of the social state was due principally to a "natural monopoly" which government did not make and could not destroy; that artificial monopolies were, indeed, wrong and pernicious, for which reason a liberal government was preferable to a monarchy or oligarchy; but Anarchy, of course, would be the worst of anything, and Socialistic interference with the natural laws of production fostered Anarchy by promising impossibilities and causing disappointment; for which reason authority should be strictly upheld and Utopianism encouraged; above all that the only real remedies were parsimony and continence (a queer jumble, which shows how little these public instructors themselves understood the true relation of Malthusian economy to Ricardian). There was just enough

* Thus Henry George, whose premises are taken straight out of Ricardo, thinks it necessary to refute Malthus, of whose real relation to Ricardo he knew very little. Extension of cultivation is, according to Ricardo, the cause of rent. Its own cause (George supposes) is, for both Malthus and Ricardo, increase of population. To save Ricardo without adopting Malthus, George ingeniously argues that it is not increase, but concentration, of population which extends cultivation. The truth is, Malthus had not said it was either.

truth in all this to be timely for conservative purposes. The fact, in direct contradiction to what Macaulay often says on the subject, is that great expropriations, like those of the monks by Henry VIII., of the Church and the nobles during the French Revolution, of the slave owners during our Civil War, have always, in the long run, conferred great benefits on the poor; but that, at first, they always cause increased hardship to the poor, not because there is any such thing as a wage-fund which supports productive laborers, but because a large part of the poor are unproductive laborers, whom panic among the rich at once deprives of their jobs, while time is required for the productive class to gain anything by fall of an unproductive: which immediate consequences of insecurity are so well known to the often unemployed proletarian that he is afraid of attempts at expropriation, and will not promote them unless his oppressors have first driven him to the wall. The unpopularity of Socialism, for there can be no doubt that on the whole it is unpopular, is due to this fear, addressed on two sides; by the conservative Ricardians, as stated; by the Ricardian Socialists, like Engel and Lassalle, because they talked of legislative expropriation. Amidst the fulminations of Ricardian orthodoxy the few critics who pointed out (like Richard Jones) that Ricardo's best-known theories are arbitrarily deductive, and bear no clear relation to visible facts,* were dinned and flashed away, with the inevitable valediction that "they had failed to understand Ricardo." But the cocksureness of the Epigoni, as economists of this period have been called, did not quite go the length of imputing ignorance to John Stuart Mill. If there was anything he did not know, it was what they knew still less. The reaction began, accordingly, when he, originally, like his father, a Ricardian, decidedly rebelled. The Malthusian direction

* No disrespect at all is meant Ricardo by anything said here. He greatly advanced knowledge by establishing the true relation of rent to price, which Adam Smith misunderstood, and by showing that when the price of bullion is said to rise it is really that of paper money which falls. His maxim that, under free competition labor buys labor, is the basis of Marx' theory concerning Surplus Value and of philosophic Socialism. Like Ptolemy in astronomy and Galen in medicine, he long had the ill-luck to be influential largely through his mistakes; but that any man can be that is the measure of his abilities.

of this movement has been very inadequately acknowledged. The Optimistic school of Carey and Bastiat builds on Malthus' law that real wages never fall. The Historical Economist, now the most influential among those reckoned orthodox, follows the line of investigation which Malthus laid down, but to which he could not hold Ricardo. On the Socialistic side of the fence, Ricardianism is sure to age in proportion as it does on the other. How far the new Socialistic economy of Anarchism is indebted to Malthus, we have yet to see. But the affinities of American and Russian Anarchism with his thought are as clear as those of Marx and Proudhon with Ricardo's.

Though Malthus' writings were neglected during the fifty years or so of Ricardo's pontificate, his name lived. As the demonstrator of a principle evidently revolutionary, therefore of transcendent importance, not only to Economy, but Biology, History, Ethics, and Religion, he was known, by reputation, to students of all these subjects. For want of reading him, they often misunderstood, but they had tolerably clear his "main principle," that unrestricted propagation means a high death-rate, involving a "struggle for existence," which hitherto has been the determinator of progress: though "moral restraint" on propagation would be better.

The anatomical and physiological affinities of higher animal and vegetal types with lower had, before Malthus' time, suggested to Buffon, Monboddo, and a few others, the idea that species arise by Evolution. But their theories on the subject were mere guesses, which commanded little attention from the scientific world. The glory of placing organic development on the positive basis of Heredity, Natural Selection, and Sexual Selection, belongs to Darwin. The fact that species do arise by evolution has been experimentally demonstrated by Haeckel; and the world no longer contains a naturalist who disputes it; though there continues to be controversy upon such minor points as whether post-natal variations are hereditary.*

* Bourgeois writers have seized upon the doctrines of Malthus and Darwin as upon an argument against co-operation, almsgiving, and above all, anything like communism. The struggle for existence, they tell us, is the source of progress. For the strong to assist the feeble in living, but above all propagating, is

History, by right the greatest among sciences, since it supplies material for all which require the use of records, was in a wholly empirical condition before the epoch-making work of Buckle:—for the so-called philosophic history of an earlier time did not, as Macaulay remarked, rise above the level of essay-writing on the philosophy of history. Fragmentary and in some matters of detail incorrect as Buckle's writings are, they forever establish the method, which is entirely Malthusian. That social progress depends on substitution of Preventive for Positive Checks on population; which, in turn, depends on substitution as incentives to action, of more varied desires for the simple animal appetites of food and sex, and this again on leisure, in which such desires germinate; that ignorance, and its most legitimate offspring, superstition, are the great standing obstacles to this happy change, operating to dull the new desires and content men with their barbarous ancestors' ways; these propositions, indeed, involve somewhat more than the "main principle" of Malthus; but they are all among his authentic statements, not the innovations of Ricardo and others. Since Buckle's time, they have constituted the great working hypothesis by which all historic phenomena have been elucidated.*

to weaken the social organism, as well as to raise impracticable expectations and increase misery by adding disappointment to its pains. This is unquestionably true for compulsory charity. It is true for all voluntary charity whose final result is to encourage dependence. And in the present general condition of dependence, *all almsgiving has a tendency to do that*. But two things are overlooked. First, co-operation is not charity, but trade:—for benefits given, benefits are expected. Secondly, the pauperizing effect of charity depends on a *previous* degradation of the recipient. No man is morally worse for the helping hand of a fellow-worker. Every man is, for the beaming condescension of a patron. Socialistic writers, who generally know too much to attempt refuting Darwin, attempt instead to show that the conflict by which the world has advanced was a conflict of species, not individuals of the same species, among whom co-operation, not competition, has been the rule. Among those who have secured this side of the matter due attention, Kropotkin is the most distinguished. Whether he has contracted anything like a prejudice by the way, may be inquired later. It is hardly deniable that with men, the struggle has been very largely between nations and often individuals.

* To illustrate, it was a favorite subject of controversy among

Ethics, previous to that evolutionary philosophy in which Malthus was the first wise master-builder, presented a ruinous chaos, in which the blind forces of tyranny and superstition essentially hostile to each other but equally foes to knowledge, met in reflux eddies like infernal rivers. Private experience had taught men that sensual and other excesses are haunted by Remorse. Superstition, seeking to escape this phantom, but without a guide, has always tended to Asceticism. Even those forms which we call immoral—the glorification by some religions of prostitution and still more nauseous vice, of mutilation, drunkenness, human sacrifice, war, appealed, as is well known among comparative students of human error, not to the lusts of the flesh themselves, but that despair and rage which springs from deception by these tempters—it was really ascetic self-torture which was glorified, and the “consecrated” persons whose houses Hezekiah took away from the Temple were holy because they served the appetites of others in ways not agreeable to themselves. On the other hand, governments, military institutions, designed to serve the purposes of man’s most violent passions, as rapacity, lust, and vengeance, invariably encouraged sensuality to breed fighters, invested war with the glamour of heroism, and cultivated that view of commerce which makes exchange a disguised robbery. Hence the muddled and inconsistent ideas of morality given us by two sets of teachers thus radically opposed, but of whom one was in a measure coerced or bribed by the other. Except for naturally arising conflicts among themselves, their

writers who, like Montesquieu, made any attempt at philosophic history, whether the ancient world were more or less populous than the modern? We may not know much about the world; but, on Malthusian principles, it is absurd to suppose that France, for example, could have had anything like her present population when her soil was mainly covered by forests supporting only half-wild cattle and hogs; when Paris was a village, and Lyons a rural *oppidum*, when silk was unknown and wine imported at such prices as a slave for a jar. A phenomenon which these early writers noticed, was that, after a great migration of barbarians, like the Scythians or Northmen, their countries remained quiet for many years. The explanation was that they were “biding their time”—living, probably, on ice and air. It is, now, that, until the principle of population restored their numbers, none were left at home but children and old people.

only use of logic has been to invent reasons why the king has a right to govern wrong, why wives should obey their husbands, how it can be an Englishman's duty to kill a Frenchman, and equally the Frenchman's to kill him.* Malthus taught even governments that hungry and dependent numbers are a source of weakness, not strength.† His name is so familiar that Race Suicide speeches and bills to put a tax on celibacy have none but humorous effect. It was he who convinced the rulers that, much as they feared educating the ruled, they had no choice. Though the "Mercantile" economy, and its practical corollary, Protection, received their fatal wound from Adam Smith, the root whence they spring remains in his *Wealth of Nations*; and the stump-puller destined to eradicate it was constructed by Malthus. The root is the doctrine that parsimony enriches. The stump-puller is the Malthusian proof that it can enrich only individuals, and this only on condition of having neighbors less parsimonious than themselves—that exchange is what principally causes increase of wealth; that if a people are all parsimonious, like the "Jewtown" Hebrews, they must be poor. But the ultimate services of Malthus to ethics were more radical than this. The advice of Bacon to treat ethics as an inductive science—to ascertain, by observation and experiment, what effects are actually produced on character by heredity, education, example, society, solitude, religious belief, the civil law, by the indulgence of particular habits, the reading of particular books, the following of particular trades,—a sort of knowledge whence we might expect to learn something about how undesired propensities can be corrected and others cultivated—had been neglected for three centuries while the doctors continued to dispute as usual about whether Revelation, Moral Sense, or Expediency fur-

* James Fitz James Stephen (the crazy snoozer who tried Mrs. Maybrick) says, in his *Liberty, Equality and Fraternity*, a reply to Mill's *Liberty*, that there is no absurdity about this paradox. If he had not said so, we might perhaps have imagined that there was.

† Pitt, next to Napoleon the chief modern anthropophagus, had actually prepared a bill for a bounty on children; but withdrew it in deference to the arguments of Dr. Parr and others among Malthus' earliest converts.

nished the readiest method of making out perfect the foolish institutions of their respective countries—all this, chiefly, because they lacked a guide into the better way. The first height on which the light of positive discovery began to shine was the effect upon morals of Heredity. The point of radiation was the Darwinian Theory, and the Darwinian Theory, in the express words of its originator, only applies Malthus' doctrine to the whole animal and vegetable kingdom.

In religious speculation, we have already seen what the original Theodice of Malthus was. It is the one which has become fashionable. That it is much more simple, affecting, and sublime, than the grotesque myths which preceded it, has become commonplace. But of more importance is the fact that it dissipates the most odious and most unfailing trait of merely subjective piety—its intolerance. Sin is always stupidity: it is, therefore, a sin (an injustice) in the sinner who counts himself partially reformed to be angry with the thicker-headed fellow-sinner who is not reformed at all: and thus, too, sin vindicates its character as stupidity, for being angry with sinners is not at all the right way either to reform them or to prevent others from following their example.

Thus far-reaching has been the influence of Malthus. Expounding it should serve to illustrate the absurdity of attempting his reputation by rehashing arguments all of which have long been commonplace. A fortress like Gibraltar is not to be overthrown with a pop-gun. A structure as lofty and secure as that which has arisen upon the foundation laid by Malthus must be "rock-rooted in the crust of the earth, and buttressed with the everlasting hills."

(To be concluded in the next issue.)



THE PROTEST MEETING AT COOPER UNION*(Report.)*

By ALDEN FREEMAN.

LONG before the doors were opened, men and women formed in line about the entrance. A great throng of two thousand people greeted Chairman Leonard D. Abbott, of the National Free Speech Committee, when he called the meeting to order and told about the big movement started as the result of police lawlessness on May 23. When Mr. Abbott introduced me as chairman of the meeting, I was astonished at the warmth of the reception given by this vast East Side audience to one who was a stranger to most of them. In that moment I felt that I saw the big, throbbing heart of humanity. It seemed to me that these people extended the hand of fellowship and said, "Come to us. We welcome you. Be yourself. Be of the people."

For quickness of comprehension and keen sense of humor, I have never talked to a more intelligent audience, so thoroughly alive, so eagerly alert. Our speakers, although the night was exceedingly hot, and the air in the hall very close, did not have to talk against the inertia of over-prosperous and over-fed auditors. I described to them my struggles to get my eyes open in the midst of an ultra-conservative community, and my efforts to sow some seeds of radicalism in the Spotless Town where I live in New Jersey. I rehearsed the serio-comic features of the Orange Barn Party and summed up the situation in these words:

"To me it seems impossible to take an exaggerated view of the importance of free speech. It is the most fundamental of rights. Without it all other rights become insignificant. If Emma Goldman sat on this platform with a gag between her teeth and a policeman on each side of her, the terrible picture would simply and plainly express the reason for our being here to-night, and would explain why it is that telegrams and letters of protest and sympathy are pouring in upon the Free Speech Committee from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes."

John S. Crosby, one of the chief aides of Henry George, who is still bearing aloft the Single Tax banner, was the first of the speakers of the evening. Among the many good things that he said was the following passage:

"The reason free speech is so little valued in this country is because so few people have anything to say that is born of serious conviction. What you have to fight is not the individual policemen, but the unthinking public opinion that backs them up. As for the police, I think they are about as good as other men engaged in the same business. They are just as good as lawyers and judges."

Miss Pearl McLeod then read stirring letters promising coöperation in the Free Speech movement. Among the letters and telegrams read were those from John De Witt Warner, Theodore Schroeder, Horace Traubel, Ben Hanford, Louis F. Post, editor of *The Public*, of Chicago, J. E. Phelps Stokes, and Eugene V. Debs. For lack of space only the letters of the two last named can be published in this issue.

Harry Kelly, the radical writer, made a strong appeal for funds to carry on the Free Speech movement, and \$40.40 was collected.

Gilbert E. Roe, formerly law partner of U. S. Senator La Follette, made an earnest and eloquent appeal to all radicals to defend the right of free speech. He was followed by one of America's most intellectual women, Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, who came from Philadelphia and helped the cause with a most stirring oration in which she pleaded for a hearing for those with whom we differ. Miss de Cleyre showed that she is made of the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made, and the readers of MOTHER EARTH know that she, like Miss Goldman and the Hypatias of every age, has suffered for opinion's sake.

Hon. Robert Baker, one of the most radical thinkers that has broken into the Congress of the United States since the days of '76, and known as "Anti-Pass Baker" on account of his splendid fight against the bribery of free railroad passes, was the next speaker and carried the great audience off its feet with his burning words

of denunciation of the big thieves and rascals who go scot free in this money-ruled land.

The hit of the evening was made by one of the ladies who was ejected from Lexington Hall, on May 23. Mrs. Milton Rathbun, widow of a well-known merchant of New York, whose business is continued by his sons on the same premises where it has been conducted for sixty-two years, spoke in a humorous vein. She described the lovely morning of May 23, the refined and intelligent audience, and the shock and sense of outrage when the police invaded the hall. Mrs. Rathbun's highly humorous recital was hugely enjoyed by the audience. I wish I could reproduce her clever sayings, for her talk was worthy of Mark Twain.

The meeting closed with an address by Dr. R. W. Levenson, who called the first meeting of the Free Speech Committee at his home, and over fifty years ago was a leader in the last free speech movement in England. With an earnest appeal to the audience to support Miss Goldman in her test meeting on July 2nd, the meeting adjourned.

What impresses me most in this effort to preserve the right of free speech is the way in which it has brought together radicals of widely-differing views. The labor movement, which is the great progressive force in the world to-day, has various wings, and I rejoice that the Socialists, the Single Taxers, and other radicals less advanced than they, have the moral courage to stand by that much misunderstood and maligned wing of the labor movement—the Anarchists—in their struggle to maintain “freedom of speech for those with whom we differ,” as Miss de Cleyre so well expressed it.

J. G. Phelps Stokes, the well-known Socialist, sent the following letter to the chairman of the Free Speech Committee:

DEAR MR. ABBOTT:—

June 29th, 1909.

Owing to an engagement at the Sagamore Conference, I cannot attend the mass meeting to be held to-morrow to protest against the great wrongs recently done to Miss Goldman and others by certain public authorities. But I should be very glad if my voice could be added by means of this letter to those that may be heard at the meeting.

As you know, there are very distinct points of difference between Miss Goldman's philosophy and mine, yet, in her outspoken loathing of oppression of whatever kind, I should be glad to be counted among her comrades.

Deliberate violence to helpless and innocent people is a loathsome crime, and yet more loathsome when resorted to by public officers in disregard of fundamental principles of justice and fair-dealing.

Nothing can be more just and fair than that they who hold opinions differing from those held by their fellows should be free to express their opinions without doing violence to any and without any doing violence to them.

Miss Goldman neither advocates nor practices violence, yet her persecutors in high places indulge in it increasingly against her, usually through the instrumentality of others, and wantonly injure innocent and inoffensive people who would hear what she desires to say.

Nothing, it seems to me, is more cowardly or base than for men to send others to do base things for them; yet this is what certain of our public officials do in an accentuated degree when they send public servants to violently disrupt peaceful meetings of citizens who attend such meetings hoping to get light upon matters of interest and thus to gain larger knowledge of the truth.

Citizens, whether in high office or not, deserve but the contempt of the people when so cowardly as to use force to prevent views differing from theirs or from the views of any one else, being temperately discussed. Neither they nor such orders as they issue in defiance of the people's just rights to peaceably assemble and peaceably discuss, are worthy of respect or observance.

If public officers in disregard of justice habitually use violence to prevent free and temperate discussion, they will have but themselves to blame if, ultimately, a thoroughly outraged people offer violent resistance.

Fraternally yours,

J. G. PHELPS STOKES.

Eugene V. Debs, Socialist candidate for President, sent the following letter to the Secretary of the Free Speech Committee:

Terre Haute, Ind., June 14th.

MISS GRACE POTTER,
NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR COMRADE:—I regret deeply my absence from Girard on account of a death in our family, when your letter was received. I should have complied with your request with joy. I fear it is now too late. Anyway, here is the signature, and I thank you for the privilege of attaching it to the manifesto. Emma Goldman has been persecuted and outraged by the police. She has a right to be heard, and that she has repeatedly been suppressed by force is to the shame of us all. If she has no right to be heard, neither have we; and if we suffer her to be silenced, we ought to be silenced. Cowardice deserves no hearing, but only contempt, and we are certainly guilty of cowardice if we do not fight for the preservation of free speech. In that kind of a fight count on me, if it is to give the devil a hearing.

A thousand thanks for your kind, personal expressions, which I value very highly.

Yours always,

E. V. DEBS.



ON LIBERTY

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.*

M. R. Crosby has said he is here in the interest of "good government"; so am I. But you know the brutal saying of some white man about Indians: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." In my opinion, the only "good" government is a dead government.

I am in the habit of writing out what I have to say in advance; the reasons are several, but the principal one governing me in the present instance is, that I am speaking not only to the people here, but before a censorship so ignorant that it can neither understand nor correctly report what it does understand; and in the event of my being called to account for what I did not say, I wish to be able to show in writing precisely what I did say. And in the event of my being pulled off the platform by the police before I have opened my mouth (as has happened to me before now), I may be able to say, "Here is what I would have said."

Alas, this censorship! This thing of large biceps, large necks, large stomachs, and pyramidal foreheads! It sits in judgment upon things spiritual, things moral, things social, things scientific, things artistic—laugh, O Muse of Comedy—all things which it knows nothing about. It sits and decides upon the iniquity of words which have not been spoken; out of the profundity of its nether stomach, declares that to be seditious which no man has yet heard. Ah, when Emma Goldman shall next lecture upon the Modern Drama, let her not forget this drama of the censorship, wherein avoirdupois is the hero, and the people of America—if you please, the scientists, the artists, the teachers, the literateurs—are the pitiful clowns. Let us appreciate to the full the working of this fine sixth sense which has entered into the corporeality of the police, that spacious corporeality, permeating them with power to divine that what a man or a woman has not yet said *is going to be* dangerous to the order and welfare of society.

* Speech delivered by Voltairine de Cleyre at the Cooper Union Protest Meeting, June 30, 1909.

Anent this same censorship and its perspicacity, and information, I had an illustration some years ago, at the beginning of this wave of good-guardianship which we are now enjoying. The moral guardians of my city, who are every once in a while caught stealing and receiving stolen goods, conceived that it was important to protect the frequenters of a certain co-operative society against the sale of Anarchist literature. They paused therefore at the stand by the door and began the censoring task. Among the rest there lay on the desk the little booklet of verses which I have here, "The Worm Turns." As its title would indicate to those not gifted with the sixth sense—the censorship sense, so to speak—it is a collection of rebel protests. The censor, however, looked it through—carefully, and laid it down. A second sensor, a revisionary censor I presume, approached, picked it up, and inquired, "What's this?" "Oh," said number one, "that's all right; that's something about worms."

It happens that the first line of the first stanza of the first poem reads thus:

"Germinal! The field of Mars is ploughing—"

I presume the censor thought that Mr. Mars, some worthy Pennsylvania farmer, no doubt, having turned up a clod or so with his plough, had probably discovered mischievous "worms" therein and set his wits to work to rid the field of them; and then to turn an honest penny by imparting to his fellow farmers the peculiar turning methods of the worms and how to circumvent them.

Indeed, when we consider what liberty one time meant in America and what it means now; when we consider the ease with which our censors forbid anything at all which happens to come into their—sixth sense, and the supineness with which the people in general accept these interferences; when we see the terrorizing methods of the sixth-sensers in their determination to crush what little dignity there may be in hall-keepers, by threatening them with the arrest, not only of themselves, but of their wives and children, if they rent halls to whomsoever the police shall designate as under the ban, and the abject submission of the threatened; when we consider that the main activity in life, for the great

majority of all the people, is grubbing and crawling and bending to get food and drink,—perhaps—perhaps the censorship is right in thinking that the whole subject is “something about worms.” Verily, when I learned a short time ago that a man whose name has been identified with the cry of the “suffering ages” as one of the spokesmen of the disinherited, had declined to sign the Demand of the Free Speech Committee, I felt that we were indeed dealing with annulates, not vertebrates,—creatures with rings in their bodies instead of spines, and that the old religious phrase “a worm of the dust” was no mock self-depreciation, but a bare fact; I felt the burning shame of Gerald Massey’s words shoot through me like a flame:

“Smitten stones will talk with fiery tongues,
And the worm, when trodden, will turn;
But, cowards, ye cringe to the cruelest wrongs,
And answer with never a spurn.”

It is the people’s fault far more than the fault of the police that these outrages upon the freedom of expression take place. I do not mean you here, who by coming and sitting here on this sweltering night, have shown where your sympathies lie. But what are you in number compared to the millions of New York City?

If the people in the mass cared, the police would not have dared. If the suppression of a great fundamental freedom appealed to the mass as much as a baseball umpire’s decision, there would be meetings from one end of the city to the other, to make known the sentiment of the people in regard to these attacks upon liberty. The fact is there is but a handful which cares anything about the matter; and the question is how far is this handful able to make itself heard? How determined are we, who do want free speech, to wring that right out of the rest?

There is but one way that free speech can ever be secured; and that is by persistent speaking. It is of no use to write things down on paper, and put them away in a store-room, even if that store-room happens to be the Library at Washington, and the thing written is that “Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech.” That’s like anything else put away on a shelf and forgotten. *Speak, speak, speak*, and remember that whenever any one’s liberty to speak is denied,

your liberty is denied also, and your place is there where the attack is.

Of late these attacks have centered upon one personality—that of Emma Goldman.

Emma Goldman is my friend, and my comrade; and upon all large principles our thoughts are close kin. But were she as much my enemy as she is my friend, and were our thoughts as bitterly opposed as they are sympathetic, I should still say that an attack upon her freedom to speak was an attack on mine, and my business was to be there to resist.

Freedom of speech means nothing, if it does not mean the freedom for that to be said which we do not like. I have seen statements in reputable newspapers, such as the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *Press*, to the effect that the only proper place for an Anarchist is the end of rope swung to a lamp-post. Certainly I am not of that opinion; I think all hanging is brutal and barbaric; and I should naturally have a particular objection to its being applied to me; but those papers have a perfect right to say it, just as I have the right to say that the sayers have the souls of hangmen. And I will stand for their right.

There will come a time when with a lightning-like clarification the mass of the people *will* become conscious of this need of freedom, just how, when, or why it will take place there can be no certainty; but it certainly will take place, just as it always has done in the past, when the measure of tyranny has gone overfull, and those who crept and crawled have suddenly realized that they had spines.

When the old iron tongue in Independence Hall clanged out from its brazen throat, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof," Oh, this wasn't the sort of thing they were dreaming of! Liberty was alive and awake then, and quivering down to the finger tips in all the people. It sleeps now, a long, cold, dim sleep; but not forever. There will come a dawn, sharp and white, and liberty will be awake then—in that hour, when; in Kipling's phrase, "When the dawn comes up like thunder." It is at such periods that declarations of freedom are made, which afterward fall into disuse; nevertheless, some forward leap is taken

which is never altogether lost. Until such time it must be the task of freedom lovers to carry a torch through the darkness; and this we will do, even if we have to carry it through dungeon stones. And we know what prisons mean: they mean broken down body and spirit, degradation, consumption, insanity,—we know it all; but if that is the price that we must pay, be sure that we shall pay it.



REMARKS OF ALDEN FREEMAN

CHAIRMAN COOPER UNION PROTEST MEETING

Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I feel a little strange in speaking on this platform where so many great men have spoken. Perhaps you will permit a few words of explanation as to why I happen to stand to-night in this great presence. For seven years I have been acting as a sort of messenger boy in bringing the various shining lights of the lecture platform to the Spotless Town over in New Jersey where I happen to live. The people over there are almost perfect. Scarcely a soul in the place ever does a stroke of work. Nothing is produced there, neither food nor clothing nor bricks nor mortar nor any useful article except some electrical equipment. Except for "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," the plumber, the policeman, the gardeners and coachmen and chauffeurs, most of the men come over here to New York and sit in little wire cages in Wall Street or keep books to tell the Vanderbilts and the Goulds how much alimony can safely be paid in the divorce cases of the sons and grandsons of millionaires. The womenfolk of these keepers of accounts occupy themselves by instructing physicians how to run hospitals, and in directing other institutions, charitable and otherwise. When not engaged in discussing the private domestic relations of their neighbors, these ladies read papers on George Sand and George Eliot in their clubs. If those great women were alive to-day, the women of Spotless Town would no more receive them in their clubs and in their homes than the long-forgotten dames of London received the celebrated Lady Holland. Mediocrity adores the *mummies* of the great while it abhors them in life.

In the pamphlets on sale here to-night I tell about some of the big speakers that I have introduced to my neighbors in the Oranges. At the very first attempt I struck a snag. I tried to show these good people how fine a thing it would be to have free lectures in the public schools, like you have over here in New York. You would have thought I was trying to introduce some new and strange kind of religion from the uproar that arose. The Mayor vowed that the first lecturer should never enter the lecture hall of our Carnegie Library except over his dead body. But the Library Trustees said go ahead, and when Elwell, the sculptor, had spoken, they all liked him, and a few years later the Sons of Solomon gave him an order for a statue of an American Revolutionist (of 133 years ago), and the Daughters of the Queen of Sheba assisted in the unveiling exercises. Mr. Elwell is now at work on a colossal statue of Lincoln for East Orange.

On December 16, 1773, a party of fifty American Revolutionists, disguised as Indians, dumped \$90,000 worth of tea into Boston Harbor. This was the famous *Boston Tea Party*.

On June 8, 1909, a score of Orange Chaps, disguised as policemen, plain clothes men and county detectives, defended the headquarters of the English in East Orange and forced the Americans to retreat to a stable. This was the famous *Orange Barn Party*.

I invited into our old barn all those sturdy patriots, the City Fathers of East Orange, the Mayor and Aldermen, the City Attorney, the City Recorder, the Chief of Police and his squad of sixteen, also the county detectives from the Public Prosecutor's office. Some of the cops were delighted with Miss Goldman's talk. They said to me afterward they had never heard a woman with so much sense before (you see they live in East Orange). Now I expect, judging by my past experiences in East Orange, if we give the ideas promulgated at the Barn Party a chance to germinate, and refrain from rubbing salt into the wounded vanity of Spotless Town, that by the time the Lincoln statue is accepted by the Park Commission, a delegation, possibly headed by the chairman of the Police Committee, a celebrated playwright, who is just now offended because his dramatic efforts

were not mentioned by Miss Goldman in her lecture on "The Modern Drama,"—I say I shall not be surprised if this delegation from East Orange climbs the stairs in East 13th Street and invites the lady who is conspicuous by her absence from this platform to-night to deliver the oration on Abraham Lincoln when the statue is unveiled in East Orange. I am sure no one could do it better nor with greater appreciation of "The Great Commoner" than the lady whom we all miss so much to-night.

Our policemen out in East Orange are not a bad lot. Of course they haven't much to do where everybody is so nearly perfect. They are also greatly handicapped by having a chief who does not want anybody but himself to ever make an arrest, but they have a keen sense of humor. The other night when Comrade Abbott and I led the assault on English's Hall, the officers looked very stern on the side of their faces toward the Mayor and the Chief and the Judge, but as we came abreast of them nearly every mother's son of the whole bunch gave me a wink out of his honest Irish or German eye, and it did my heart good. The night before the Barn Party I talked with a cop who seemed to feel rather badly about the possibility of handling me roughly the next night. I said, "Don't be worried, I've just had three weeks of osteopathy and you couldn't hurt me if you tried, I am so thoroughly relaxed." So when I boldly advanced toward this officer, he seized me by the shoulders and threw me down the steps.

I was told to speak for five minutes. When I found you comfortably seated and at rest, then the real speeches of the evening might be resumed. But while I have the floor I want to give you just one quotation from the foremost product of American soil, whose centenary you celebrated on the 12th of February, and who spoke from this platform forty-nine years ago, on the 27th of February, so effectively that the whole North began to name him for the Presidency.

After Lincoln was chosen President, and the Civil War was well under way, his friends besought him to suppress the *Chicago Times*. This was the answer of Abraham Lincoln:

"I fear you do not fully comprehend the danger of abridging the liberties of the people. A government had

better go to the very extreme of toleration than to do aught that could be construed into an interference with or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of the people."

To me it seems impossible to take an exaggerated view of the importance of free speech. It is the most fundamental of rights. Without it all other rights become insignificant. If Emma Goldman sat on this platform with a gag between her teeth and a policeman on each side of her, the terrible picture would simply and plainly express the reason for our being here to-night, and would explain why it is that telegrams and letters of protest and sympathy are pouring in upon the Free Speech Committee from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.



THE CASE OF JOHN SCHREIBER

FELLOW-WORKERS :—

Many of you probably have read in the newspapers that John Schreiber, an active member of the Machinists' Progressive Lodge No. 335, was sentenced June 14th, in Newark, N. J., to three years in the penitentiary and \$1,000 fine, for alleged robbery, on the evidence of detectives and spies. For months Schreiber had been without work. While going from New York to Newark to seek employment, he was arrested.

Soon the newspapers will have to go more into details about this trial, because the prevailing circumstances are of a nature which cannot be hushed up. We feel firmly convinced that the sentence is a great injustice. Not a single shred of evidence was brought out that will stand the test.

Not only had no offense whatever been committed, but nothing indicated that an attempt had been committed. The man was entirely innocent of any criminal intention. The invented stories of a few New York detectives, who wanted to prove that they did not receive their recompense for nothing, and who found it an easy matter to prejudice the court against Schreiber, because he is accused of Anarchistic views, are the whole foundation of this atrocious sentence.

Workingmen, we demand only justice, but not justice that has been "fixed" by spies and detectives. A strenuous protest against this sentence must be made, and a writ of error obtained.

We must rescue our fellow-worker, who has been one of the most active among us, from the fangs of professional Judases.

He always fought for the cause of all. Now let all and every one do his duty toward him.

Money is needed to appeal the case energetically, therefore we apply to you to contribute your share for the defense fund.

Do not permit a colleague of yours to be ruined on account of lack of funds to secure a fair trial.

Fraternally yours,

MACHINISTS' PROGRESSIVE LODGE NO. 335.

Committee, { EMIL DIETZE,
CHARLES EHRESMAN,
FRANK TRAPPEHL.

All moneys and communications should be sent to Charles Ehresman, Secretary of Machinists' Progressive Lodge No. 335, Labor Temple, 243-247 E. 84th St., New York City.

✻ ✻ ✻

BOOKS RECEIVED

NEVER-TOLD TALES. William J. Robinson, M.D. The Altrurians, 12 Mount Morris Park, West, New York.

KO MUMS REIKIA PIRMIAUSIAI? J. Laukio. Turtu ir Spauda "Lietuvos," 3252 So. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

ANARCHISTU DORA. Parase Petras Kropotkinas. Turtu ir Spauda "Lietuvos," 3252 So. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

SONGS OF RUSSIA. Rendered into English verse by Alice Stone Blackwell. Published by the author, Dorchester, Mass.

SYNDIKALISMUS. Max Baginski. "Freiheit," P. O. Box, 1719. New York.

THE SUPPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH IN NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY. Alden Freeman, East Orange, N. J.

Owing to lack of space, "Contributions" will be acknowledged in our next issue.

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin.....	5c.
Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin.	25c.
Conquest of Bread. By Peter Kropotkin.....	\$1.00
Postage, 10c.	
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The State: Its Rôle in History. By Peter Kropotkin.....	10c.
An Appeal to the Young. By Peter Kropotkin.....	5c.
In Defence of Free Speech. Five Essays. By B. O. Flower, Rev. Eliot White, Louis F. Post, and Theodore Schroeder	5c.
Schopenhauer in the Air. By Sadakichi Hartmann..	10c.
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Anarchism and American Traditions. By Voltaire de Cleyre.....	5c.

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Vol. IV

AUGUST, 1909

No. 6

FREETHOUGHT

By EDWARD H. GUILLAUME.

*Great word, that fill'st my mind with calm delight,
I love to feel, but cannot hope to tell,
How, like the noonday sun, thou dost dispel
The mists of error that impede our sight!
What noble dreams, what yearning hopes excite!
What memories, too, awake at sound of thee,
Like myriad ripples on a wind-swept sea!
How full and irresistible thy might!
Thou causest to grow pale the tyrant's cheek;
Thou art the knell that loud proclaims the fall
Of despots and of priests, and those who seek
To crush the human mind beneath their thrall:
Thou dost avenge all wrong, make strong the weak—
Nobility and heritage of all.*



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

*"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,"
 Was the cant they handed slaves in long ago.
 Where ignorance is hell, 'tis cowards who disguise
 The things that every freeman ought to know.*

* * *

A GAIN and again it is being demonstrated by history and experience that the truest reality is—the ideal. The timid, lacking hope or vision, lose themselves in fear, discourage, magnify difficulties, and shrink back in terror from possible danger.

The bold, inspired by the ideal, courageously face apparently insurmountable obstacles, defy danger, dare and do, and ultimately conquer.

Numerous are the instances of this eternal truth. The present revolution in Spain is a case in point. It is comparatively recently that the Anarchists have initiated their anti-militarist propaganda. Scornfully the world smiled at their lilliputian efforts. Even alleged radicals, when not directly antagonistic, shook their wise heads, pityingly: "Visionaries! An impossible task."

But timidity lacks the power to discourage the social pioneer, whose wagon is hitched to a star. His vision armors him with determination and perseverance. His faith makes him impregnable to scorn or ridicule. The visionary, the impractical idealist—he is the inevitable conqueror.

Arduous labor, his; and dangerous. But the sympathy of fellow workers, the understanding of congenial spirits is a powerful sustainer. Gradually he forges on and on, courageously and confidently, step by step he paves his way, he rises, falls and rises again, and forward and upward he strives, ever beholding his beckoning star. And then, lo! thousands are following him, and the whole country rings with the cry, Down with War!

Behold Spain!

And then again he labors. The owls hoot, the wolves give chase. But on and on he goes. Now parrying, now attacking, yet never lured into by-ways. He carries the banner of Liberty. Anarchy is his ideal. Revolution his road. Along his way he sows the seeds of discontent

and plants the trees of Better Things. Woods and valleys he traverses, the song of Life and Joy on his lips, and over hill and mountain floats the echo of his voice, "The General Strike." On and on he goes, hated, jeered, driven. An enemy of society—a dangerous lunatic—an impractical visionary—

Then, lo! Behold Belgium, France, Russia, Spain, Sweden.

And on he goes, carrying the banner of Liberty. Anarchy is his ideal, Revolution his road.

* * *

THE legal farce of "judging" the Hindu student, Madar Lal Dhingra, forcibly reminds one of the circumstances attending the judicial murder of Robert Emmet. Indeed, the comparison is highly appropriate, since British rule in India to-day is, in all essentials, an exact replica of the condition of Ireland in Emmet's time.

But a whole century has passed since the hanging of the leader of the "United Irishmen"; in the perspective of the decades the world celebrates Robert Emmet as a great patriot and noble martyr. But Dhingra is "a common murderer." The difference is merely one of time. Indeed, the Indian student has but trodden in the footsteps of the great Irishman; the very spirit of Robert Emmet vibrates in the Hindu's dying words, "What I have done, you would expect every true Englishman to do. If the Germans have no right to take possession of England, neither has England the right to take possession of India, oppressing and tyrannizing my countrymen."

Prophetically Dhingra foresees the time that will justify him and his act. His clear vision inspires him with the challenge to his judges, "I am proud to receive the honor you have thus bestowed upon me!" Full well he knows that history repeats itself, and that in his case, as in Emmet's, posterity will see in his present judges the real and only criminals, and that its voice will echo the brave words of Krishnavarma and all sincere revolutionists, "Political assassination is no crime."

* * *

ANOTHER Judas Iscariot unmasked in the person of "General Harting"; Russian peasants flogged

to death for inability to pay exorbitant taxes; the prisons overcrowded; politicals tortured; the hangman busy at his trade; an unbroken line of Russia's noblest sons and daughters stretching across the snows of Siberia—such is the prelude to the Tsar's visit to England.

Acclaimed by the international flunkeys in and out of uniform, Nicholas goes a-visiting, proclaiming the gospel of good-will and peace. Civilized mankind stands aghast at the spectacle: his mouth runs honey, while his hands drip blood, each drop the life of a tortured, murdered innocent.

Very timely, indeed, is the exposure of the terrible conditions prevailing in Russia, as set forth in facts and figures by Peter Kropotkin in his latest work, "The Terror in Russia." The data contained in the book form the basis of the speech delivered by Comrade Kropotkin on the occasion of the meeting of welcome to Vera Figner, the venerable Russian revolutionist who spent twenty-three years in the Schlüsselburg fortress. Kropotkin's speech, delivered June 23rd, at the South Place Institute, London, is reproduced, in part, in this issue.

The horrors of the Tsar's rule, as depicted in "The Terror of Russia," will shock the civilized world. The tortures of the Spanish Inquisition pale into insignificance as compared with the terrible brutality of the Cossack régime. We recommend the book to the thoughtful consideration of all friends of Russia. May it prove a clarion call to awaken the conscience of the world to the imperative necessity of wiping off the curse of official Russia from the face of the earth.

* * *

NOT since the historic days of Homestead has Pennsylvania witnessed such a momentous clash of capital and labor as in the present strike of the employees of the Pressed Steel Car Company at McKee's Rocks.

This struggle once more proves the infamy of the business elements and the servility of the press. The strikers have been almost unanimously condemned for "disturbing business" and interfering with the gathering of profits. And that in view of the admitted fact that the Pressed Steel works are a veritable shambles, that the strikers were forced to slave for the most pitiable

wages and were treated with indescribable arrogance and brutality by the officials of the car company.

Driven to desperation, the workingmen declared a strike, demanding a living wage and more decent treatment. Little enough, indeed. Yet the company promptly refused the demand, and a prominent Pittsburg daily commented, editorially: "People that strike from any cause hardly ever deserve much sympathy. But when they interfere with business and disturb order they must be brought to terms by all means, rather than be negotiated with."

The process of bringing the strikers to terms "by all means" then began. President Hoffstott, of the Pressed Steel Car Company, proved himself a worthy disciple of the notorious Frick, of Homestead-Pinkerton fame. With the aid of the State constabulary he introduced a reign of blood, resorting to the vilest plutocratic methods of eviction, arrest, and indiscriminate shooting down, with the single object of terrorizing the strikers into submission.

But the spirit of intelligent revolt is not to be broken so easily. Unorganized though the strikers were, they made a brave and determined resistance. Whipped into unity by their terrible condition, they formed a force that the combined strength of capital and State have so far found impossible to overcome.

Gradually, yet surely, the intelligent co-operation and manly stand of the McKee's Rocks "foreign strikers" are compelling the respect of the country. Whatever the result of the strike may be, those underpaid and persecuted workers have already won a great moral victory. They have aroused public opinion to the misery of the wage slaves, they have exposed the brutality and arrogance of the employers and, most important of all, they have given the American workingmen at large an object lesson in the power of revolutionary methods applied to intelligent co-operation.

* * *

THERE are signs of a tardy awakening in at least one direction. The police, the detectives, and all that monstrous army for which the grinding of the criminal condemnation mill means place and profit, have so overplayed their part that the storm is rising. Books

such as "The Turn of the Balance" and "9009" have been published, and by their obvious veracity and tense indignation are compelling the attention of a hitherto indifferent public. Periodical literature is beginning to bristle with the subject, and this is a sure sign, for the men who make their living by writing for our magazines have an unerring nose for the topic that is really alive.

Here and there a man escapes from prison—one among thousands, or rather tens of thousands—who has the capacity and the powerful position that enables him to talk, and talk with some chance of being heard. They have a man of that type in California, Griffith J. Griffith, who, as luck would have it, is a man of means, a speaker, and a trained writer by profession. He has been telling stories of his experiences in San Quentin—the scene of "9009"—and is making the good, easy citizens of California sit up.

They have formed a Prison Reform League there, which is endeavoring to arouse the entire country to our treatment of crime and criminals. It is issuing syndicate letters and much other literature denouncing that treatment as founded on revenge and worthy only of the Dark Ages. It is adding its mite to the exposure of the conditions prevailing in southern convict camps—a crime of international proportions—and is doing what it can to throw light on the mediaeval tortures applied to helpless prisoners among communities that fancy they are civilized.

Probation leagues have sprung up—we note their formation in Chicago and St. Paul, and others may have escaped us. They voice the same general complaint: that this society is manufacturing criminals wholesale; that it is actuated solely by the fiendish policy of revenge; that its deterrent punishments do not deter; that it gives men no chance, and that so long as it continues in that folly it will be tearing itself to pieces.

We may think the work of many of these leagues and writers insufficient; we may feel that they have not yet struck the root of the evil; but they are doing a great work as stirrers of discontent. They are making people think, and to make them think is to make them disgusted with affairs as they are run at present by our unspeakable politicians and their henchmen.

We Anarchists have good cause to know how true is the proverb that when you want to hang a dog, you must give him a bad name. The literature that is being born from these prison revelations will go far toward shaking that national self-complacency which has been the hardest of all enemies to combat. A good many highly respectable gentlemen are going to get the worst of names, and the entire machinery for the administration of what, with an irony never equalled in history, is known as "Justice" is destined to find itself in the foulest of odor before many years have passed. Thus the harvest ripens, and the dawn of a new era grows brighter on the old horizon.

* * *

A RATHER expedient, if not ingenious, defence has been advanced by the United States Senator, who, charged with assaulting a negro dining-car waiter, justified his act by declaring, "I did not strike a man. I slapped a nigger." The judge proved his respect for the law and its makers by agreeing with the Senator.

This case is by no means an isolated one. Nor is the attitude of the senatorial pugilist towards the negro exclusively southern, as some are inclined to believe. The argument that "slapping a nigger" is not "striking a man" holds good practically throughout the country. But few white people in this enlightened land have risen to the level of recognizing in the negro a fellow-man, a social equal. To the great majority a difference of color is, *per se*, an evidence of inferiority. Even some radicals are not entirely free from this most stupid of prejudices. And yet, impartially speaking, the spirit which sees in the colored man "only a nigger" is itself convincing proof of a mental kink, of intellectual immaturity.

* * *

THE recent grant of old-age pensions in Great Britain has called forth much discussion of the perennial question of poverty. As is usual, the newspaper philosophers are more voluminous than illuminative. Especially is common sense at a premium in the learned disquisitions. As to originality, it is *terra incognita*. Exploded theories of fatalistic, religious, pseudo-Malthusian, etc., conceptions of poverty are rehashed with an air of self-satisfied finality. None, evidently, dare analyze the vital relation of poverty to capitalist economics. One

publication, however, suggests in a spirit of bantering levity, the various "possibilities" that would result if the hundred thousand unemployed of New York decided to steal rather than starve.

The suggestion may be worthy of serious consideration. What would society do with a hundred thousand "criminals" determined to eat rather than die of hunger? And suppose the unemployed all over the country were to follow the example of their New York brothers. The prisons could not hold one-fiftieth of the number. What would then happen if the poor, the underfed, the starving decided that it is as senseless as it is disgraceful to hunger amidst plenty?

They would eat and grow strong and forever forget that things are more sacred than lives.

* * *

THE sight of a woman riding astride has so shocked the virtuous sensibilities of a Georgia legislator that he hastened to introduce a bill, making the practice a felony. If the bill is to become a law, it will be as criminal for a woman to ride in a natural and comfortable manner as it is to live so.

The Georgia Solon is no doubt consistent. Woman cannot be suffered to discard the shackles of hoary custom that have from time immemorial kept her the submissive slave of man. Riding astride, for a woman, is an open defiance of established usage, hence immoral. Encouragement in this particular would doubtlessly lead to woman's gradual emancipation from other accepted facts. What would then become of the supremacy of men like our virtuous Solon?

* * *

A BRIGHT little magazinelet, *Freeland*, has reached this office. It contains 64 pages, the contents of which are thus characterized in the publisher's prospectus: "Devoted to economics and politics, critical in basis, libertarian in tendency, and constructive in method, favoring the largest individual development within the bounds of the law of equal freedom."

Address Alexander Horr, Station Box 2010, San Francisco, Cal.

ON PATRIOTISM

By B. RUSSELL HERTS.

THERE is a feeling in the heart of man to-day which has swayed the course of history for near a thousand years, which has established empires, dethroned monarchs and popes, built up continents, forced friends and families into separation; which has given birth to sorrow and rejoicing, love and hatred, cruelty, crime, and inspiration for ten centuries, and which is now one of the greatest ethical, psychological, and sociological influences upon the mind of the twentieth-century man.

Here in America is the spirit of Patriotism especially powerful, for it has been the cause and explanation of our conduct ever since the memorable days nearly a century and a half ago, when our first patriots cried out for "freedom" and "representation." It is in great measure responsible for all of our noble deeds, for our speeches, our sacrifices, our panics, bloodshed, and crimes. And through the decades as our country grew and prospered, it has grown and prospered, until to-day there is a kinship of national reverence between all the Europeans, Asiatics, and Negroes within the land, and the presence of Patriotism in one's soul is taken as one of the fundamental tests of character. So far has this proceeded that he who does not hasten to rise and uncover at the opening strains of the national melody, who does not believe and claim America to be capable of all things, who does not deem it a sacred duty to go forth, if called, and crush his brother-being upon the battlefield, is gazed upon, for the most part, with fear and hatred, mingled with a touch of scorn.

In this centennial year of our greatest president, when thousands of speeches have been sounding in every corner of the land, when thousands more of written works plentifully decorated with the words "heroism," "Patriotism," "American," are circulated and read in every home, is it not well to cease our impassioned declaiming, our joyous singing, even our loving reverence, for a moment, and give ourselves to the task of verifying the absoluteness, the fundamentality, the value of the glorious Patriotism which impels us to all these exhibitions?

Whence comes it? Is it eternal? And, if not, what is its cause and origin, and more especially, in this pragmatic age, why does it exist? What is its contribution to human happiness and progress?

In judging present matters, or preparing for those of the future, we have only our knowledge of the past as a foundation for assumptions. Let us review and employ what economics has taught us, and that we may reach the fundamental, let us revert to the borderland of the pre-historic.

At the earliest times which we have thus far been enabled to study, man presents himself to us in a state of what has been called "individual economy." His chief cares were the finding of food, and the securing of protection against the ravages of beasts, the encroachments of neighboring men, and the terrors of nature. To this stage succeeded that in which the family became the typical economic entity, when man began to realize the pleasure and usefulness of domestic life, and to protect against his enemies not only himself and his personal belongings, but also his home and all the kinsmen who gathered thereabout. Thus came the clan into being, and man's love became inclusive of his relatives.

Gradually the more civilized sections of mankind retired from their nomadic existence and settled into groups, each occupying a definite territorial district. The necessity for some scheme for the production and distribution of goods, and for the insurance of government and protection, became immediately apparent. The formation of the town or city was the result. In order to render this organization secure and powerful, it was necessary for the individual to pledge himself to protect his city in times of danger, and to assist it in the acquirement of wealth and authority. Thus was a measure of the love and loyalty, formerly lavished upon the family, transferred to the community.

During medieval times men unconsciously began to realize that geographical, linguistic, and other features contributed to render desirable the formation of larger units than that of the town. So we find extensive territories, each containing many cities, the people of which speak the same language, possess substantially the same political point of view, and dwell within certain barriers

difficult of passage, each held together by the love and loyalty of their inhabitants. City warfare ceases and allegiance is transferred from the smaller to the larger group.

The nation being a recent development, it is clear that national feeling has had but a limited existence. But, it may be answered, the sentiment of which Patriotism is an outgrowth has been man's ever since we know of his presence on earth. The contention must be admitted: the quality in which we so greatly delight is directly traceable to the self-love of the savage. Broadened, extended, it is, but only because the economic unit is more embracing now than ever before. Egotism for the nation is but an extension of personal egotism, and the national selfishness which prompts a man to seek the aggrandizement of one people at the expense of another is but the descendent of primitive man's lust for power and mastery.

The world is now divided into nations, and national feeling is universally respected. Yet is the nation any less arbitrary, any more fundamental, a division, than was the family or the city? Has our reverence for the typical, temporary economic group, having passed through many stages at last reached its fixed and final form?

Let one gaze guardedly into the future and he perceives a stage beyond: a stage when material barriers shall disappear, and race hatreds be no more; when national prejudices, national egotism, national selfishness, even national love shall be swallowed up in a new spirit—the spirit of humanitarianism, the only possible Patriotism in a state of international economy.

There is, indeed, considerable evidence that this transition is soon actually to be consummated. The improvements of the last half-century in transportation have destroyed the importance of national geographical barriers, while the proposed universal language may remove the present national linguistic differences; the peace conferences are gradually imposing upon us a recognition of the desirability of uprooting national hatreds, while the recent advancement of such countries as Japan is teaching us the absurdity of national self-satisfaction. Moral, social, and political questions of world-significance are everywhere usurping the place in men's minds pre-

viously occupied by interest in national affairs, so that now, in the discussions of scientists, Anarchists, capitalists, unionists, Socialists, nationality is practically a negligible quantity.

Many deplore this condition. To them the gradually waning sentiment is a symbol of all that is great and noble in an accomplishment of modern times. They see that Patriotism has been essential to man's uplifting, and so they insist that it is still desirable. They demand the continuation of war because, in the past, man has lost, and therefore enobled, his personality through deeds of valor. They are like those who would restore the Church to its place of power, and re-establish its tyrannies and extravagances, because long ago on account, or in spite, of these, a Bramante, a Rafael, a Michael Angelo has been nursed in its bosom. Is it their serious belief that those lips must be wet with new-sucked blood from which the breath of inspiration is to come, or that the meadows must be manured with lies and wretchedness and crime, on the produce of which genius is to be reared? Six thousand years, at least, it was, before mankind could mould a Michael Angelo; if this hypothesis were true, one might well wish six thousand times as long to pass before such another were given to the world.

But man is confident that it is not so. Religion was alone in its inspiration, the Church alone in its patronage of artists, because thought and activity were overshadowed by these forces. Man's creative capacity demands material to mould: these themes were at hand, and all else was forbidden. It has been the same with war. So long as war exists as a significant and spectacular element in modern life, it will continue to be a theme of poets and painters. But does this import that its withdrawal will mean the death of the inspiration which gave birth to the poems and pictures which deal with war? Would it not simply signify the transference of this to another field—perhaps to one of the many fields as yet unrecognized as fit for the purposes of art? In the work of the moderns do we not already see the puffing, plunging engine with its newly-realized harmony of creaks and crashings; the stern, pale steamship clearing the stormiest sea with perfect precision, the mud-, or soot-, or grease-begrimed laborer cognizant of the no-

bility, because of the usefulness, of his task—do we not daily see these and a hundred such subjects usurping the places of the discarded topics of past decades? For the purposes of art physical strife between men has served its term—man is moving to a music vibrant, powerful, inspiring far beyond the clash of arms.

Then there be those who tell us that, while war is waging its death struggle, nationality is a youth newly-awakened to his power. They would destroy what has become apparently repellent to them, but at the same time retain the economic and political conditions from which this has arisen. The thing is impossible. The existence of nationality signifies the continuance in each nation of the desire for its own aggrandisement. Such a competition implies conflict, and harmony is, and must be, the aim of those who would annihilate war. Conflict has existed and thrived under every state of society thus far known to history. There is but one condition conceivable to the mind of man under which war cannot exist—that in which no final economic group is recognized.

Every change through which man has passed has made him more humanitarian: the love of family being less selfish and personal than the love of self, that of city than that of family, and the fleeting feeling of to-day a step still in advance; so that the state of internationality is the logical and natural outcome. This appears to be the final, fundamental form, for we can imagine nought beyond. Desired or repugnant to us as the change may be, it yet remains inevitable—imminent.

We are told that as long as honor and self-respect live among peoples, so long will war persist. History itself confutes this. In the evolution of the ages even honor is subject to mutation. We remember that the abolition of duelling was opposed, and for many years retarded by the supremacy of the feeling of personal honor—under the name of chivalry. Now we find the destruction of national duelling opposed by the appeal to national honor under the name of Patriotism. Duelling has been overthrown and chivalry is but remembered. National duelling, war, will be abolished, and for the accomplishment of this Patriotism must perish. There can be only one fatherland for the man whom it is the most divine task

of civilization to produce: the world; and his Patriotism will not evince itself in the stolid love of self, family, city, or State, but in the sacrifice of all for humanity!

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THE SPANISH UPRISING

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

WITHIN the last two weeks organized authority has been shaken to its very foundations by the revolutionary uprising in Spain.

To think that neither the influence of religion, with its power to dull the human mind, nor the army with its lead and iron methods, no longer serves as a safeguard against revolution! Moreover, the rebels, once having thrown off the bridle, know no bounds. They actually "burn churches and outrage nuns." What beasts! What brutes!

In view of the fact that these blood-curdling stories emanate from a servile and prostitute press, ever ready to malign and misrepresent the least revolt against tyranny, one will do well to carefully weigh and measure these reports. But even if they were true, if the Spanish people really burned churches and maltreated the *cuer-vos negros*,* what of it? Has not the Catholic Church, especially in Latin countries, driven the people to despair; has it not for centuries lived off their sweat and blood; has it not used every means to lash them into submission and rob them of their energies and manhood? Were the people of Spain to retaliate a million-fold, it would sink into insignificance compared with the countless crimes and black terror of the Catholic Church.

Politicians and vote hucksters only can maintain the lie that religion is a "private affair." Revolutionists the world over have realized long ago that religion is one of the greatest obstacles to the emancipation of mankind,—hence the strongest support of tyranny and oppression.

The most striking feature of the present uprising does not consist in what has or has not been done to churches and nuns. Much rather it is to be found in the tremendous anti-military spirit and the recognition of that most effective weapon, the General Strike.

* Black crows—popular expression of scorn for the black clergy.

While it is true that the Moroccan war—a struggle for the enrichment of a handful of speculators—has fanned the spark of popular discontent into fire, it is much more true that the anti-militarist agitation, carried on in Latin countries for years, has paved the way for the present revolt.

Militarism, like the church, is one of the strongest bulwarks of our present system. This has become particularly apparent during recent years. Governments employ armies not merely to subdue weaker nations and conquer territory, but to silence the slightest cry of discontent at home. Realizing this, the revolutionary elements in every land have inaugurated a wide-spread agitation against militarism. The present Spanish uprising—the most heroic and inspiring revolutionary event of recent years—is the direct result of those efforts.

And the General Strike?

True, a leading German Socialist not long ago declared the General Strike to be general nonsense; and when asked if the workers of the world should prevent the possible coalition of European powers against the Russian Revolution by the declaration of a General Strike, he scornfully ridiculed the suggestion. How foolish the "Sage of Berlin" must feel in face of the fact that the General Strike has since proved such a tremendous weapon in the hands of labor.

Yet another cause, no doubt, aided in preparing the Spanish uprising—the memory of Montjuich, that hell of the modern Spanish Inquisition.

Twelve years ago a bomb exploded during a religious procession at Barcelona. Immediately three hundred workingmen were arrested and tortured in the most fiendish manner: hot irons, the thumbscrew, and rack were employed to extort confessions. When, finally, the majority of the victims perished, and a cry of indignation arose all over Europe, the few survivors of the torture were released. Perchance among the participants in the present revolt are friends and relatives of those victims. This, together with the unspeakable oppression, exploitation, and forced military service suffered by the Spanish people, sufficiently explains the present revolution.

I am not optimistic enough to hope that the heroic and self-sacrificing efforts of our Spanish brothers will for-

ever abolish torture and tyranny. But as a forerunner of a greater and more effective storm they are wonderfully encouraging and invigorating. Those who have the revolutionary spirit can learn from Spanish events the great power of anti-militarism and the General Strike.



THE PRESENT CONDITION OF RUSSIA*

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

NEVER were the conditions of Russia so desperately bad as they are now. Neither during the depressing years of the reign of Alexander III., nor during the wild reaction of the last years of Alexander II., nor even during the mad despotism of Nicholas I., did the orgies of the defenders of autocracy reach the climax they have attained now. Even that little, that microscopically little, that had been obtained in Russia for some protection of the individual from the bureaucracy, is now wiped off from life as something unworthy, useless, harmful.

From the very first day of his accession to the throne, Nicholas II. permitted himself, in virtue of his own personal will, surreptitiously to alter the established Constitution of Finland. In his very first manifesto, issued on the day of his father's death, he ordered the words, "Grand Duke of Finland," to be taken out of the title of the Emperor of Russia. By a stroke of his pen he thus abolished the ninety-year old autonomy of a nation which peacefully followed its own development; he tore to pieces the treaties of annexation of Finland; he gave the lie to the oath taken by his father and grandfather.

His first act was to put himself above the binding laws of the country. And now, for fourteen years in succession, he patronizes those who trample under foot all the concessions that give however slight a guarantee to the individual's personal safety against the outrageous attacks of the rulers of Russia—the gangs of hooligans who find their immunity by entering the ranks of the present rulers of Russia.

Sure of the protection of Nicholas II., they have simply

* Part of a speech delivered June 23rd at the South Place Institute, at a meeting of welcome to Vera Figner. Reprinted from the *London Freedom*.

undertaken the rooting out of all the best forces of the Russian nation. Such a bacchanalia of savagery and cruelty Russia has not seen since the times of the half-mad Tsar, John IV.—also surrounded by fortune-tellers—the murderer of his own son. Thus it is that in the twentieth century Russia has again to live through that shameful page of her history.

The abolition of the old-established rights of the nationalities allied with Russia in the Caucasus and Finland; the sending of hundreds of students as soldiers to Port Arthur, as a punishment for disturbances; the surrender of the schools into the hands of the illiterate priests, church cantors, and bellringers; the bribing of the army by doubling the pay of the officers in those parts of the Empire where the state of siege was introduced; the surrender of the most vital parts of the State organization to all sorts of adventurers, like Bezobrazoff and Stoessel, provided they would grovel at the feet of “our father the Tsar” and “our mothers the Empresses”; and finally, the handing over of all the life of Russia to the adventurer Von Plehve and his secret agents, because that man had promised Nicholas II. in 1903 to maintain autocracy by secret police rule for another ten years—this is what Russia got during the first ten years of his reign from Nicholas II., whom the plunderers of Russia now call their father.

And now, after the defeat of the first efforts of the Revolution, Russia has been given up to a band of thieves, murderers, and criminals against all the moral conceptions of mankind.

The prisons are overcrowded; many of them contain three and four times more inmates than they were built for. And such an overcrowding is bound to continue, because the present rulers of Russia are prosecuting now, before their packed courts, thousands of persons, for all they have done and said during the years of relative liberty, 1905 and 1906. All that was considered then as necessary and desirable for the renovation of Russia, is prosecuted now. A book issued at that time, a meeting convoked to discuss the strike which compelled Nicholas II. to make his first concessions, a speech delivered at a meeting, or even in court by a lawyer, or in the Duma by a Deputy—all this is now prosecuted.

And in these prosecutions they have returned to the ways and habits that were dear to the mad Tsar John and his pet, Basmanoff—they have reintroduced torture.

Yes, they torture now in Russia—it is an established fact; and when a court in Warsaw, in Riga, or in South Russia has condemned, no matter how mildly, some of these torturers to imprisonment, it is sufficient for one of the modern pets of the present Tsar—that is, for Dr. Dubrovin, the president of the Union of Russian Men—to ask Nicholas II. to pardon the condemned torturers, and these wild beasts are pardoned at once; and the Prime Minister is not ashamed to hurry to wire to the respective Governor this new token of the Tsar's solicitude for his subjects.

Friends, these are not tales that I tell you! This is what stands in black upon white in all the daily papers published in Russia itself. This is said openly in the Duma; this is the matter of decisions of the Russian Courts. Just quite lately it has been disclosed before a court in Finland that the murderers of the two members of the Duma, Hertzenstein and Yollo, both, please mark, most pacific men, whose great crime was to be specialists in financial matters and matters concerning the misery of the Russian peasants—it appears now that the murderers of these two men were *members of the secret police staff*, and at the same time were in the service of that same Union of Russian Men whose badge the Tsar has been wearing till quite lately, whom he declared to be his most loyal subjects. The president of that Union, that same Dr. Dubrovin whom Nicholas II. receives personally, and to whom he lately again handed £1,000, is now prosecuted by a Finnish court—the murder of Hertzenstein took place in Finland—as an accomplice to the murder and as the paymaster for it; and his accomplice Krasovsky has already been arrested a few days ago in Russia. These are the men whom the Tsar describes as his only loyal subjects.

The prisons are overcrowded. Typhus—hunger typhus, eruptive and recurrent typhus—ravages the prisons of thirty-five provinces, and therefrom spreads amongst the soldiers of the garrison and the warders in the cities. In the Lukoyanoff prison, 2,500 prisoners have already died from typhus, 1,300 in the main Kieff

prison, and so on all over Russia. These are the *official* figures. Persons ill with typhus, with wandering minds, and a temperature of 104 degrees, are brought to court—there were three such cases—and the jurors are compelled to refuse to act, and the president of the court-martial says to the prosecutor: "But look yourself at the man; you will see he cannot be tried!"

Worse than that. Men wandering in mind from typhus are brought to the scaffold in that state and hanged, under the very windows of one of the Duma Deputies detained at Moscow, who has described it in full in a letter to the Duma. As to the scenes that take place at the executions, of which they need such a number to maintain their scandalous rule—and for which they hire assassins in the prisons—these scenes are so horrible that I will not describe them. Tolstoi has told some of them to the world. Have these horrors been stopped by M. Stolypin or his master? No! They continue! They have grown worse!

Friends, it is with a bleeding heart that I describe to you these horrors. They are not mere horrors for me. They tell me the tale of how low Russia has sunk to tolerate them—to find men to give them support. But I will ask you, Has ever anything worse happened in Turkey while it was under the rule of that man whom Gladstone had the courage to call in the eyes of Europe, "the Assassin"?

Turkey has shaken off the rule of the assassin. That will be done in Russia as well.

It certainly will. It is a fact that Russia is no more what it was before the movement of 1905-6. You will not find now at St. Petersburg 70,000 men willing to go to the Tsar with a petition, carrying his portrait and ikons, as they did on Bloody Sunday, when for a whole week before it everything was organized, with the full knowledge of Nicholas II., by his uncle and cousins, to massacre thousands of these much too confiding men. Now you will not find, even in the remotest villages, men so simple as to trust the Tsar.

That has been won by our martyrs.

A new Russia has been born during these three or four years, a Russia which has tasted liberty and will never more return under the old yoke. It looks very quiet now; but it is no more in the circles of the intellectuals, it is

in the factories, it is especially in the villages amidst the peasants, that the spirit of revolt is growing. That spirit they will not kill by hangings and shootings. By the blood they make flow, they only prepare rivers of blood; and surely the day is not far off when not only the "loyal" subjects from Dubrovin's gangs, but all those who are supporting the present régime by their slavish attitude or indifference, will have to repent their present slavishness or their indifference.



SOCIALISTS AND POLITICS

By H. KELLY.

IF man were not so divinely inconsistent, the world would be a dull and uninteresting place to live in; which is an excellent reason why we should extoll consistency.

Socialists all over the world advocate the "conquest of political power" as the one and only method of destroying capitalism and the inauguration of the Co-operative Commonwealth. It is true Socialists differ in their methods of electioneering, some indulging in phrases sweet to the ear, as "voting a means of gauging their strength," "serving notice on the capitalist," and so on, to differentiate them from their—to them—less revolutionary brethren; but as the needle turns to the pole, so do all Marxians in the end turn to the "conquest of political power" by parliamentary methods. And here let us say that by "political" methods the Socialists really mean parliamentary methods. Acts of regicide, General Strike, or armed uprising may be, and usually are, political in character, but they are decidedly not parliamentary. It may safely be assumed that not more than one per cent. of the Socialists mean anything but electioneering when they speak of the conquest of political power, as a visit to their meetings or perusal of their publications will prove.

The strength of the Socialist movement is computed at eleven million, which means that in countries where there is full or partial suffrage eleven million adults *voted* for Socialist candidates for office. With this in mind, we are sometimes amused, but more often im-

patient, at their fulminations against the inevitable result of their tactics, the case of N. Briand being the latest in point.

The advent of N. Briand, former revolutionary Socialist and anti-militarist, to the place of Prime Minister of France is not surprising and should not give rise to congratulation or condemnation. It was the natural and logical conclusion of a policy and that thing the Socialists dilate on so strongly—environment. It is true, M. Lepine, Prefect of Police of Paris, will still continue to suppress, wherever possible, revolutionary demonstrations; anti-militarists will be condemned by "Comrade" Briand as by his capitalistic predecessors; private plunder protected with due diligence; in short, things will continue precisely as they did under the "red republican" and former revolutionist M. Clemenceau. Why? The answer is obvious. France is still a prey to the fetich of property, church, government, patriotism, and other superstitions, and M. Briand accepts office with the tacit, if not outspoken, recognition of this fact and an informal promise to his employers not to run counter to them. In this respect he is no different from any man elected or appointed to office. While a member of the Combes Cabinet, Clemenceau brought a storm of censure upon his head for temporizing with strikers and marching under the red flag. He *did* temporize with them, and if his previous struggles for liberty count for anything in our estimation of his character, he was doubtlessly quite sincere in his promises to try and remedy the strikers' grievances. The strikers had been tricked so often they declined to accept his promises. Thus he was face to face with two problems, resign from office or call out the troops to crush them. He chose the latter, with results well known. It was the same with Millerand, when he ordered out troops to suppress strikers, and we assume he will act the same as a member of Briand's Cabinet as of Waldeck-Rousseau's. The same with John Burns in his attack on the unemployed. When a man is elected or appointed to a governmental office, his position is analogous to the man hired by a private capitalist. His business is to look after the interests of his employer. The Socialists see this quite clearly as long as it relates merely to what may be

defined as a cabinet of a capitalistic government; but they cannot see it from any other angle. If a Socialist were elected governor of New York State in November he would be expected to obey the laws; if he did not, he would be impeached. If called on for troops to suppress strikers, he would be compelled to furnish them or prove they were not needed. It's true, Altgeld refused to call out troops in the Pullman strike, but his reasons were those of any honest man, a believer in capitalism. That is, they were not needed because the strikers were not committing acts of violence. The action of Briand, Viviani, and Millerand in entering a "Republican Cabinet" is no more and no less inconsistent than any Socialist Mayor in France—there are a number of them—who is at present defending capitalistic interests by enforcing capitalistic laws on behalf of property and sending people to jail for disobeying those laws. Parliamentarians are aware that Socialism will never hinge on one bill in Congress or the Legislature; and until such time as they would be in full power, and able and willing to change the laws they found on the statute books, they would be supposed to enforce them. If a Socialist were elected Mayor of New York it would be his duty to jail (through his Commissioner of Police) hungry women who stole bread, and strikers who "slugged" "scabs" for taking their jobs; and in this respect he would be no worse than those who enter a "capitalistic cabinet." Life is a compromise, true enough; but if a modicum of purity and self-respect is to be maintained, politics must be eschewed. It is as certain as anything can be that the Socialists now denouncing Briand—and rightly so—as a traitor, for co-operating with capitalists in the formation of a Republican cabinet, will at the next election make promises equally dishonest because equally impossible of realization. It may be honest and to the best interests of Socialism to flirt with Prohibition and restriction of immigration; but in the light of the Communist Manifesto they make strange bed-fellows, and we have no doubt many a Socialist will have to wrestle with his conscience before swallowing the platform adopted by the last Socialist convention. Our own opinion of platforms was voiced by Horace Greely, who said: "Platforms were made to spit on."

ANARCHISM AND MALTHUS

By C. L. JAMES.

(Concluded)

REFUTATIONS continue to rain, however. Of these criticisms which show only the writer's limited acquaintance with his subject (and they are the immense majority) it is unnecessary to say more. There are, however, two kinds not uncommonly heard from persons who know what they are talking about. One disputes the validity of the geometric and arithmetical ratios.* A sufficient reply was given by Mill. The increase of unchecked population is geometrical. That of food may be more than arithmetical. But what is the use of talking about increase of food when geometrical increase of population, if it did not bring back the Positive Check in other ways, as, of course, it would, must soon restore that Check in the inexorable form of crowding? The other criticism, much more practical, is perhaps intended only as a criticism, not a refutation; but if this be meant the critics ought to say so,—first, in order to clear themselves of identification with the Sadlers, Godwins, Coleridges, De Quinceys, Georges, and others whose refuted refuta-

* To illustrate again the facility with which these things may be misunderstood, dependent on the complexity of that relation which some try to evade by calling it a truism—I have said here, in the name of Malthus, too, that what enables a high rate of propagation to go on is increase of the death-rate. But the death-rate, from all causes and in all places of statistical census taken together, has decreased notably since we began to have reliable returns (which is only since about 1700 A. D.); and what little we know about earlier times indicates that the death-rate has always decreased, on the whole, since men emerged from the grazing state of savagery, where the average duration of life is said to be only thirteen years. How do these statements agree? Simply enough. Who said propagation had gone on unslackened? The reasoning of Malthus, and mine, has all been to the effect that the Prudential Check has gained on the Positive almost continuously since men emerged from utter barbarism, except where increased facility of living has, for a time, caused it to be neglected. Wherever that happens—as when a prairie changes into a Chicago—we may see that the death-rate does increase as soon as that facility of living which relaxed the Prudential Check encourages propagation sufficiently to recall the Positive.

tions ring hollow down the corridors of time; secondly, that they may avoid exercising a pernicious influence upon readers less informed than themselves. The criticism is based on the obvious fact that since Malthus wrote, wealth, at least in England, has increased much faster than population—a fact from whose significance the one word emigration takes a great deal—but here become possible suggestions which make this criticism a phase of the others—we do not know what intenser cultivation may effect—the actual habits of mankind are not such as to bring in the Positive Check, etc., etc. “Speak unto us smooth things; prophesy unto us deceits!” We do know that intenser cultivation will never banish need for the Prudential Check: and the habits of mankind are such as to invite the Positive when they are such as to invite wars for a harbor or a diamond mine every few years. I am sorry to say that Kropotkin’s *Fields, Factories and Workshops*, contains passages which are adapted (I cannot believe intended) to encourage in careless readers the loose idea that “everything is lovely” except certain human institutions (which, saving only the subjection of women, are not causes but effects).

To conclude the story of Malthus. One of the lies is that he had thirteen children! He had three, of whom only two survived him. His wife came from a part of England which he is known to have visited many years before. It is probable there was a long engagement. Malthus certainly was a good deal older at marriage than the average. His life and teachings appear, therefore, to have been entirely consistent. Among the many attempts to refute him one was by suggesting that man in his developed state might be above the desire of sex, and that the need for propagation might be superseded by terrestrial immortality! Malthus treated this fully as respectfully as it deserved. He said that, while bondage to the desire was a potent source of vice and misery, the desire itself was a principal source of the moral virtues and of happiness, with which it would be by no means desirable, if it were credible, that mankind in general should dispense. The effect of these discussions on Godwin’s active imagination may be seen on comparing his famous novels. *Caleb Williams* (1794) gives no hint of anything supernatural. It is a powerful arraignment

of "*Things As They Are*." In *St. Leon* (1832) the hero attains terrestrial immortality, and, like the Wandering Jew, finds it the greatest of all imaginable curses; but, pervading the story is the subthought of Godwin's invincible Optimism—a Salathiel, a St. Leon, would not be miserable in a world where all the people were immortal. The time which Godwin chose for his attempt at refuting Malthus is also significant—it was in 1820, when Ricardo was deducing from the Malthusian theory corollaries whose legitimacy no one then seems to have disputed except Malthus himself. Malthus died, from disease of the heart, in 1834, the sixty-eighth year of his age. Godwin followed on the 7th of April, 1836. Of the two, Malthus had best maintained his philosophic dignity. The Anarchist Godwin stooped to accept a sinecure office from the Liberal administration of Earl Grey. Malthus declined the tardy favor offered by government to him. "In their death," says the best biographer of Malthus, "they were still divided; but, *si quis piorum animis locus*, they are divided no longer, and think hard thoughts of each other no more."

Before the eyes of both there was growing up a power unobserved of either, but predestined to solve their problem. Commerce could never cheapen itself out of existence while population, varying with cheapness of food, kept up the struggle for existence: nor, though commerce which cannot do that teaches solidarity, could it prevent recurrence of those crises when "the eyeless I howls in darkness." But increase of the Prudential Check on population has always kept up with, or rather it has gone before and been the source of, economic progress. Its increase has depended on that of hope, this on increase of liberty, increase of liberty on those "accidents" by which Providence has from time to time interfered to give men intent on enslaving each other and themselves another call to reflection. If, then, there be a tendency in the bourgeois system which brings liberty and hope to women; from that we really may expect revolutionary changes. For the female is the less amorous sex. The last proposition, which certainly does sound rather like a stock assertion, may have been unknown to both Godwin and Malthus. But no reader of Darwin can help knowing that it has been demonstrated

by exhaustive application to every animal species and been found the clue to progress through heredity. Women have never chosen to breed food for gunpowder. They have submitted to do so only because they could not help themselves. Now there is in the bourgeois system a tendency which, by bringing liberty and hope to women, promises far more energetic restraint on propagation than the world has ever known,—a tendency which capitalists view with indifference; reactionaries, and Socialists, not infrequently, with alarm; judicious friends of humanity, with unmixed satisfaction. The wages paid directly to women in the factories first afforded to proletarian women, unprotected by settlements and other contrivances of the rich, a means to live which was not easily taken from them. True to the maxim that it is not misery but hope which works improvement, they, who till now had been well enough content not to own themselves, became refractory the moment they had something to lose. The entire modern movement for the property rights of married women, equality of pay with men for all working women, opening of all the trades to women, political equality of the sexes, easy divorce, began with employment of women as bread-winners, which came in as a necessity of the bourgeois situation. That complete emancipation of women, defect in food for gunpowder, cessation of war, the downfall of those appliances for plunder which war created, are all threatened by this movement, there can be no occasion for me to prove. Mr. Roosevelt will show you that—and afterwards gnash his teeth.

The Malthusian Theory is the fatal objection to every form of Socialism, even if called Anarchism, which encourages man to think that he can enslave women and escape the most righteous retribution of being a slave himself. It is the strongest possible argument for that kind of Socialism or Anarchism which proposes, through complete emancipation of women, to abolish the fundamental tyranny from whence all others spring.



OUR FIGHT

By E. G.

OF all the forces that help to enslave man, that of habit is the most pernicious. Not a superstition or prejudice can compare in its binding and fettering influence on human action with the power of habit.

Take, for instance, the police of New York or other cities. For years they have practiced the habit of stopping meetings, clubbing audiences, bullying speakers and hallkeepers. Had they met with any real opposition, interference might never have become a habit.

After all, the police are not interested in whatever a speaker may say; nor is their official zeal so very intense that they would go out of their way to annoy people. It is simply the habit of annoying or interference, that's all.

It is also the force of habit that will make the people submit, meekly, to police bullying.

The public has endured arbitrary, brutal treatment so long, until it has gotten quite used to it. The inevitable result is that the police invade the people's rights, suppress free speech, act brutally, because of the same reason that makes the public cringe and bow and submit; namely, the force of habit.

Sometimes, however, two habits may clash and then it will depend on the strength of either as to who shall remain the victor.

The habit of rebellion, for instance, has overcome the most deeply rooted habit of submission. True, there are not many with whom rebellion becomes a habit. Most people are inspired by the moment and then slink back into the old indifferent state. But there are a few whose very blood nurtures rebellion into a habit; and though they meet with a thousand obstacles, they will continue to rebel, even if their lives were at stake.

Such must have been the force that gave birth to the Free Speech Committee. If it were not for the habit of rebellion, the men and women who formed themselves into that fighting body could never have undertaken such a task.

First, there was the time-worn habit of the police to

grow violently mad at the "red sounding" term of Anarchism and Emma Goldman.

Second, there was the habit of inconsistency on the part of many radicals, who stand for free speech, with a "but" dangling at free speech.

Third, the Committee realized that the interest in principles is not so great as to induce many people to part with some of their worldly goods; yet money was needed.

But, habit came along and cried, Onward. What else was there to do but heed?

On May 23rd the police habit of interference reached its culminating point in the breaking up of a literary meeting, the forcible eviction of an audience, and the impudent police declaration that Emma Goldman will never again be allowed to speak in New York.

Two months later Emma Goldman did speak in a public meeting, and what is more, not a single uniformed officer was present.

How wonderful! Nothing so very wonderful, except the clash of habits in open battle with the habit of rebellion carrying off the victory.

No doubt, the change in the police department of New York City may have had something to do with the new methods of the police. New York is too cosmopolitan and advanced a city to stand for a military régime. Bingham, while a tin soldier, was nevertheless possessed by the military spirit. What he could not suppress with iron methods, he would make impossible with lies and meanness. The new Commissioner probably has more brains, is therefore amenable to reason. At any rate, we welcome the change. But it is not that alone that has helped to disperse the cloud of despotism that made every Anarchist public utterance in New York impossible.

The credit is due chiefly to the strenuous efforts of the Free Speech Committee.

The demand for free speech, signed by a hundred public-spirited men and women and circulated all over the country, worked like magic.

The protest meeting at Cooper Union aroused a great deal of enthusiasm, while the broad-minded attitude of the *Chicago Public* and the *St. Louis Mirror* contributed towards the enlightenment of some "good" people as to

the real status of free speech. But most of all it was the unceasing energy of a few optimistic spirits who persevered in exercising "hypnotic influence" on police headquarters.

Thus it came to pass that free speech could be re-established in New York City, partially at least, and that Newark, Jersey City, and Brooklyn have also been rescued from the habit of police invasion.

All this, however, should lead no one astray. So long as free speech must go knocking at the doors of every chief or captain, it is nowhere at home and therefore never safe.

The Free Speech Committee realizes this; it is therefore determined to continue in its habit of opposition to invasion until free speech can assert itself without special privileges.

There are scores of cities in America where free speech has been thrown upon the dust-heap. The Free Speech Committee means to carry its fight into these benighted towns. Philadelphia, Providence, Worcester, Buffalo, Chicago, Indianapolis are to be treated to a dose of the rebellious habit until free speech becomes a reality.

Ours is a material world, and while the spirit is one of the greatest assets for a good fight, material aid is needed.

If the readers of MOTHER EARTH, too, have the habit of rebellion, they will feel impelled to send part of it in the form of a check to our valued Chairman, Leonard Abbott, 41 W. 25th Street, New York City.

The habit of being a target for the police is quite strong with me. I do not mind it a bit, as they are poor shots, and therefore can inflict no vital wound.

I shall therefore go right on to every place in the land and leave it only when I have established free speech as a right, and not as a privilege.

✻ ✻ ✻

AN EXPERIENCE

By ROLAND D. SAWYER.

I WAS sitting in the Pullman diner between Buffalo and Chicago. We were going along at the clip of a mile a minute, a matter which Franklin Wentworth says is sufficient evidence that humanity can be trusted. Two well-groomed, large-bellied business men seated them-

selves before me, and one, pulling out a five-dollar bill, said, "We will eat that up for breakfast." They ate their bill to the tune of \$4.50, tipped the waiter the odd half, and passed forward into the drinking car. (Our temperance people have not yet dared to annoy the rich man's saloon.) I came out a little later to find two brakemen yanking up through the trap door a poor devil who was stealing a ride.

I interceded in his behalf and mildly suggested that the poor fellow was not to blame for riding there, that he would just as soon ride in the same comfort we were having, if he could. But the matter-of-fact response was, that the brakemen were there to stop such annoyance to those *who paid*, and the fellow was turned over to the police at the next stop. And I thought with bitterness of the institutions of society that make some roll in wealth, others to suffer with want, and the vast army of officials, hands, police, helpers, etc., who stand ready for a little pay from the rich to protect them from any annoyance from the poor.



THE OLD STOIC

By EMILY BRONTË.

*Riches I hold in light esteem,
And love I laugh to scorn;
The lust of fame was but a dream
That vanished with the morn.*

*And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me,
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty."*

*Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death, a shameless soul,
With courage to endure.*

...NOTICE...

Readers of MOTHER EARTH having old copies of *Solidarity*, *The Rebel*, or other publications containing articles by John H. Edelman, would render a great favor to his son and to the writer by sending same to me at this office. Comrade Edelman's son, now growing to manhood, would like to acquaint himself with his father's work. Hence this appeal.

H. KELLY.

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WITH LOVE AND LIBERTY

By MARY HANSEN.

*Live with love, nor mourn your loss, and laugh when
you will,
There's light enough in the heavens yet, and the sun falls
on the hill.
In the eyes of love there is hope, his heart holds trust,
We'll live with the things that live; and joy in their lust.
Live for love, and the world's well lost (thy world of
bread and swill).
For we've anxious hearts and willing hands and minds
that will.
We'll build our world on hope and toil and salt with
laughter and song;
Our children shall be of the sweetest that are—the fairest
and strong.
For we've need of men on the old worn earth who build
as they go,
Who do and dare where need there is, who live their
thoughts, and know
That the very least of human kind have claims on life.
There's space for all to build and live; no need of strife;
So we'll wander abroad on the broad old earth and share
our laughter still,
We'll scorn your cities of gilded crime, and live as we
will.*

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

SOME people are apt to grow hysterical over the "violence of labor," in time of strikes. Thus we hear a great deal these days about the bloodshed committed by the McKees Rocks workingmen. But as a matter of fact, fewer persons have been killed and crippled since the strike than during any equal length of time when the mills were running.

The talk about strikers' violence is as insincere as it is baseless. Much human blood, indeed, is being spilled in this free land of ours. But it is the blood of workingmen. Strikers, as a rule, are entirely too continent in this regard. To preach "peaceful methods" to slaves driven to the last extremity of endurance, is treason to humanity. It serves to break man's spirit of resistance, reduces labor to abject servility, and encourages tyranny and oppression.

The most important American strikes during the last twenty years have been lost to labor. Defeat was due to lack of industrial organization, and the passivity and reliance on the "peaceful methods" advised by mis-leaders. "Don't alienate public sentiment by law-breaking," is the pious advice to starving strikers. Yet "public sentiment" does not seem to be alienated by the violence of the masters. In the mad rush for the Almighty Dollar the good public's main "sentiment" is not to have "business" interfered with. Strikes are apt to obstruct the chariot of commerce.

Labor must learn that it is not bound to respect the laws of the enemy, and that public sentiment is too indifferent to justice to fight the toilers' battle. They must fight it themselves, realizing that a determined, aggressive attitude alone can compel respect and victory. Strike quickly and promptly, in the most vulnerable spot of the exploiter: his pocket.

But such direct, decisive action, to be effective, must be based on the intelligent co-operation of *all* the workers of any given industry. Craft unionism has been tried and found wanting. To persist in the old near-sighted policy of weakening labor by vicious division would be suicide. Emancipation lies on the road of industrial organization, solidaric co-operation, and revolutionary application.

ORGANIZED labor is apparently highly edified over the results of Samuel Gompers' tour of "investigation." Great preparations are being made to welcome the conquering hero home. Tens of thousands of workingmen will celebrate his return by parading the streets of Washington.

Gompers went abroad to study economic conditions in general and the labor movement of European countries in particular. The results of his observations have appeared in letters published by a press syndicate, copyrighted for the private benefit of Gompers, notwithstanding the fact (be it incidentally noted) that labor has been taxed to defray the expenses of Gompers' tour.

The poverty of the unskilled workers of Europe seems to have a peculiar effect on the soft-hearted President of the American Federation of Labor. He hastens to draw a comparison between the "well-to-do American laborer and the European pauper," ignoring the oft proved fact that in spite of their poverty European workingmen receive more in wages, proportionately to their product, than their better situated American brothers. So far as his "economic observations" are concerned, Gompers' tour was decidedly not a success. More reliable information can be gained from the proper statistics.

In regard to the labor movement we hardly needed Mr. Gompers to inform us that the methods of European unions could not be applied to American conditions. Indeed not. Revolutionary and anti-militaristic tactics are "impracticable" in a country whose trade organizations are still dancing to the tune of the eternal fraternity of master and slave.

The French *Confédération du Travail* Mr. Gompers characterizes as Anarchistic, consisting of an element incapable of appreciating the glorious spirit of American institutions. In this Mr. Gompers is quite right. The plutocracy of France could have never committed the outrages of Coeur d'Alène, Boise City, Colorado, or Pennsylvania, without precipitating a General Strike. That would certainly be entirely out of keeping with the spirit of American labor, as witness the latter's absolute indifference toward the McKees Rocks and similar horrors.

Mr. Gompers plays his trump card by making a strenuous effort to prove how inefficient our methods would be in the face of the intensive exploitation on the part of European capitalism. He carefully ignores to mention how efficient said methods have been *at home*.

Summed up, Gompers' trip looks more like an interesting, though not perhaps entirely pleasant, vacation than anything else. In France he was scorned, in Germany ridiculed, in Austria derided. Deservedly so. For his equivocal attitude, especially in regard to the international solidarity of labor, has completely discredited his sincerity and integrity.

European workingmen are too intelligent, too Anarchistic, if you will, Mr. Gompers, to be imposed upon by the Dr. Cook of American craft unionism.

* * *

THE identity of interests between capital and labor is daily receiving more drastic confirmation. When the present tariff on steel and iron was being considered, the manufacturers set up the plea that protection for their product would accrue to the benefit of their employees. Congress passed the desired tariff, and the Steel Trust at once proceeded to demonstrate its good faith and the celebrated "identity of interests" by reducing the wages of its workingmen.

We should be grateful for such salutary lessons. Their repetition will help to awaken the Atlas of Toil from his Rip Van Winkle sleep.

* * *

FAT men are generally supposed to be jolly. We are not close enough to the President to volunteer an opinion on this rather delicate subject. However, there is no doubt that Taft possesses a well developed sense of humor. He, the foremost pillar of capitalism, has ordered an investigation of the greatest American trust and the President's chief financial elector, the United Steel Corporation. It is said that the Roman augurs could not pass each other without a smile of derision over the people's stupidity. Taft roars when he meets the high priests of Mammon.

It need not be enlarged upon that the Federal investigators will not ascertain the real truth as to the peonage

prevailing in the McKees Rocks, Butler, New Castle, or any other constituent plant of the Steel Trust. It is not to the interest of the government to probe too deeply into the "interests" of the plutocracy. The two are identical. The investigation is designed to delude the people into believing that Taft's sympathies are with oppressed labor. But the latter's memory must be short, indeed, if it has forgotten Injunction Bill's judicial record. He has ever been faithful to his constituency, the exploiters. No harm to them is meant by his investigation.

The degradation and slavery to which the workers in Pennsylvania and labor in general have been reduced, can neither be "investigated," nor reformed. But when the people learn to realize into what depths of misery and servitude our Christian civilization has plunged them, governmental investigation will be replaced by popular revolution.

* * *

THE summer season has brought numerous complaints of rowdyism on subway and "L" trains by the young hoodlum, that by-product of our present-day civilization. In common with brothers Harriman and Morgan, he likes to trample on those weaker than himself; women and children are his particular game, although he is not averse to assaulting members of his own sex, if size and preponderance of numbers are on his side. Public spirited (?) citizens, editors of newspapers among them, who decline to concern themselves with such things as cause and effect, and cannot see the hoodlum as a part of a bigger question, clamor for his suppression. In this clamor the city magistrates have come in for a good deal of censure because of their lenient treatment of these malefactors. In reply to such criticism, P. T. Barlow, President of the Board of City Magistrates, rises to explain the reasons for this "humanitarian conduct" in the following manner:

I know from experience that often the Magistrate is unwilling to convict in these cases unless the offence is more than ordinarily serious, for the reason that a conviction even in this small matter of disorderly conduct debars the defendant forever from both the police force and the fire department, and, I believe, from all civil service positions under the Federal, State, and municipal commissions.

I say this in no wise as an apology either for myself or my colleagues, but simply as an explanation.

There it is, naked and unashamed. The superior person who protects our life and property serves his apprenticeship trampling down inoffensive men, women, and children who happen to come in his way. Magistrates being truthful men, Mr. P. T. Barlow should be crowned with a wreath of laurel: not for making this remarkable "discovery," but for letting in a flood of light on this vexed question as to the recruiting ground of our guardians of law and order. We want the hoodlum suppressed as much as the *N. Y. Sun* or Magistrate Barlow, but our methods differ radically from both. A larger culture and higher civilization is the only effective means. Meanwhile, as an "immediate demand," we object to the "Barlow idea."

* * *

IT will interest the producer no less than the consumer to know that, according to the Department of Agriculture, the egg crop in this country for the last ten years has averaged about one and three-quarter billion dozen a year. The "mean farm price of eggs" has risen from 11.15 cents a dozen in 1899 to 18.3 cents a dozen in 1909. In other words, the American consumers are paying \$125,000,000 more for the same quantity of eggs to-day than they did ten years ago. A correspondent asks, very pertinently, whether it costs a hen 65 per cent. more to lay an egg in 1909 than it did in 1898. We would supplement this question by another: Are the people now 65 per cent. more foolish than they were ten years ago?

* * *

PERHAPS the greatest curse of our mercenary age is the venality of the press. The average journalist is the incorrigible prostitute of Mammon. Irrevocably sold to the highest bidder, he dare not tell the truth, nor call his soul his own. But the angry rumblings of world-wide discontent fill the journalistic harlots with alarm, and the frequent lightning flashes on the social horizon strike their craven hearts with terror and force a cry of illuminating despair.

Thus a recent editorial in the *Pittsburg Leader*:

"A wave of discontent has swept over Europe. Americans are asking what is the matter with Europe."

In the Pittsburg and other industrial districts of this country strikes have revealed a spirit of discontent and the miserable conditions surrounding a large body of workmen. Europe is asking what is the matter with America.

Possibly a careful diagnosis of the cases would disclose the fact that the spirit of discontent is rooted in the same soil.

Time and history prove that the masses suffer long without protest. But there comes the final straw which breaks the camel's back.

The masses seek relief. When their pleas and protests are unheeded, there are uprisings, and governments tremble and totter.

Spanish workingmen refused to shed blood and contribute from their resources to fight the Moors because there was no national interest in the war. They say it was brought about by the Spanish speculators in mining concessions. The Spanish workingmen appealed to their government in vain, and the madness of Barcelona resulted.

To the appropriation of government powers to the few is credited the gigantic strike in Sweden, the home of one of the most industrious nations in the world. Their protest is in the form of a strike.

The great strike of France is still fresh in the public memory. The French government trembled, and ominous clouds over-shadowed Paris.

Abdul Hamid was removed from his throne after a reign of graft and the granting of special privileges to the favored few.

The Russian Tsar found his throne a mine after he had sent thousands of his subjects to their death in Manchuria and spent the nation's millions to guard private interests. The protection of the autocracy and the neglect of the masses and their interests brought the Anarchist and Nihilist forward and resulted in strikes, riot, and bloodshed.

The Persian Shah fell from his shaking throne. In the South American countries one revolution follows another, because the greedy few oppress the people and grow rich while the masses starve.

In Great Britain statesmen have attempted to drown the spirit of discontent in national pride, by placing the

German bugaboo before the masses. The English commoners are struggling under a huge national debt and taxes which break the backs of the masses, while the five hundred peers, who own one-fourth of the land, and the ten thousand persons, who own four-fifths of it, escape by the payment of a pittance to the government.

Since this wave of discontent appeared in its incipency, the people have been appealing in vain to their governments. Their pleadings reached ears of stone and hearts of adamant until the uprisings came and they were calmed with promises or starved into submission.

But the favorite few continue to enjoy their special privileges. They will not believe that the seed of discontent has fallen upon fertile soil.

And in America, in the Pittsburg district—well, he who will turn an ear and eye can hear and see and understand.

This country is not without its special privilege class. The land of the free is rapidly becoming the country of special privileges. Washington hurriedly turns an ear to the few who hold the railroads and industries of the country within their grasp. When the appeal of the workman reaches the seat of government, a deaf ear is turned and the eye is closed.

In fiery letters the warning is written over the face of Europe.

Our Republic is too closely following the course of the tottering governments of Europe.

The privilege class is feasting on the fat of the land.
But the handwriting has appeared upon the wall."



THE PENNSYLVANIA CONSTABULARY AND THE McKEES ROCKS STRIKE

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

EVEN before the memorable days of the Homestead strike, of 1892, there was a law on the statute books of Pennsylvania forbidding the importation of armed men from other States. Heavy penalties were attached to the offence.

However, when the Carnegie Steel Company was preparing to destroy the Association of Amalgamated Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, the then Chairman of the Company, H. C. Frick, imported armed Pinkertons from Chicago and New York to intimidate and shoot down the locked-out men. The history of that great struggle is well known. But when the strike was finally settled, public sentiment forced the District Attorney of Allegheny County to bring charges of murder against Frick and other officials of the Carnegie Company, they being legally responsible for the atrocious deeds of their imported myrmidons.

Naturally, the authorities felt too much respect for the Carnegie-Frick millions to press the charge of murder. It was feared that a jury of citizens might possibly send the Carnegie officials to prison. The cases were therefore never permitted to come to trial. But the popular outcry against the importation of armed ruffians became so strong that the Pennsylvania legislature was forced to action. The already existing statute was amended, making the importation of armed men treason against the State, punishable with death.

The industrial Tsars of Pennsylvania were not at all pleased with the situation. The new law expressly forbade the employment of Pinkertons, foreign or local. The people execrated their very name. It would be risky to face a charge of treason. The local Iron & Coal Police were not sufficient to "deal effectively" with great strikes; nor was it financially advisable to keep a large private standing army who would have to be paid even when there were no strikers to be shot.

The coke, coal, and steel interests of Pennsylvania (practically the same concern) faced a difficult problem. They were preparing to wage a bitter war against organized labor, fully determined to annihilate the last vestiges of unionism among their employees. It was to be done effectively, yet economically. A very difficult problem. At last the solution was found. A high-priced steel lawyer struck the right key. It was quite simple. Why risk popular wrath, possible prosecution for treason and murder, by employing Pinkertons? Why even go to the expense of hiring an army of private guards? It would be far cheaper and safer to have the great State of Pennsylvania act as their Pinkerton. What is the State for if not to protect the lords of money and subdue grumbling labor? The good taxpayers will do the paying.

A bill was introduced in the legislature. Just a little bill. On its face it looked quite harmless. Some burglaries had been committed in the outlying western counties; the local police, it was said, could not cover the extensive territory; the smaller towns and villages were too poor to increase their police forces. The State should protect the weak. Let it therefore organize a special force to take care of the more obscure districts. Only that. Their sole duty would be to patrol the unprotected places.

The astute steel and coal lawyer knew how to make the proposed law look inoffensive. It passed without opposition.

No time was lost in the organization of the newly created State police, called constabulary. But the hasty passage of the law, the unusually large appropriation made for the purpose of organizing a "small patrolling body," the almost dictatorial powers vested in its commander, and the latter's militant attitude from the very beginning, soon began to arouse misgivings on the part of organized labor. But their fears were quickly allayed with the assurance "from authoritative sources" that "honest workingmen had nothing to fear" from the constabulary. These were merely to patrol the outlying, unprotected districts; they would not mix in local affairs; they had nothing to do with strikes; they'd be good.

The average man has great trust in the word of authority. The workingman especially is trained—at home, in school, shop, and union—to respect the powers that be. Therefore, when the Governor of the great State of Pennsylvania personally assured some protesting labor men that “honest workingmen had nothing to fear from the constabulary,” it was considered complete proof that all was well.

Then the constabulary got into action. It was recruited from the most brutal and savage social elements. Proven recklessness of human life was an indispensable qualification. The reputation of having “killed his man” was the standard of admission. It was the widely-heralded ambition of the constabulary’s commander to make his force a “terror to evil-doers.” He openly boasted the motto, “Shoot to kill.” The pay of his men was generous.

It was not long before the real mission of the State troopers became evident. They made no attempt to do mere patrol duty. Instead, the least sign of dissatisfaction among men employed on the highways, track-layers, miners, and coke workers would immediately result in a descent of troopers. They terrorized the foreign workingmen, clubbing and shooting indiscriminately, and even invading peaceful homes in the dead of night to search for alleged weapons and to drag their unfortunate victims to prison, forcing them to run over miles of rough country chained to the saddles of the galloping horses.

The name “trooper” soon grew to be a terror, indeed. They quickly earned the reputation they aspired to, proving themselves more inhumane and cruel than Russian Cossacks.

It gradually became the established custom to employ the constabulary in strikes. Clothed with full power over life and death, absolutely arbitrary and irresponsible, they have terrorized the whole of Western Pennsylvania, participating in every strike since their organization. The brutality with which they have helped the traction company of New Castle to break the street car strike of two years ago is still fresh in the memory of the people. They have acted in similar manner in every recent struggle between

capital and labor in the great Keystone State, planting hatred and vengeance in the heart of the populace, and leaving devastation, ruined homes, and orphaned children in their wake. These modern Janisaries superseded by force of arms local administrations, usurped their jurisdiction, and established a veritable red reign of terror. The sovereign authority of Pennsylvania indeed became the Pinkerton of the industrial despots. But the wind that plutocracy and the State sowed is already beginning to bear fruit. The whirlwind is approaching.

* * *

Properly speaking, there can be no such thing as an unjust strike. The exploited are always justified in resisting their despoilers, by every means at hand. But if never a strike was justified, that at McKees Rocks was imperative. It would be impossible to exaggerate the terrible conditions prevalent in the Pressed Steel Car Company's mills. The oppression of the workingmen became so great that a strike proved the sole alternative. When it is considered that the strikers were not organized and that they were nearly all recent immigrants—Poles, Hungarians, and Greeks—it will be realized that the resort to a strike must have indeed been the only hope left.

The working conditions in the mills are incredible. The employees were practically the slaves of the company. Peonage was the established system. It is euphoniously called the Baldwin contract or "pooling" method. It consists in parcelling out of lots of work to a foreman, who contracts to do it for a certain sum, the amount to be divided pro rata among the men under him. This system is as fatal to the interests of the employees as it is beneficial to the company. The latter determines arbitrarily the price it will pay for a car, and then apportions the same among the gang-foremen of the different departments. All spoiled material is charged up to the pool; that is, to the workmen who are lumped together in the group making a given car. All blunders of foremen, all the avoidable and unavoidable accidents of construction, are charged up against the pool. No workman knows, till he gets his pay check, how much he is going to

receive; and then it is usually so little as to be hardly worth wondering about. Here is a sworn statement of a series of pay checks received by these men who are being "protected against pauper labor":

June 15, 1909.

	Per Hour
Check No. 5,023—Received for 5 days' work, \$3.95.....	8c.
Check No. 4,621—Received for 2 days' work, 40c.....	2c.
Check No. 4,495—Received for 7 days' work, \$3.80.....	5½c.

June 30, 1909.

Check No. 4,753—Received for 3 days' work, \$3.85.....	13c.
Check No. 8,014—Received for 4 days' work, 90c.....	2½c.
Check No. 8,134—Received for 13 days' work, \$18.85.....	14½c.
Check No. 7,213—Received for 4 days' work, \$5.10.....	12¾c.
Check No. 6,588—Received for 14 days' work, \$16.80.....	12c.
Check No. 5,016—Received for 4 days' work, \$4.15.....	10¾c.
Check No. 4,050—Received for 9 days' work, \$10.35.....	11½c.
Check No. 4,950—Received for 5 days' work, \$3.45.....	7c.
Check No. 4,912—Received for 4 days' work, \$4.00.....	10c.

The lowest wages, the worst working conditions, the most brutal treatment designed to deaden every human impulse and instinct, graft, robbery and even worse, the swapping of human souls, the souls of women, for the lives of their babies, have for years marked the Pressed Steel Car Works as the most outrageous of all the outrageous plants in the United States. The "slaughter house" is the most expressive name that could be given to the plant, although it has other claims to rank as a strong side show of Inferno. Workingmen are slaughtered every day; not killed, but slaughtered. Their very deaths are unknown to all save the workers who see their bodies hacked and butchered by the relentless machinery and death traps which fill the big works. Their families, of course, know that the bread stops coming. But the public, and even the coroner, are ignorant of the hundreds of deaths by slaughter which form the unwritten records of the Pressed Steel Car Plant. These deaths are never reported. The men are unknown by name except to their families and their intimates. To others they are known as "No. 999" or some other, furnished on a check by the "slaughter house" company for the convenience of its paymasters. A human life is worth less than a rivet. Rivets cost money.

It is against these conditions that the workers of McKees Rocks rebelled. Endurance had reached its utmost limit, and yet the company refused to abolish the pool system and turned a deaf ear to the prayer for arbitration. But starving in idleness could be no worse than starving at work. Thus the men were forced to strike. And here let it be noted that the five thousand strikers entirely lacked any organization, while the only men who remained at work were those employed in the "crane and tool department," a machinist local and member of the American Federation of Labor. These "union" men continued to serve their masters till the tying up of the other departments forced them to join the strikers.

The ever-ready capitalist tool, the State, hastened to the aid of the atrocious Steel Car Company. The rebellious spirit of the workers had to be broken, the men forced back into their slavery, and an object lesson taught to dissatisfied labor at large. The constabulary proceeded to do their bloody work, rivaling the methods of Russian Cossacks. They clubbed to death and shot to kill; they broke up the strikers' homes, evicting sick women and suckling babes into the cold of the night. The bloodhounds of greed and power left nothing undone to break the strike, perpetrating unspeakable outrages and ruthlessly sacrificing workmen's lives.

Against these terrible odds the strikers have now withstood almost two months. Perhaps there is not another instance in the whole history of this country's labor movement of such a wonderful struggle of labor against capital. Unorganized, without friends or money, these despised "foreigners" have single-handed fought the rich and powerful Steel Car Company, with its private police, State constabulary, strike-breakers, and—last, but not least—its subsidized press. Nor did these brave strikers have to battle against their enemies alone. Alleged friends, organized workers, made stupid by their antiquated union tactics, directly aided the cause of the masters. Indeed, good "union" engineers, firemen, brakemen, and telegraph operators brought the murderous Cossacks and the scabs to McKees Rocks, and the National Executive of the Amer-

ican Federation of Labor turned a deaf ear to the cries of their bleeding comrades. Great indeed were the odds against these victims of modern slavery. But yet greater was their courage, their determination and loyalty, and faithful and staunch were their women folk, battling side by side with their husbands, sweethearts, and brothers, encouraging and inspiring.

The world loves a good fighter. The heroism of the striking McKees Rocks slaves has conquered the respect and admiration of the world. They have won a greater victory than the mere recognition of their demands by the Pressed Steel Car Company. They have destroyed the myth of their undesirability as members of a labor union. Their self-sacrifice and endurance, determination and courage, above all the supreme spirit of solidarity, prove them far better, truer union men, unorganized though they are, than the A. F. L. scabs. Nay, more: the spirit of resistance on the part of these "foreigners" will burn with letters of fire the lesson of rebellious manhood into the dull brain of reactionary wage slaves, forever prating of harmony and peace.

Labor pays dearly for every experience. But the precious blood shed by the heroic victims at McKees Rocks will fertilize the soil whence will spring a new, intelligent, revolutionary labor movement in this country. For such events as are now happening in Pennsylvania will tend to awaken American unionism from its capital-and-labor-harmony nightmare. It will learn that capitalism means abject slavery and slaughter for the workingman; that there can be neither harmony nor peace between master and slave; that the struggle is one of life and death, and that *any and all means are justified in such a struggle*. The masters have long since recognized and applied this self-evident truth. Only stupid labor still stammers, "Peace, peace," where none is possible.

It has taken untold suffering, tears, and blood to teach the men of toil their first union lesson of organization. McKees Rocks will further teach them that the pillar of our boasted "liberty" is labor's slavery, supported by bull-pen and rifle diet. McKees Rocks is the nation in miniature. It will require repeated

McKees Rocks to drill the wage slave in the *second* lesson of his emancipation: industrial organization, co-operation, and revolution through Direct Action and the General Strike.

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THE MILLIONAIRE

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

*The gold that with the sunlight lies
In bursting heaps at dawn,
The silver smiling from the skies
At night, to walk upon,
The diamonds gleaming in the dew,
He never saw, he never knew.*

*He got some gold, dug from the mud,
Some silver, crushed with stones;
But the gold was red with dead men's blood,
The silver black with groans;
And when he died he moaned aloud,
"They'll make no pocket in my shroud."*

✽ ✽ ✽

LABOR DAY*

THROUGHOUT America and Canada bands of music will be heard, and the brawny sons of toil will keep step to inspiring strains as they march in parade in commemoration of a day that has been legalized as Labor Day. The orator will rave in a delirium of eloquence and rob the English language of the choicest phrases to tickle the auricular organs of the working class, but the majority of the dispensers of fulsome flattery will be careful about hurling verbal lightning against the cause that enslaves laboring humanity. The thunders of oratory will be belched against *effects*, but the system that *breeds effects* will escape with impunity.

* The editor could not resist the temptation of reproducing this splendid article from the *Miners' Magazine*.

The majority of the labor orators who will exercise their lungs on this occasion will denounce child labor, the brutal acts of State militia, the debauchery of legislative bodies, and the corruption of the judiciary, but they will be silent as to the *cause* which gives birth to all the outrages and infamies that cover the earth with misery and wretchedness.

Some of the speakers on Labor Day will pay glowing tributes to the glorious opportunities that present themselves to the citizenship of a republic, and will institute a comparison between Young Columbia and the crumbling monarchies across the seas. In pathetic language they will paint the poverty of the "coolies" in the Orient and in words moistened with tears will portray the barbarism that banishes brave men and beautiful women to the dungeons in the mines of Siberia, and will then point with pride to the starry banner under whose fluttering folds on a western continent men are kings and women are queens, basking in the sunlight of a glorious freedom, whose rays illuminate the hovel as well as the palace. The thoughtless working man will be deluded and carried off his feet by the flowers of rhetoric that are used to drug his mentality and cover with a mask the brutal slavery that is endured in a nation hailed as the land of liberty.

The brain of the laboring man, however, is developing, and his mental vision is penetrating the hypocrisy and superstitions of a hoary past. But little longer can the eloquence of the orator shackle him to traditions that have been venerated for centuries by infant minds. The system that has bred the millionaire and the tramp, that has built the hovel and the palace, and bred the master and the slave, is awakening the wealth-producers of the world from the stupor of centuries, and the distant horizon is now showing the faint hues of a coming civilization, when masters and slaves shall become men, and when the faculties of the mind will not be prostituted to serve the god of Mammon.



ADVENTURES IN THE DESERT OF AMERICAN LIBERTY

EMMA GOLDMAN.

I DO not know whether reaction precedes a revolutionary awakening, or if it is the result thereof. Certain it is that at no time has reaction been so active in America as at the present moment. Never before were fundamental rights so trampled into the dust, nor was man so absolutely at the mercy of the reactionary forces of this country.

Yet it cannot be denied that there is a strong mental awakening, a great social unrest in every walk of life. Almost every time-worn institution and belief is undergoing a revision. Even the least developed are groping towards greater light.

One may therefore justly ask, How is it that the forces are becoming more arbitrary, that capitalism is daily growing more brazen and merciless, as proven by the McKees Rocks disclosures and many other events, and that the government of the country, down to the ordinary patrolman, is becoming more arrogant and tyrannical?

I can see no other reason for the seeming contradiction except in the fact that the general discontent and mental activity have so far failed to bring into being the spirit of revolt, without which the tide of reaction can never be hemmed.

Whatever of liberty has been gained in the past owed its existence to that spirit, to everlasting defiance of cumbersome and obnoxious forces. The radicals of this country, in particular, have so far failed to grasp this great historical truth. Thus it happens that an earnest worker for freedom in the large sense has this to say:

"I would indeed be glad to help the battle for free speech, but I am absolutely opposed to your defiant methods."

Evidently our friend does not realize that the lack of defiance, of constant, vigorous opposition to encroachments on liberty has resulted in the present wave of autocratic measures. I am by no means a novice in experience as to how far autocracy can go.

I have been its target long enough to know. Yet I can say that not until this summer, and especially during the last four weeks, have I realized the arrogance, the brazenness, the total indifference to consequences, of American reactionaries. They are absolute, and they have been made so by the childish belief of the American people in paper guarantees. Were I to relate the struggle, the incessant battle for the simplest right, about which everybody prates though no two people agree as to its interpretation—the right of free speech, it would sound like a tale from darkest Russia, incredible in this free land. Suffice it to say that every inch of breathing space has been gained only after a defiant battle with the forces whose only logic is the club and gun.

In Providence, R. I., where the activity of the Free Speech Committee, represented by our friend Ben Reitman, had sufficiently prepared intelligent public opinion, the police had “kindly allowed” the meetings, but only after it made it impossible to charge admission, which latter furnishes the only means of carrying on our campaign. The stupidest moving picture show can obtain a license to charge admission. That we could not even take up a collection, shows the venom and utter unreasonableness of those who have the power to hold one up.

The humorous side of the situation, however, was this: The very people who came to protect the law from us broke every law of the fire, building, and health department. Our halls could barely hold 500 people, yet three times the number crowded in to hear our two lectures. O, for the wisdom of the police! Thanks to it we scored a tremendous moral victory for free speech.

In Boston, the city of “culture” (what a deadly weight traditions become), we found most halls closed to us—police intimidation. However, my strenuous colleague in misery would not desist. A hall was finally secured and one meeting set aside to celebrate the stupidity of the Boys in Blue. The city of Boston, whose every stone bears the footprints of the American champions of liberty, turned into a camping ground for professional man-killers who vied with

each other in stabbing liberty the quickest. Those who attended the anti-military lecture redeemed Boston; they at least were not in agreement with that cruelest of all spirits, that of militarism.

In Malden, Mass., a dismal looking town, reminding one of the puritanical sterility of papa Endicott's times, the original hall keeper showed the yellow streak. Again the search for a hall. One half-finished was found; with the aid of a few Jewish radical boys, who appropriated the "Shabbess" candles of their mothers, the darkness of Malden was somewhat relieved. The edict of the Chief was, of course, against Anarchy. But who cared?

Lynn was the *piece de resistance* in our Massachusetts experience. Not that we were spared the usual ordeal of hall hunting at the eleventh hour. No, not if the Executive Committee of the Lester Union could help it. Can there be a more disgusting spectacle than trade union officials cringing before their masters? All law-abiding citizens, mind you, sticklers for private property, too. But when it comes to break a contract with Anarchists and show the real lickspittle nature of the trade unionist, law goes smash.

Another hall was secured, filled with an interested and enthusiastic audience. Lynn deserves to become the American Lourdes. It has a miracle—a sensible Mayor. He was urged to interfere. "Why should I?" said the Mayor. "If the people want to hear Miss Goldman and she wants to talk, she is entitled to go ahead."

Worcester, Mass., once the home of a few young dreamers, myself included, turned into a battle field the moment we arrived. "Emma Goldman will not speak in Worcester under any condition," said the Chief of Police, and the Mayor echoed, "Why, no!" Contrast these two American Cossacks with the simple statement of the Lynn Mayor.

We expected difficulties in Worcester, since Comrade Berkman had been stopped from lecturing in that city last March; therefore we were ready for the enemy.

Worcester is bound to be saved. It shelters two truly staunch lovers of liberty in Comrades Eliot

White and Mabel White. I only wish some of our would-be radicals could have seen how boldly these came to the front. It might help to inspire them. Friend White is known to MOTHER EARTH readers for his brave stand when Comrade Berkman was stopped. This time Eliot White did more. He came from Sagamore Beach as soon as the alarm was sounded and placed himself at our disposal. Mabel White, detained by her youngest baby, showed her worth in the following communication:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAM:

The constitution of the United States guarantees to all the people the right of free speech. Miss Emma Goldman's opinions on many subjects are not in accord with mine, but in the courageous fight which she is making to maintain the right of freedom of speech, I deem that it behooves all of us who value our liberties as Americans, to hold up her hands.

Mayor Haussling, of Newark, wrote July 20th concerning a proposed lecture in Newark by Miss Goldman: "I have no official knowledge of anything tending to show that there will be an attempt to suppress the exercise of free speech by the speaker or by anybody else in connection with the meeting, but I can assure you that if there were any such intention on the part of any of the police authorities, it will not be carried out.

"I will not permit any interference with the rights of free speech or public assemblage while I am Mayor of this city."

If the constitutional right to speak in public should be denied Miss Goldman in Worcester, it will be a pleasure to me to open my house for her to make an address, and can only regret that I shall not be able to be there and welcome her in person.

MABEL A. WHITE.

Seabrink Cottage, Sagamore Beach, September 7.

No one can accuse me of any particular weakness for ministers. I have always found them wanting. Fortunately, Eliot White's ministry is only acquired, while his integrity is innate, therefore so much a part of him.

With the aid of the Whites and the newly organized branch of the Free Speech Committee, Anarchism was heard—not, indeed, under the stars and stripes, but under a more befitting canopy: the limitless sky, myriads of glittering stars for our electric lights, and green, fragrant trees to shield us.

I am not optimistic enough to believe that our victory will enlarge the horizon of the Worcester Chief or Mayor, but I do think that our determined effort

will teach them that even arbitrary methods have their limitations.

Vermont has quite cured me of my faith in the elevating influence of nature on man. In scenic beauty, variety of color, and natural resources Vermont probably surpasses California. Yet its people are terribly behind the times in their development. I venture to suggest that many Vermonters have more than Three Acres, but their conception of liberty is far below that of some tenement house dweller. The mental caliber of the average Vermonter is fittingly portrayed in the following letter:

To the EDITOR OF THE FREE PRESS:

It is announced that Emma Goldman is to speak in the Burlington City Hall.

Free speech is guaranteed to citizens of the United States by federal and State constitutions, but no less a man than Abraham Lincoln said that there might occasions arise that would justify straining the constitution a little. There is such an occasion when a professional disturber of the public peace takes advantage of free institutions to practice her business.

Vermont has no use for Anarchy, Socialism, or Free Love, and we do not wish to hear any talk about them. We must be content to go on to social success or failure under established institutions in their orderly progress. Treasonable utterances should be energetically discouraged if they cannot be altogether prevented. In any event, the use of public buildings for their promulgation should not be permitted.

An alert and resourceful executive could find a way to dissuade this pestiferous alien hybrid from poisoning the air of Burlington with her noxious emanations. If gentle means, moral suasion, and a reasonable show of authority should not avail, public opinion would probably justify discouraging her with a club. But under no circumstances whatever should Emma Goldman be permitted to speak in the City Hall.

Yours truly, HORACE CHITTENDEN.

After all, even Nature's beauty fails where there is nothing——

Barre, Vt., has a large group of Italian Anarchists. While they are not as active as one might desire, still they give some character to the town.

Montpelier, too, has the nightcap on. The first and greatest excitement it witnessed in years was our coming there. Especially after we met our usual fate of hall refusal and were rescued by some spirited Italian Socialists to their hall, all Montpelier was on the street, trembling with fear.

Burlington verified the old proverb, "The pettiest tyrant is the slave placed in power." The Mayor of this town is, by trade a blacksmith; he prides himself on that. He does not know, of course, that a trade never degrades a man, but that man can degrade his trade. The Mayor of Burlington is certainly no credit to his. At any rate, for arrogance, dense ignorance, and petty despotism he can hardly be matched. His letter to the Burlington press anent his arbitrary violation of our rights sufficiently characterizes the man:

LETTER TO THE PUBLIC.

Announcement having been made that Miss Emma Goldman, the apostle of Anarchy, would speak in City Hall Friday night, I wish to say that she will not be allowed to preach any of her un-American doctrines in any building owned by the City of Burlington; and I would also request that the proprietors of all other halls refuse to let her have them for the above-named purpose, as I believe it is about time that the American people should insist that Miss Goldman, while representing Anarchist teachings, should not be allowed to address public audiences.

Burlington, Sept. 2.

JAMES E. BURKE, Mayor.

The "intelligent" Mayor went further. After another hall was secured he came down with two lackeys and delivered himself of a speech, compared with which the oratory of poor Mark Antony sinks into insignificance. "In the name of peace, of society, etc., etc., you can not speak here to-night. I will assume all responsibility." What is one to do in the face of such brazenness, especially when money is lacking and friends not on hand? We simply had to leave the battle field to the "victor," for the present anyway. Our first complete failure was not easy to bear. But as every cloud has its silver lining, we contented ourselves with the only redeeming moment in Burlington, the editorial in the *News*, containing a most splendid defence of unlimited free speech. We regret that for lack of space we cannot reproduce here the article.

Thus runs the tale of two weary wanderers in quest of the thing that everybody worships and which, like all idols, is non-existent—free speech. I am not sanguine enough to hope that we will ever establish it, under government. Still, if we were less handicapped by lack of means, we could teach the authorities that we are determined to resist every arbitrary encroachment on our rights.

IN WORCESTER

AFTER Mr. Alexander Berkman was refused free speech in Worcester in March, 1908, the police seemed to feel that consistency demanded another sacrifice. So when Miss Goldman asked the privilege of lecturing she was refused. No hall-keeper would rent her his room; one, who gave a receipt for half the price due, even withdrawing at the eleventh hour.

It was a pleasure to me that my wife at no suggestion on my part wrote a letter to the *Telegram*, of Worcester, offering the use of her house and grounds for Miss Goldman to make an address, in case she were excluded from public halls.

I shall never forget the picture of that meeting on the lawn in the soft summer dark. The stars glowed large through the delicate blue of haze, and the great trees that overlooked the scene were motionless in the still air.

After Dr. Reitman's forceful, incisive words of introduction from a platform (which hitherto had fulfilled only the humble duty of uplifting one who desired to hang colthes on my reel) set on the grass, while nineteen policemen under a lieutenant looked and listened almost as quietly as the trees, Miss Goldman delivered a stirring and inspirational address on "The Meaning of Anarchism." The audience of three hundred listened thirstily, applauding vigorously at times, but forgetting to do so at other places where the intensity of thought left no impulse for anything but attention, which is probably the sincerest compliment.

I wondered if Russian battlers for liberty would have credited the true nature of this meeting—if they who are so spied upon and persecuted would have thought themselves by any possibility in a city of Massachusetts, when, for example, a police sergeant came into the entry of the building down-town, where we were locked out of the hall that had been hired, and looked over Miss Goldman and myself with the cold scrutiny of one of the Tsar's own; or again when the police rushed the quiet men and women off my wife's banking and steps, off the sidewalk even and into the street, though their only offence was supposed "trespass on property."

Would the Russian friends have been any nearer belief that this was the "old Bay State," when at one word of protest from me (whom the police at Mr. Berkman's visit in 1908 summarily hustled to a cell in the jail for the night), the lieutenant smilingly stepped aside and let me invite all to the lawn, while he said: "We were simply sent up here to protect your property"; and when the stars gazed down in a wonderment of their own at the strange assembly in the semi-darkness of the hillside, far from the turmoil of the overgrown, panicky, and pathetically prejudiced New England city.

For my part, I have been taught a new lesson concerning the sacred rights of property and the Great Fear at the heart of present-day "civilization."

REV. ELIOT WHITE.

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 9th.

✻ ✻ ✻

THE GENERAL STRIKE IN SWEDEN

THE General Strike now in progress in Sweden since August 4, 1909, is not to be considered as a strike in the common sense of the word. This strike has not been commenced in order to secure to the workers increased wages or shorter hours, but it is the inevitable result of the aggressive tactics adopted by the "Swedish Employers' Association."

Ever since the financial and industrial depression that set in in conjunction with the last great economic crisis in America—a depression which for the workers carried in its train many difficulties besides the lack of employment—the organized employers in Sweden (and they are better organized than in any other country) have made it their special business to try to break to pieces the national organization (the Landsorganization) of Swedish workers.

Their method has been to threaten with unlimited lock-out in case their terms were not accepted.

Thus, during the course of the year 1908, the organized employers put the Swedish workingmen and the whole Swedish people before the possibility of a complete lockout and a general suspension of work not less than four times, in their attempt to bring about a destructive and final struggle with the organized workers.

These conflicts were, however, solved mainly to the satisfaction of the workers, and on the basis of previously existing conditions, through the arbitration of a commission appointed by the government, which evidently feared and wanted to postpone the struggle planned by the employers.

Through these constant struggles under threats of mass-lock-outs the resources of the workers' organizations were deplorably decimated, and for this reason the employers placed great hopes and expectations in a renewal of the attack. Profiting by the favorable circumstances, they again began their assaults upon the national organization of workers this year, with the determination of dealing it a blow after which it should no more raise its head.

In order to accomplish this, they used the following method: In three different industries, and in rather insignificant places, wage reductions of a slashing character were dictatorially ordered, reductions so large that, in view of the continually increasing cost of living, it would have been entirely out of the question for the workers to submit to them.

In order to enforce an acceptance of the reduced wages in these out-of-the-way places, the Employers' Association on July 5 declared a lock-out against all the workers in the three industries concerned, announcing at the same time that, if their demands were not acceded to, on July 26 the lock-out would be extended to include 50,000 men and on August 2 to 80,000 men.

As the workers could not possibly recede from their defensive position, these hard decisions were carried out, and on August 2, 80,000 men and women were shut out from work in such industries as the employers could shut down with the least injury to themselves. These workers were informed that they could not come back to work except after an unconditional surrender, and, furthermore, the Association empowered its officers, in case of necessity, to extend the lock-out to include all organized workers. These facts throw a lurid light upon the woeful lamentations of the employers over the workmen's "attack upon society," since they themselves had planned the same kind of "attack."

It was in the face of this situation that the represen-

tative assembly of the organized workers was convoked. It was now plainly to be seen by the workers that not only was the result of more than 25 years of struggle for a human existence endangered, but also the very existence of their organization. They could not escape the fact that the employers' ultimatum was a challenge to a life-and-death struggle.

In order not to be slowly ground to pieces between the millstones of the successive lock-outs, the workers were compelled to speedily resort to the last and most powerful means of defense—the *General Strike*.

The General Strike commenced on August 4. Not only did the organized workers vote almost unanimously to cease work, but even the unorganized workers to the number of not less than 100,000 went out on strike with their organized fellow-workers. Still more, a small organization of workers, classed among the "yellow unions," and hitherto accused of running the errands of the employers, made common cause with their fellows.

Leaving out of account the agricultural workers, only the employees of the government and the municipalities, such as railway, postal, telegraph, telephone, lighting, street cleaning, and waterworks employees, are still at work upon the advice of the other organized workers, and for tactical reasons too long to explain.

All these governmental and municipal employees, who are also well organized, are assessing themselves heavily to support the strikers, and will, in all probability, go out on strike at the proper time if it is found desirable.

It may be consequently said that the Swedish working people, almost to a man, have stood up in defence of their organization and for all its high and noble aspirations. Strike-breakers are next to impossible to find within the ranks of the actual workers. All rumors to the contrary are fabrications.

But equally strong and united stand the employers, with determination to crush the organization of the workers.

In its origin the General Strike is entirely void of political and revolutionary aims, and is of a purely economic character. What it may become in the course of events, if the employers persist in their ambitious designs, remains for the future to show.

As it is, more than 300,000 workers are striking, which means that over a million men, women, and children are now actually starving or are on the verge of starvation.

But in order to maintain the fight until the employers shall have suffered enough financially to call it off, the workers in Sweden must have the assistance of the world, the internal resources being entirely inadequate. The Swedish workers, used to hardship, are willing to starve for a long time yet in order to gain the victory. They are prepared to fight to a finish on a diet of salt, bread, and water, but it still requires immense sums to keep more than a million people alive.

The workers in other Scandinavian countries immediately came to their assistance, assessing themselves heavily. Germany and other countries have also sent large contributions, and from all over the world come messages of cheer and promises of help. But even all this does not suffice.

It is for this reason that the Executive Committee of the Swedish "Landsorganization" has sent us, the undersigned, to America to appeal to all American workers to tender speedy and powerful help.

Knowing full well that you fully appreciate the international importance of the struggle now going on in Sweden, that you would consider a defeat for the Swedish workers as your own loss, and that you will count their victory as your victory, we bring you fraternal greetings from your Swedish fellows, and their thanks in advance for assistance rendered.

All appropriations and contributions should be sent to

LANDSSEKRETARIATET,
Stockholm, Sweden.

Yours for the welfare of the working class,

C. E. THOLIN,
JOHN SANDGREN,

Authorized Delegates from the Swedish Landsorganization.

New York, August 27, 1909.



THE HAND OF GOD

*Review.**

By LILLIAN BROWNE.

THE "Hand of God" is a historical romance dealing with the Bible characters Samson and Delilah, in which the author has ingeniously interwoven the mystic symbolism of phallic worship with the ritual of the Jewish priesthood, attempting to show the common origin of the love impulse and the instinct of worship as expressed in religious ceremonial. The need of a tangible object of adoration, from which even the monotheistic idolatry-hating Jews could not escape, found an outlet in the symbolism of the teraphim, a mysterious sacred object of temple worship, of the origin of which even the priesthood was ignorant. Around this theme the author has invented a love story of the Philistine Delilah and the Jewish Samson.

Like many historical romances, there is little history in the story. It is highly colored, the character of Delilah is purely imaginative and does not tally at all with the Delilah of Bible fame. From a malicious, tricky vampire the author has created a noble-spirited, great-souled woman—such a woman as Deborah, who sang the song of the deliverance of Israel.

The characters of the novel are lifeless and unreal. They are bloodless phantoms moving about at the author's fancy with "no pulse or will" of their own. It is quite impossible to shed a tear over all the calamities which befall the lovers, or to waste a sigh over the tragic fate of Samson.

The political disturbances of the petty provinces, in which the Jews figured conspicuously, are faithfully portrayed and tedious in the extreme.

As a whole, the book is conscientiously written in pure English and with considerable understanding and sympathetic insight into the Jewish character, though it is somewhat over-idealized.

It is difficult to guess why the author chose the title she did for the novel. Only a religious mind could dis-

* "The Hand of God." By Cora Bennett Stephenson. The Ball Pub. Co., Boston.

cern the hand of God in all the passions and misfortunes which follow in rapid succession.

While the title seems far-fetched, and the characters vague and bloodless, there are, nevertheless, beautiful passages describing the passion of the two principal characters, and particularly the emotions of Delilah when she learns that she has conceived a child. Here the author forgets herself and unconsciously adopts the poetic expressions, sublimely significant of love in its most exalted phase. Here the woman asserts herself and she is carried away by those age-long emotions which have flooded the souls of women since the days when Deborah sang:

"The inhabitants of the villages ceased, they ceased in Israel, until that I, Deborah, arose, that I arose a mother in Israel."

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CONTRIBUTIONS

The recent repeated suppression of Comrade Emma Goldman's lectures, in New York and elsewhere, has naturally resulted in very considerable financial loss to MOTHER EARTH. In fact, the magazine's resources have been strained to the utmost. Generous friends, however, came to the rescue and have enabled us to keep the little fighter afloat, as well as to defy police suppression of our meetings.* In battling against opposition of various kinds, we find our greatest inspiration and strength in the thought of our many staunch friends. May this confession be their reward.

Paul Kutchan, Virginia, \$50; Dr. J. H. Greer, Chicago, \$20; West Hoboken collection, \$18.65; M. A. Cohn (Brooklyn), C. S. Wood (Portland), A. Friend (Butte), R. F. Forester (California), each, \$10; Ruth Wool, New Haven, \$9; N. Seldes, Pittsburg, \$8.35; M. Meyers and A. Kazen, New York, \$14; H. Komarov, New York, \$9; per M. Kislink, Atlantic City, \$6.75; Dr. Reitman's meeting in Chicago, \$5; A. Scholtz (Hoboken), D. Kiefer (Cincinnati), H. Bool (Ithaca), A. Raymond (Bellingham), F. Yelast (Montreal), Dr. R. M. Yampolsky (Chicago), Dr. H. Tropp (New York), A. Friend (San Francisco), C. E. Grasjean (San Francisco), J. Traseewicy (Los Angeles), W. Kipfer (Cincinnati), each, \$5; Russian Progressive Circle, per Petrovsky, S. F., \$6; per S. Sivin, Portland, \$5.40; per W. Marchetto, Hoboken, \$4.30; T. Söstraud (Vancouver), Z. O. Bowen (Wisconsin), per J. Frantz (San Francisco), each, \$4; B. Brunetti, Kansas, \$3.75; per S. Rosenbloom, W. M. Strand, A. Steinhauser, A. Raskin (New York), A. Bird (California), Wm. Grohowsky (California), each, \$3; A. Raymond, Bellingham, \$2; Winnipeg Comrades, per H. Kaufman, \$2.60; A. Yollis, Cleveland, \$2.50; per T. Leontescu, New York, \$2.75; per A. Hartenstein, New Jersey, \$2.25; E. Underhill (New York), E. Shelling (Cleveland), Ru-

* A considerable part of the contributions has been used to defray the expenses of the meetings suppressed during the last two weeks.

dolph Pustka (Illinois), A. Appell (Chicago), J. Poppers (Chicago), C. L. Andrews (New York), T. Hock (Chicago), E. Betsworth (Winnipeg), S. Digisi (Orange, N. J.), Mrs. H. Perrier (California), A. Susman (Washington), W. F. Minard (Portland, Ore.), H. J. Schad (St. Louis), C. Charvins (New York), Sam Austin (Missouri), Dora F. Kerr (British Columbia), Heppner (Oregon), N. Saghalian (California), Y. J. Nielson (California), each \$2; James Roman, Illinois, \$1.75; N. Lazarowitz (Chicago), J. Mahl (California), each, \$1.50; F. Banacci, Canada, \$1.25; A Friend (New York), A. H. Garner (Missouri), Dr. H. M. Mishum (New York), Dr. M. R. Levenson, A. Gitzen (Massachusetts), P. Onosoff (Hoboken), Dr. A. Kuppermann (Newark), S. Langleben (New York), Ed. Wenning (Cincinnati), R. N. Douglas (Iowa), M. Cohn (St. Louis), T. Takahashi (Chicago), Wm. Crossland (St. Paul), Wm. Simons (Cobalt, Ont.), F. and S. Wilhelm (Chicago), Robert Gordon (Oklahoma), A Friend (Boston), D. Roberts (Ohio), J. Lankis (Chicago), C. B. Hoffman (East Orange), A. Rosen (New York), D. Tahl (Chicago), B. Peterson (Chicago), T. H. Thompson (San Francisco), The Peterson (Washington), A. Rudolphi (British Columbia), E. Besselman (California), Cohen (Chicago), J. F. Phillips (New York), Dr. G. Pyburn, O. Kolbe (Oklahoma City), J. Contralto (Washington), H. Celler (Springfield), J. Schwind (Portland), C. M. Dolan (San Francisco), A. H. Garner (Missouri), S. Tatsemo (Chicago), A. Kern (New York), each, \$1; a Bohemian comrade (per Volné Listy), Pinceau (New York), L. Acitelli (Pennsylvania), Mrs. A. Algeri (Pennsylvania), C. Acquaviva (Pennsylvania), F. Pascal (Pennsylvania), each, 50 cents; J. H. Grigsby, Kentucky, 30 cents; Epstein, Chicago, 25 cents.

FREE SPEECH COLLECTIONS AT E. G. MEETINGS

Providence, R. I., \$25.00; Boston, Mass., \$8.90; Lynn, Mass., \$4.60; Malden, Mass., \$3.00; Brockton, Mass., \$3.50; Barre, Vt., \$4.00; Several Friends, Montpelier, \$5.60; Worcester collection, \$2.00; Free Speech Branch, Worcester, \$11.50; Eliot White, \$5.00; Rosenberg, \$2.00. Total, \$75.10.

The expenditures in our Free Speech fight in Providence, Worcester, Montpelier, Burlington and Malden total \$150.00. Deficit, \$74.90.

BOOKS RECEIVED

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN SPAIN. (Russian.) By Sigfried Nacht.
HILARY THORNTON. By Hubert Wales. Dana Estes & Co., Boston.
THE HAND OF GOD. By Cora Bennett Stephenson. Ball Publishing Co., Boston.
FLEET STREET, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Davidson. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

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Vol. IV

OCTOBER, 1909

No. 8

ON MINOT LIGHT

By JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

I must keep vigil though the ages mock.

*What though Time's finger point the awful snows
Of dim, dead years where no fruition glows,—
Still must I, firmer than this rock
That hath for centuries withstood the shock
Of storms that break in everlasting throes,
A beacon light amid the deep's stark woes,
My purpose hold to guide perdition's flock.*

*A pain to Fame, a changeling of the stars,
"A light to dead men and dark hours"—I share
The secret of the spheres, and though I wane
As doth the moon, the hours, the sunlight's bars,
Still fare I singing wheresoever I fare,
A ray to light Hope's everlasting lane!*



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE British government persists in its blind refusal to learn the lesson of history. It continues the stupid persecution of the Suffragettes, unmindful that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

History repeats itself. Grigori Gershuni, the great Russian revolutionist, threw this terrible indictment in the face of his judges: "Your government has committed many crimes against the people. But the crime for which humanity can never forgive you is that you forced the noblest sons and daughters of Russia to resort to murder."

To-day the soul-cry of Gershuni is echoed by awakening English womanhood. It is highly significant that the leader of the Suffragettes, Mrs. Parkhurst, is moved to utter the following words:

"The government compels us to use force, since the only alternative is impotence and the continual reign of tyranny over women. The cry that we are alienating the sympathy of the public does not influence us, because the sympathy of the public thus far has done nothing, or it would have elevated British women above the political level of the idiot, the pauper, and the felon.

"The crimes committed against the women imprisoned in Birmingham are horrible. It is an outrage to gag with feeding tubes our powerless co-workers for woman's enfranchisement. How pathetic, as well as execrable, is the effort to murder the spirit of womanhood by using violence against a few individuals who are the incarnation of that spirit."

The atrocities of Tsardom have transformed the early Russian liberals into active terrorists. Great Britain is educating its Suffragettes into conscious revolutionists.

The value of the vote, for men or women, is open to discussion. At any rate, votes are not so good as knowledge. And the British women are learning—if not the value of the vote, at least the true character of government.

The women of England will win. Give me a woman-kind with their hearts and souls in a cause, and that cause will be won—won without a vote.

ACCORDING to the report of the Commissioners of Prisons crime is on the increase in Great Britain. In 1908 the number of offenses in the United Kingdom was 176,602, while this year the total has grown to 184,901. In the agricultural districts there is recorded an increase of 25 per cent. in vagrancy. In other words, the current year has added one more to every four offenders charged with the crime of "begging and sleeping out." This is a sombre record, indeed. A terrible effect like this could have been produced only by some monstrous cause.

Concurrent with the above report we learn that the army of the unemployed in England is swelling to alarming proportions. Hundreds of thousands of men—most of them the sole supporters of families of six or seven—are finding that "there is nothing for them to do." The places where they were wont to give up ten hours or more of their daily life, for the sake of a miserable pittance, have been shut in their faces. "The Moore had done his duty." Let him perish.

It requires no extraordinary mental effort to understand the relation of the unemployed army toward the increase in crime.

* * *

THE City of New York offered a gala spectacle during the week of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Everything was made to appear gay and show a happy look. If the visitors knew what efforts the city fathers made for their reception they would probably feel thankful for what they did not see as much as for what they did see. A few days before the beginning of the festivities about a hundred and fifty men were railroaded to the workhouse. No crime was charged against them, except that they were unemployed and homeless. They might prove an offensive sight to the happy merrymakers.

One is reminded of a similar custom prevalent in feudal Europe. When the King was to pass, the peasants along the route were ordered to dress in their best and greet their master with song and dance, in order that the King and his guests should gain the impression of a land flowing with milk and honey. That was long ago.

To-day we boast a civilization of electricity and subways. But have we really made any progress since the days of feudalism?

To well-fed respectability, lolling in an automobile, the sight of a haggard and hungry man is somewhat disquieting. But to those possessed of a heart the prison will not suggest itself as the proper remedy.

* * *

AS if to add insult to the injury of an outraged public, the Aldermen of New York City adopted a resolution congratulating the police department on its efficient work during the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

In reality the complaints of the maltreated and abused public became so numerous that even police-friendly papers have been forced to admit that for absolute mismanagement, general discomfort, the mauling and slugging of tens of thousands, the day of "pleasure" could not be matched in the annals of similar events. The celebration was a sickening spectacle of police brutality practised upon a proud, sovereign people too cowed by the sight of a uniform to resist.

There has never been a more complete demonstration of the abject servility of the people and the absolute supremacy of their masters. The rights of the public were entirely disregarded. City property was used, in the most open and shameless manner, for private graft by the "servants" of the people. The visitors were unmercifully exploited by sharp business men enjoying political pull. And labor, which toiled and sweated overtime to make the celebration possible, was absolutely ignored in the scheme of the fêtes. Nay, more; the creators of all the pomp and pageant, the feeders of the millions of visitors, were forced to remain at their daily grind while their masters wine and dined.

One cannot help wondering what degree of tyranny a people must be made to suffer before rising in rebellion against their oppressors.

* * *

IT is interesting to note the superior results achieved by the free play of human effort as compared with activity regulated by some central authority.

The feeding of a large city like New York—day in, day out—is a sufficiently remarkable phenomenon. But

when it is called upon to provide food for an addition of almost two million people to its own enormous population, the accomplishment of the task would seem almost miraculous. Yet it is done, easily and quietly, and but few ever stop to consider who does it and how.

When a few thousand militiamen are put in the field, the problem which confronts the commissariat department receives the most careful consideration of trained experts, and only too often those experts fail in their efforts to bring men and food together for three scanty meals a day. A city, on the contrary, puts responsibility on nobody, and yet the food comes to it with amazing regularity and certainty. What nobody could plan somehow plans itself by an apparently automatic working of the law of supply and demand.

Feeding a city is a larger matter than feeding an army of the same size. The soldiers have to be content with the plainest and scantiest fare. The city demands far exceed the mere necessities of life, yet it is accomplished: unappointed commissaries attend to all wants, without central direction, without supervision of any sort.

These miracles of human ingenuity and effort are a matter of everyday experience. How convincingly they prove that man's industry is equal to all possible demands upon it. And, further, that no task is too stupendous to be accomplished by mutual need and co-operation.

To-day this end is achieved by the play of activities based on personal gain. Hence the terrible conflict of interests, the exploitation of man by man with its attendant misery and evils. How much more satisfactorily and completely the same purpose could be accomplished by the free co-operation of *solidaric* interests.

* * *

MOST people fail to realize the tremendous rôle the spirit of authority plays in the lives of men and nations.

The working of this pernicious virus paralyzes reason. Under its influence apparently rational beings will, at the command of a "superior," turn murderers, vying with each other in the slaughter of their fellow-men.

The half-truth of economic determinism fails to give a

satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon. It can be fully accounted for only by the fact of inoculation with the poison of patriotism, obedience, and self-sacrifice, at home, in school, by Church and State.

If the Fulton-Hudson celebration served no other purpose, it at last afforded the soldiers and sailors of the different nations an opportunity to fraternize for a day. That these friendly relations are not permanent is surely not the fault of the deluded victims of prejudice and superstition, of false education and exploitation.

* * *

OF all the floats in the Hudson-Fulton parade, the one depicting the Zenger Trial* seemed the strangest. Familiar as we are with monster greyhounds, like the Mauretania, the Half Moon looks quite natural in the perspective of three hundred years. But for a man to be prosecuted for free speech—why, 'tis the history of the present. How came they to be so far ahead of their time?

If the shades of the long-departed colonists were to return to earth, they would with difficulty recognize the place of their former abode. That, however, does not apply to the government officials and police of 1733. These would be loath to believe their long sleep, so little change would they find in the tyrannical suppression of free expression.

* * *

THE most potent rebel is free speech. Speech is free only in the service of the Dominant Lie. But at the birth of the New Truth free speech is outlawed.

* John Peter Zenger, publisher of the *Weekly Journal*, was tried in November, 1733, for attacking, in print, the administration of Governor Cosby. Zenger demanded the unconditioned right of free speech.



THE EVOLUTION OF ANARCHIST THEORIES

By A. Z.

WE shall attempt to review in this brief sketch the theoretical development of Anarchism by describing the ideas whence Anarchist thought originated and the manner in which the various modern schools of Anarchism gradually developed. We shall therefore leave out of consideration all general historical discussions, biographic and literary data, and the external history of the movement.

There never lacked men to advocate subtle projects of governmental organization and regulation of production and consumption,—so called Utopians, the forerunners of modern State Socialism, which is still retaining in all its essential characteristics the stamp of its source.

But there were also those who cherished liberty above governmentally organized happiness. They were not terrified by the thought of a society in which individual tendencies and inclinations have full sway, relying on liberty to serve as a safety valve in maintaining social equilibrium and individual welfare.

It was but natural that these thinkers should strenuously emphasize the standpoint of Individualism—personal liberty and autonomy—without attempting to formulate finally the economic bases of that liberty. Thus we find William Godwin, in England (1793); Josiah Warren, Stephen Pearl Andrews and others, in America, at the end of the 20's; Proudhon, in France, in the 40's, and Max Stirner, in Germany (1845)—all original representatives of Individualist Anarchism, each advocating,—in his own manner and quite independently of the others—a system of individual sovereignty, of mutualism, of egoism. They reject all political systems based on majority rule,—so-called democracy,—as well as Authoritarian Communism based on State, or public, ownership of the land and means of production, now generally known as State Socialism. They want production to be freed from the fetters imposed by economic monopoly and maintained by governmental violence: rent, interest, profit, and taxes. They demand freedom of production for the individual and for the voluntary groups in unrestrained competition in the

open market. The principle of the "full product of one's labor" is maintained by securing to each, as his inalienable private possession, all that he is able to gain by competing against the whole field. The restrictions enforced in present society by monopoly—aided by its tool, the State—being eliminated, the equal opportunity of all must result in the equitable exchange of equal values. Nor does this system necessitate exclusive individual production, as its opponents claim; on the contrary, it leaves full scope for unlimited free co-operation with its resulting advantages. The principle of free competition between the various co-operative groups remains intact.

The deep significance of the ideas advocated by Godwin, Warren, Proudhon, and Stirner consisted in their opposition to the authoritarian and religious Communism of their time. The tendency of the latter was manifest in State Communism, regulating by law and rule every detail of private life, or in monastic Communism rooted in mere sentimentality; added to this was the spirit of political, centralized Jacobinism; only occasionally did the spirit of liberty manifest itself, as in Owen's advocacy of voluntary Communistic commonwealths, or in the far-reaching principles of Fourier. Under such conditions the severest criticism and condemnation of authoritarianism and the emphasizing of individual freedom were in themselves a liberating act, no matter as to the tenability of the temporary economic standpoint. For it is only liberty—untrammelled free development—that can serve as a safe foundation for further progress. That is far more important than mere economic conditions on which so much stress is usually laid. Liberty is the vital principle of every phase of our life, the economic included; conditions founded on compulsion cannot endure—no matter what the force that maintains them for the time being.

The further development of Anarchist theories therefore centered around the problem of harmonizing economic conditions with the basic principle of a free society. The idea of equitable and direct exchange repeatedly sought practical expression, as in the London Industrial Fairs, also in America and France. Similar ideas are still championed by the American, English, and

Australian Individualist Anarchists, as well as by some followers of Proudhon and Stirner. Our modern attitude, however, is opposed to these ideas on the ground that the requirements of competition would nullify the liberty of the producers; it is inevitable that producers, living under comparatively more favorable conditions, should gain an advantage over their competitors, thus laying the foundation of inequality; thence it is but a step to law and authority, to maintain—forcibly if necessary—advantageous inequality. But we cannot enlarge here upon this old polemic point.

The next step was the recognition of the collective ownership of land and the tools of production, as well as of the "full product of one's labor"—Collectivist Anarchism, as it is even now predominant in Spain. Originating in Switzerland and Belgium, this idea reached its highest development in the *Internationale*, during the latter part of the 60's and the beginning of the 70's. Its chief exponents were Bakunin, Guillaune, de Paepe, Warlin, and others. The most inspiring period of the young labor movement in the Central and Southern States of Europe (Germany and Austria always excepted) was closely connected with the development of this new tendency. In the middle of the 60's the *Internationale* was composed of Proudhonists (Mutualists), State Socialists (the then few personal followers of Marx), Bourgeois-Socialists (as we may call the Geneve politicians who dealt in ballots and compromises), Trades Unionists (in England), and of a certain really promising element, on which the future of the *Internationale* depended. This young element, believing to have found in Collectivism the long-looked for economic foundation of Mutualism, carried the gospel of Collectivist Anarchism and of the *Internationale* into the Jura, Southern France, Spain, Italy, and among the youth of the Slavic countries. In this they were greatly aided by Bakunin, whose wonderful ability as an agitator helped them to gain numerous adherents in Southern Europe, from Spain to Russia.

It is unnecessary to record here the bitter opposition, full of lies and intrigue, with which these young propagandists met. Not only were they fought by the bourgeoisie, but still more venomously by the State Socialistic,

political, Marxian Social Democracy. It was a struggle between the ideas of Federation, Collectivism (in the sense of that epoch), and Anarchism on one hand, negating bourgeois politics and propagating revolutionary methods, as against Centralization, State Ownership, and Authority, on the other, with their political, corrupting tactics. Only in Germany and Austria was the latter tendency temporarily successful. In the other countries, especially in Southern Europe, the Marxians soon became thoroughly discredited owing to the indescribably perfidious means of combating the Anarchism of the *Internationale*.

The theories of collective ownership admit of various conceptions. Is the community of a certain trade, or the directly producing group to own the tools of production? The manner of determining the "full value of one's product" is also an uncertain problem. Is the decision to be left to the majority vote of the whole community, or to that of the group, to the producer, or to free competition? According to individual inclination and conception, the above possibilities can be variously combined, and hence result different systems, some favoring State Socialism, others more akin to Individualist Anarchism.

The possibility of competition among the various groups, to the advantage and ultimate monopoly of the better situated ones, constitutes a danger which can be obviated by liberty alone; that is to say, by the complete freedom of joining any group, thus reducing—by the fact of enlarged membership—the superior advantages accruing to the individual members of a better situated group. But the principle of the "full value of one's product" necessitates competition, either through regulations and laws, or by direct coercion. Therefore the next evolutionary step of Anarchism is the repudiation of this principle and the declaration in favor of collective ownership, not merely in the tools of production, but also in the products of labor: Anarchist Communism.

The latter—which had already previously found its individual representatives, such as, for instance, Joseph Dejaque—began to be systematically propagated, since 1876, in the Italian *Internationale* and in Genf, gradu-

ally displacing the former Collectivist tendencies in Switzerland, France, and Italy. Its chief theoretic and literary exponents are Carlo Cafiero, Malatesta, Kropotkin, Reclus, and others; its main organ, *Temps Nouveaux*, formerly *Révolution* and *Révolution* in Genf and Paris, which publication (since 1879) together with its predecessors *Avant-Garde*, *Jura-Bulletin*, down to *Solidarité* and *Progress* of the year 1869, affords a survey over almost forty years of theoretic evolution.*

It is fruitless to seek a standard for the distribution of products, one to be equitable to all. A measure founded on the labor performed would be as unjust to the individual as impossible in its social application. Unjust to the individual, because such a standard would mean inequality for everyone. Impossible of social application, because the value of a product does not depend on labor alone, and cannot therefore be thus exclusively measured. The only possible standard is division according to individual need; that is, free consumption. This alone takes into account the differences of individual tastes and needs, the consideration of which is socially imperative. Free use, as the basis for consumption, coupled with the freedom of joining any group, as the principle of production, can alone guarantee liberty in the economic sphere. Though this position does not mark the finality of Anarchist evolution, it characterizes the modern attitude of Anarchist Communists.

Let us yet note in what direction this theory is being further developed. Foremost stands the growing assertion of the individual, of personality. Indeed, our chief aim is to create conditions under which the problem of life, of the mere necessities, should not monopolize all one's time. The purpose is to afford the individual scope and opportunity for untrammelled development, to which free and rational co-operation is but a means. Collective production must therefore not be permitted to be-

* For a more thorough study of the subject, especially for beginners, the following books and pamphlets are suggested: *Anarchism and Communism*, by Cafiero; *Entre Paysons*, by Malatesta; *Paroles d'un Révolté* and *Conquest of Bread*, by Kropotkin; *Socialismo o Monopolismo*, by Merlino; *Moribund Society and Anarchy*, by Jean Grave, etc.

come the main object, to fill man's whole life, its mechanism affecting all his activities. On the contrary, it should serve but to create worthier and more human conditions, giving the individual opportunity for further development. Only on such a foundation—when the free use of shelter, food, apparel, etc., has become as much a matter of course as is to-day the use of the streets or of the air (though even these the poor cannot freely enjoy)—only then could really free beings develop, emancipated men and women, able to appreciate in their proper light the teachings of a Stirner.

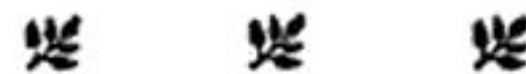
A further evolution of Anarchist thought concerns the tendencies manifest in the development of modern industry along these lines. Anarchism reaches the conclusion that production, in the future, will become decentralized and local. Naturally such a conception excludes the possibility of State Socialism. The Marxians, witnessing the gigantic modern combinations of capital, conclude that gradual centralization of industry will finally become concentrated in the hands of the State. In this, however, they confound the effects of capitalism and State-protected monopoly with the real development of production. In reality, however, industrialism is in a process of constant growth in the most distant lands, the tendency of individual countries, provinces, cities and towns to produce independently becoming daily more apparent. With the abolition of financial monopolies, stifling this development, the gradual equalization of industrial effort would receive a tremendous impetus. Equally so will the exhaustion of the recklessly exploited great industrial countries (America, Australia, etc.) result in the possibility and necessity of local, intensive agriculture. The larger population of the more fertile localities will tend to minimize individual advantages, which circumstance must necessarily lead to a more general application of agrarian chemistry and other scientific methods in the cultivation of the less productive districts. In this manner all essential differences will be gradually equalized; the most necessary things will be produced on the spot, and the people will grow to realize the absurdity of artificial centralization and regulation of local production.

It is not amiss to mention that modern Anarchist

views are in harmonious accord with science, literature, and art, and have found in these appropriate expression. It is also interesting to compare this significant fact with the entire barrenness of the Social Democracy along these lines. Indeed, the Socialist atmosphere of authority, bureaucracy, and political *Strebertum* kills every idealistic and spiritual aspiration in its very inception.

The question of the methods towards the realization of our aims we have not yet touched upon. They, too, have undergone a long process of evolution. Some of its more important phases are still a matter of lively discussion. The Anarchist attitude towards politics, the rejection of the ballot, and its propaganda of revolutionary activity, are known to most people. But one must first become familiar with the true essence of Anarchism, in order to qualify for intelligent participation in such discussions.

Compare this evolution of Anarchism towards a social organization guaranteeing ever greater individual liberty, with the Social Democracy and its complete demoralization into a middle-class, democratic, palliative, political State Socialism. Such a comparison cannot fail to accentuate the beneficial influence of liberty, on the one hand, and the corrupting effect of authority on the other. The question as to which of these tendencies will triumph can safely be left to the future.



THE FREE SPEECH FIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA

(Report.)

ON Friday, Sept. 24, Mr. Reitman notified the Director of Public Safety of Philadelphia, that Emma Goldman would deliver a lecture in this city during the coming week. Mr. Clay, the Director, answered by declaring that under no circumstances would he permit Miss Goldman to speak, and proceeded to hustle Mr. Reitman out of the office. The usual newspaper furore began: Odd Fellows' Temple was secured, and Miss Goldman announced to speak on the evening of Tuesday, the 28th.

The police threatened to stop not only Miss Goldman, but any one else who dared to say a word on the subject.

The Single Taxers meanwhile at their open-air meeting at the Plaza of the City Hall denounced the action of the Director and passed condemnatory resolutions. On Tuesday a committee of them visited the Director and informed him of their attitude, as a result of which, Mr. Clay addressed a letter to Mr. Reitman requesting the submission of Miss Goldman's manuscript to him, that he might determine what further action to take. This communication was met by an emphatic refusal on the part of counsel for the Free Speech Association, Henry John Nelson, declaring that any such action on the part of Miss Goldman would be to recognize a self-constituted censorship, wholly illegal. Thereupon the police were ordered to allow the meeting to proceed, but to prevent Miss Goldman from entering the hall.

Between three and four hundred uniformed men, accordingly, were sent to Odd Fellows' Temple to prevent one small woman from forcing her way into the hall. These men acted with their usual brutality, shoving and hustling men, women, and even little children about the street in a most insulting and brutal manner.

When Miss Goldman arrived, in company with Mr. Nelson, Timothy O'Leary, the prize ruffian of Philadelphia, commanded her in the words and tone of the hired "tough" which he is: "Go back where you came from. You can't come in here." Thus forced down the steps, and followed by a squad of police who would not allow her even to walk upon any street leading in the direction of the hall, Miss Goldman finally was allowed to go to her attorney's office, where it was determined to apply to the courts for an injunction the following day.

Meanwhile the meeting was proceeding, being addressed by Messrs. Robinson, Ryan, Hannon, and Guerera, Single Taxers; Mr. Henderson, Socialist; Mr. Reitman and myself. The chairman, Mr. Munroe, put condemnatory resolutions, which were unanimously passed by the meeting.

The police stood two and three deep around the room, in the outer corridors, and double lining the street for a block, during the entire meeting. Most of the speakers

paid their compliments to the "guardians of law" with more or less directness; all insisted that it was no longer a question of Miss Goldman or her ideas, but of the right of free speech to all.

On Friday morning the hearing in the injunction case came before Judges Wilson and Audenried. At present writing no decision has been reached, and it is very problematical when it will be or what it will be. Anarchists are always met by the argument, "Use such means to obtain your rights as the law grants, and do not say you have no rights until these means are tried." Well, this time they are being tried, with what effect we shall see. Fair reports have been given by the *Ledger* and the *Record*, and one or two editorials strongly censuring the Director have appeared. A number of letters from citizens have also given voice to the sentiment of the constitutional element of the community. The mass, however, are indifferent.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.



IN JUSTICE TO LEON SZOLGOSZ

EDITOR OF PUBLIC LEDGER:

In the issue of your paper of the 6th instant, there appeared the following letter:

"Sir:—The fact that the assassin of William McKinley, under oath, swore that he attributed his act of crime to the utterances of Emma Goldman, is ground enough for preventing her speaking here. T. T. H."

Among decent people it is customary to ignore any printed accusation that is not signed in full.

However, I ask the courtesy of your paper, not for my defense, but for the benefit of your readers who, I take it, believe in hearing both sides.

T. T. H. states that the "assassin of William McKinley swore under oath that he attributes his act of crime to the utterance of Emma Goldman." It requires but little logic to see that T. T. H. speaks from hearsay and not from knowledge.

If the "assassin" had given any such sworn testimony, would not the authorities have confronted him with me, and would that not have been sufficient evidence, espe-

cially at that moment of popular frenzy, to hold me for trial, nay, even to send me to prison?

For the enlightenment of T. T. H. permit me to say that the State of New York employed 200 detectives and spent \$30,000 to connect me with the "assassin." Evidently, they were leaving nothing undone to get sufficient evidence. Is it reasonable, then, to assume that sworn testimony, such as is referred to in the letter of T. T. H., would have been allowed to pass?

In justice to that victim of economic iniquity and social ignorance, Leon Czolgosz, I wish to state once for all, that he made no such statement, under oath or otherwise, nor had he ever claimed to be an Anarchist.

Leon Czolgosz made one statement when he was placed in the electric chair, and the good Christian Brothers, in their great Christian love attempted to draw a confession from their helpless victim.

They told him that Emma Goldman had denounced him as a worthless beggar, or something to that effect. "It makes no difference what she says, she knew nothing of the act," was the "assassin's" reply.

As to what else that boy may or may not have said, only his warders and the prison walls know.

Warders, in the sublime words of Oscar Wilde, "must set a lock upon their lips, and make their face a mask," and again,

"Every prison that men build for men,
Is built with bricks of shame
And bound with bars, lest Christ should see
How men their brothers maim."

No, the "assassin" has made no statements, nor could there be found even circumstantial evidence to connect me in any way.

Besides, I absolutely deny that utterances, no matter how incendiary, have ever induced any one to commit violence. Two conditions are necessary for such acts: First, a great social wrong that is undermining the liberties of a people. Secondly, a deep, sensitive social or individual psychology, incapable of enduring that wrong. Where these factors are lacking, one might preach violence from every housetop without the slightest result. On the other hand, where social conditions

outrage every sense of justice, violent acts are their natural results.

This brings me to the most vital point. Not Anarchism, the philosophy of social peace and harmony, nor Emma Goldman's speeches are responsible for the act of the "assassin" of William McKinley, but people like T. T. H., like those who are attempting to throttle free speech. In fact, all those who are maintaining and supporting a system which, as Thomas Paine said, "Sends old age to the workhouse and youth to the gallows."

No doubt T. T. H. means well, but he has much to learn. I suggest that he attend the Free Speech Meeting, Friday night, at the Labor Lyceum. He might learn there what liberty really means.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

Philadelphia, Oct. 7th, 1909.



IN DEFENSE OF FREE SPEECH

THE police suppression of Emma Goldman in Philadelphia has resulted in a systematic campaign of agitation against the forces of reaction.

Single Taxers and other radicals have joined hands with the Anarchists in defense of free speech. A series of protest meetings is being arranged, in order to arouse the public consciousness to the outrage upon the freedom of speech and assembly. The first meeting of the series took place Friday, October 8th, proving a most interesting and enthusiastic affair. Various speakers addressed the meeting, among them ex-Congressman Robert Baker, Frank Stephens, Voltairine De Cleyre, George Brown, Dr. Ben L. Reitman, and others. Leonard D. Abbott, Chairman of the Free Speech Committee, presided. Letters of sympathy and encouragement were read from prominent lovers of liberty from various parts of the country. Several of these communications are reprinted below. The complete report of the protest meeting will be published in our next issue.

Philadelphia, October 7, 1909.

DEAR ABBOTT:

I am glad you are to preside at the meeting to-morrow night. Our meeting is not called as a protest against

the State of Pennsylvania, but on behalf of the State of Pennsylvania. The victim of last week's mistake in Philadelphia was not Emma Goldman but the State of Pennsylvania. We know that Emma Goldman survived that incident unhurt. But who can say that the State of Pennsylvania survived that incident unhurt?

Our meeting is not inspired by an interest in one person or one idea. It belongs to all persons and all ideas. Anybody can stand oppression easier than the oppressor. Emma Goldman can stand the police administration of Philadelphia better than the State of Pennsylvania can stand the police administration of Philadelphia. In the arenas of free speech the last idea is as good as the first. The idea of one is as good as the idea of all. The ideas of minorities are as good as the ideas of majorities. It would be as much right for the one rebel to gag all the conformists as for all the conformists to gag the one rebel.

The police administration of Philadelphia stands for the club. We stand for thought and love. The police are always given the choice of weapons and sometimes they choose the weapon of barbarism. The man who trusts his brain and his heart so little that he appeals to the club in contests of the brain and the heart retains the vision of the savage and can enjoy no prestige in the courts of the soul. The trouble in Philadelphia is not so much the policeman as the police consciousness. And I may say that I am less interested in getting the people out of the hands of the policeman than in getting the police consciousness out of the brains of the people. And I may say that it's not half so sad to see the liberties of Philadelphia threatened as to see that there is no general protest against the threat. Not half so sad to see a few men misusing a few clubs as to see a whole community misusing a lot of brains. Not half so sad to know that a handful of misguided officials make a mockery of justice as to know that many thousands who would like to dare not join us in this protest. Not half so sad to have a little woman stopped by a big bluff from speaking as to have a whole city stopped by a little bluff from hearing. Not half so sad, my brothers. Not half so sad.

HORACE TRAUBEL.

MY DEAR LEONARD ABBOTT:

It has been decreed by "the wise fathers of this city" that I may not be with you to-night. Do you think Philadelphia will still be safe if I send you a message instead?

Henrik Ibsen said that the majority accepts a great truth only when it has become a lie.

Whosoever doubted Ibsen's deep understanding of the mass psychology had ample opportunity to be convinced in Philadelphia Tuesday, September 28th.

Ten thousand people came to a meeting at Odd Fellows' Temple, but because the majority has turned a great truth into a lie, free speech was stabbed in the heart, Tuesday evening, September 28th.

Life! liberty! happiness! The inalienable right to free thought and expression, in the old long ago, represented a truth for the unpopular few. A sublime truth, for which men gave their all. The penalty of that truth was death. Heroic, unflinching death!

Liberty, independence, free speech, free assemblage are now popular slogans, hailed and proclaimed by all. Liberty by the "grace" of the law, independence at the behest of gold, free speech at the mercy of the club. What mockery, what terrible absurdity.

Ibsen is right; the majority has accepted the truth only when it became a lie, a hideous, brazen lie.

It was that lie, more than the police department of Philadelphia, that made the outrage of September 28th possible.

Men had been known to shed their last drop of blood for a truth, but who would expect anyone to rise in rebellion for a lie?

That's why ten thousand people submitted supinely to the brutal force of police clubs.

I register my protest not against the gagging of my voice. Silence is more powerful than speech. I protest with all the ardor of my soul against the perpetuation of the majority lie.

Liberty fettered by law! Independence at the behest of gold! Freedom of expression at the mercy of the club!

I protest against this lie, against this hideous, brazen lie.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

New York, October 7, 1909.

Chairman National Free Speech Committee, Philadelphia.

MY DEAR MR. ABBOTT:—I most earnestly hope your meeting will be in every way a notable success, but above all that it will draw general attention to the gravity of the issue you represent. This is fundamental and vital to every citizen; everything else must stand aside until we get the questions settled whether we have any rights of free speech and whether a group of policemen have the power to suspend or nullify the Constitution at will. Because it is evident that if they can nullify one paragraph of the Constitution, they can nullify all paragraphs of the Constitution, and we suddenly find ourselves confronted with a situation in which we have practically no guarantee of any form of government higher than a policeman's club. And if the right of free speech, after all these generations of guaranteed existence, can be overthrown at the whim of a police commander (who is rightfully nothing but the hired man of the community) there is not one other right we are supposed to enjoy that cannot be similarly overthrown. We go back, therefore, to basic principles of liberty and life, and here in Philadelphia in the twentieth century actually face once more the conditions of arbitrary rule and irresponsible tyranny that mankind had supposed were abolished from the earth everywhere, except in darkest Russia and the jungles of Africa.

The right to think includes the right to think right and the right to think wrong. The right of free speech includes the right to speak what most men agree with and what most men disagree with. From these simple fundamental propositions there is no escape. The idea that freedom of speech means only freedom to express the opinion of the majority is the most grotesque and ribald nonsense that ever entered a human brain. Whatever Miss Goldman thinks, she has every constitutional, legal, normal, and moral right to utter. If what she utters violates the law she is responsible; the law prescribes what is then to be done; let the law take its course. But for a group of policemen to say in advance that she shall not utter her thought because her utterance is going to be of an illegal nature, is a usurpation of power intolerable

to civilization, utterly absurd, and indefensible. How under the sun do they know what she is going to say until she has said it? They might just as well arrest me to-day on the ground that ten years from now I am going to write a libel.

Every American ought to enter now his most solemn protest against the idea expressed in the action of the Philadelphia police, that the police have the slightest discretionary power to suspend the law or the Constitution, that they can grant or withhold at pleasure any right guaranteed to all freemen, and that they can deprive any person of his rights because they do not happen to like them. This is a country governed according to a formulated and agreed-upon declaration of rights and not by policemen. It is time we should remind ourselves of that fact.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

New York, October 8, 1909.

FRIENDS:—You are assembled to protest against the suppression of free speech. The Constitution gives the right of free speech to Emma Goldman, as well as to you, as well as to me, as well as to any man, woman, or child in the land. The Constitution may not be right in all things, but it is all right in this thing: that it gives to all the freedom to be heard.

And what is your protest? Against the police? Against the men behind the police? Should you not rather enter your protest against the apathy of every good citizen of Philadelphia who is not assembled with you to-night? That is my protest to-night. I protest against the indifference of that mass of thinking people, fair-minded and liberty-loving, as the word goes, who, knowing of this meeting, have not taken the pains to come here. Fair-minded people who say to themselves for excuse: "*Well, I am only one.*"

You are "only one"; so you stay at home, good citizens of a great republic. You are "only one," and the wrongs are many, so never mind the fight!

Well, what if you are only one! One against the whole world is one too many for a world in the wrong. One

against the whole world is the way the struggle for liberty has gone forward since the beginning of history. Should we be indifferent, or fear defeat, then, because we are only one?

If not for the struggle of "only one" against "the world," where would be our much-vaunted freedom to fight for still greater liberty!

A universally recognized right is being wrested from the people. Were but each to protest, who hesitates because he is "only one" against a host, and America would be so fired with rebellion against the tyrannous suppression of free speech that not an industrial potentate or prostitute of the law anywhere, would dare silence the least of those they hound and persecute to-day.

Where is your fair play? You who have not raised your voice to-night? Do you think you can long maintain your own freedom who will not fight for a like measure of freedom for others?

It is the indifference of you who are staying at home to-night, that is robbing some of the people of their liberties, and will, if persisted in, finally rob you of your own.

ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

East Orange, N. J., October 7, 1909.

Leonard D. Abbott, Chairman National Free Speech Committee, Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR:—Untiring vigilance is undoubtedly the price we must pay for liberty; the battles for freedom have to be perpetually waged; but I am amazed that in the shadow of Independence Hall and within sound of the old Liberty Bell, freedom of speech should be trampled upon as it has been trampled upon by the city officials sworn to uphold the laws and Constitution of State and Nation, and whose salaries are paid by all the people of Philadelphia to the end that these officials shall enforce the law and protect the rights of all persons found within the borders of the City of Brotherly Love.

Philadelphia is no mean city; she has a great *past*; 133 years ago she became as a city set on a hill; the Declaration of Independence was a torch that lighted the

world; the foremost English writer of history to-day has called it "the noblest of English documents."

With so great an heritage can the citizens of Philadelphia sit unmoved while the world outside jeers at her provincialism and actually laughs at the "pent-up Utica" which trembles before the philosophy of Emerson and Thoreau, of Herbert Spencer and Prince Kropotkin, as enunciated by a serious-minded and courageous little woman in spectacles.

Robert Burns wrote, "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us."

The most widely known of the judges of the Supreme Court of New York lately used very significant words in commenting upon a similar situation in New York City, which has since been happily overcome through public opinion unmistakably manifested in the great protest meeting held in historic Cooper Union on June 30. These are the words of Justice Gaynor: "An official who sets himself above the law is more dangerous to the perpetuity of our institutions and to the public order and happiness than the worst criminal."

To me it seems impossible to take an exaggerated view of the importance of Free Speech. It is the most fundamental of rights. *Without* free expression for our thoughts all other rights become insignificant. If Emma Goldman should be seated on the platform at your Protest Meeting with a gag between her teeth and a policeman standing on each side of her, the terrible picture would express, without exaggeration, the reason why you are assembled with the sense of outrage sunk deep in your hearts.

I may claim next, after the American Indian, to be a real American. One of my forebears was concerned in the settlement of Virginia in 1607; another (whose name I bear) was the first of the passengers of the Mayflower to set foot on Plymouth Rock in 1620; another landed in Boston in 1630 as assistant to the first Governor; others were the original settlers and first proprietors in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Jersey. My ancestors, the descendants of these earliest immigrants to America, took part in all the struggles which led up to the Revolution and were fighters in that war, also in the war for the independence of the seas in 1812; they were pioneers across

the western plains, and fought to preserve the Union during the Civil War.

When I thus recall the struggles of these men I blush with shame to think that to-day it is possible, with such a record behind us, for public officials to be elected in a democracy, either so ignorant of the laws and of our history, or, which is vastly worse, so contemptuous of law and the Constitution that they dare to trample under foot our fundamental rights.

Sincerely yours,

ALDEN FREEMAN.

The following telegram was received from William Marion Reedy, editor of the *St. Louis Mirror*:

St. Louis, Mo., October 8, 1909.

Chairman Free Speech Meeting, Labor Lyceum, Philadelphia.

Constitution guarantees freedom of speech, but what is Constitution to a cop. He embodies authority's hostility to ideas which mean liberty.

If Miss Goldman's mind may be put in a bastille, the thought of anyone may be suppressed when it runs counter to privilege on its downy bed of ease, filled with feathers plucked from these geese, the people. Finding that a free speech fight is being made in Philadelphia—where earlier "Anarchists" formulated protests against tyranny—not necessarily for Emma Goldman's idea, but for her right and our rights to express any idea, with responsibility for consequences, every American should stand firm. If not, the end of liberty is come. No liberty without liberty of thought and expression. Down with "third degree" sweat-box program for the "crime" of thinking.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY.



AN ANTHOLOGY OF FREE PRESS

By H. KELLY.

THAT certain forms of literature require certain types of mind, or shall we say standards of minds, for their understanding is a truism. It is therefore quite certain that the "Free Press Anthology*" compiled by Theo. Schroeder, will never be rated among our "best sellers." The present volume is composed of essays on free speech from the time of Milton to the present day, and the names of Spinoza, Mill, Spencer, Huxley, Bentham, Lecky, and others of similar character are among the essayists. That these essays have not been widely read, and, when read, but imperfectly understood even by educated men—educated in the narrow sense—can easily be seen from the letters and articles published here by public men and leading newspapers in reference to the case of John Turner, or the position of the Censor of Plays in England. Our Edward M. Sheppards, De Witt Warners, and other public men protested against John Turner's deportation from this country, not because they believed in free speech unabridged, but because they felt Mr. Turner was rather an educated man, mild of manner, and not likely to say anything very dreadful. In England, according to the latest cable reports, the censorship is likely to be extended rather than curtailed, as a result of recent agitation, which goes to prove that prophets are not appreciated any more in their own country than they are here. It is fifty years since John Stuart Mill wrote his famous essay on "Liberty," and thirty years since Herbert Spencer wrote "Principles of Ethics," both of which from a philosophic standpoint are incontrovertible; yet they are but little read and less understood. Most of the essays compiled in the Anthology are classics in the purest sense and will never become popular, as we understand the term. They are imperishable, however, and will remain mines wherein the student, thinker, or orator may quarry with the assurance of finding gems of priceless value if he but persevere.

That freedom of speech is an unpopular subject in spite of the hack politician and patriotic historian is

* The Truth Seeker Co., New York.

proved by Mr. Schroeder's statement that in a library containing 250,000 volumes he found only two items indexed under the heading of free speech and press, and in smaller libraries nothing at all. However much we may like to deceive ourselves on this point, it is impossible to deny that unabridged freedom of speech and press is as rare as radium, and twice as costly if judged by the persecution and ostracism of the few who espouse it. For ages these terms were used in a purely theological sense, one religious sect persecuting another and both suppressing the unbeliever. If anyone thinks even this fight has been fought and won it is well to remember that persecution for blasphemy under the term obscenity is not at all uncommon in this the most irreligious of all countries, as well as in England, where speech is freer than anywhere in the world. Anti-Anarchist laws remain on our statute-books by the tacit consent of the people, making it a crime to advocate the thing which gave birth to this republic: "The overthrow of government by force and violence." The persecution of people for obscenity by our prurient lawmakers is so common it is unnecessary to dwell on it at length here. Mr. Schroeder in his own essays deals for the most part with the question of obscenity which, as he truly remarks, is a state of mind, impossible of clear definition. He spans the bridge between free speech limited and unlimited, declaring for the right to speak one's mind even to the extent of advocating crime, leaving it to the law afterward to establish direct connection between the one who advocates and the one who acts. To most people this will appear a far-fetched doctrine; to ourselves it is the only logical position to take, and anything less than that is mere trifling with the question. We welcome the present volume because it puts in compact form the best thought of several centuries on the most vital question affecting man's welfare, the thing that differentiates us from the lower animals: the right to think and, thinking, act. We were stimulated by its reading and exalted by its sentiments. We feel indebted for its publication and wish it a wide circulation.



THE WOMAN AND THE POET

By FLOYD DELL.

THE woman at my side pointed to one of the delicate vases that sat clustered together where they had a few minutes before been brought from the annealing furnace. "How beautiful it is!" she said.

One of the workmen, he under whose breath and hands we had just seen take form one creation after another of shimmering grace, glanced keenly at the vase as she spoke, and stopped for a single instant to take it up in his fingers; then he smiled and said, "But it is flawed."

The glow from the furnaces that bathed us in its lucent flood touched and caressed the condemned vase and lit up within its depths a thousand fairy torches—fires that brought up from out the earth in cobalt and copper and gold invested with their own warmth the cold clear crystal in whose embrace they were held fast, and made the whole tingle with seeming life; it was the incarnation of some rare emotion. And yet he who knew said that it was flawed.

Certainly it was beautiful. It was as beautiful as the body of the woman beside me, her white gown grown in the light of the furnace like the petals of a crimson flower; beautiful as her soul, that was apparent to me of a sudden as she slowly turned her eyes to meet mine and bent her lips in a slight mysterious smile, in an exhalation like the flower's perfume, subtle, volatile, not to be seized upon.—But flawed!

"Come," she said, and pressed my arm, shivering in despite of the furnace's glow, as if with an intuitive perception of my thought. "Let us go." And as I went I thought of the chances of the molten stuff in its transformation under the hands of the workman, at the mercy of unseen forces beyond the reach of human skill in one process after another, from the whirling globe quivering at the end of the blowing-iron and yielding to the impress of pucellas and marver, to the final shape at rest in the quiescence of the annealing furnace, ready to come out into the shock and jostle of the world. Then I looked again at the woman at my side, as we passed from the door of the glass-house into the coolness of the moonlit night, and whispered to myself, "But beautiful!"

I wondered if I would ever have the courage to take up this woman's soul in my fingers as the workman had that shapely thing of glass, and handling it tenderly even as a vase, admit to myself the justice of the sentence: "Flawed." We had entered a great park, through the shaded walks of which we passed slowly. I looked at her, a white shape in the dusk, an ethereal odor among the wind-blown perfumes of the night. I stopped, submerged by a wave of tenderness. "Kiss me!" I said.

She came close and pressed her mouth against mine; I drew her tightly against me and held her for a long time in the sheath of my arms, but we did not tremble nor grow faint; and at last I released her and walked on, clear-eyed. The kiss was confiding, comforting, complete; it held in it no throb of passion, no stinging sense of unfulfillment, nothing to allure or inspire, to make desperate or defiant of the gods. It opened up no new horizons, hinted of no hidden seas or undiscovered worlds. A poet it could not long content; for the poet is drawn by invisible golden threads toward the mellowest orchards in the garden of life, and may not linger long by the wayside for the bitter roots that grow among the wild grasses. The poet is doomed to the horror of silence unless he commune with equal souls. And this soul,—beautiful and fragile and dear,—was flawed.

We stopped, seating ourselves on a rustic bench. My arm was about her, and I could feel against my side the steady rise and fall of her bosom as she breathed. Her face was very white and sweet; but I was looking off to the whiter face of the moon, haloed about with a mystic effulgence and throned on a royal bank of clouds that hardly stirred under the touch of the breezes that swept faintly past us. I was forcing myself to be cruel—to tear up from their beds in the dark the pale-stemmed flowers of my lady's thoughts, the rare drooping blossoms of emotion, and look at them for what they were. Was there anything here that I could call love? Was there anything akin to generosity, daring, enthusiasm, sympathy?

"What are you thinking of?" she asked, a little troubled at my silence. "Of you," I said, and she smiled the pleased smile of a child.

What is the texture of my lady's soul? Is it richly-

woven cloth-of-gold, or fine-spun silk, or some rougher, cruder fabric,—or perhaps the misty gossamer that clothes the fields at morn, to be torn and violated with a touch? Nevertheless, I said, I shall thrust in my hand and see.

“What are you thinking about me?” she asked, a little petulantly, turning to me a face like the face of a flower heavy with dew. “Is it nice?”

“I was wondering why you like me,” I said. But even as I wondered, I knew; for the rise and fall of her bosom as it rested against my side, her happy breathing upon my cheek, had suddenly been transformed into the purring of a magnificent Persian cat, which had climbed upon my knee because I of all the world would soonest turn aside from my work to pet and caress it. For a moment the vision lasted, and then momentarily again I hated myself for my unkindness. But the truth stayed with me, was not to be destroyed or forgotten; and all the beautiful phrases that she might coin in a happier mood would never be able to blind me to the fact that it was not the essential I, the poet, the interpreter of the world to the minds of men, that my lady valued: only the lavisher of caresses, and words, and glances with the quality of a caress, the maker of sleek bright lies wherein to clothe her soul’s nakedness, the bringer of tribute of rich, strange fruit of admiration and desire wherewith to feed her soul’s hunger.

“You are not often like this,” she said. “Perhaps that is one reason why I like you.” In her voice I could discern sounding dully amidst the music of her words the note of jealousy—as though divining the import of my thoughts she hated them, but with a hatred sunk in weariness and submission. It was a confession, a lowering of the battle-banner, a token of failure. I saw it all, knew it well, but it was not to my mind: so I turned again toward her beauty with an open heart, and clasped her head with its cloud of perfumed hair against my breast, hearing as for the first time intermixed with the ancient love-song of the toads in the dim ponds behind us, the dim and tranquil passage of her breath. She seemed a part of the night, one with its immemorial sounds and odors, akin to its each faint color and mystic stillness. Beautiful she was: and I—did I love her?

The answer came in a moment : No—for I have sounded her depths ; she has no deeper joy to yield, nothing to give me beyond this hour.

“Kiss me,” she said.

As our lips met I demanded passionately of myself the proof of these charges that would make this kiss perhaps our last. Wherein lay her failure? I knew that she was, to me, sincere—in flash after flash of desperate or tender revealment she had opened to my gaze the utmost regions of her soul. But I knew, too, that there was something in her life that she herself dared not face, that she kept carefully hidden away from consciousness, before which when a word or look threatened its unveiling her spirit crouched in an agony of terror. The shamefulness of this something was not to be conveyed by any words of definition—at the utmost if could perhaps be stated as a sordid acquiescence in bondage ; but it was to be known and understood from the poison which it spread through every vein of her life. Met and faced, it could have been only a sad and hateful fact, accepted because it seemed an absolute condition of existence ; but flinched from and obscured, it repaid her dishonesty by dominating and obsessing her, by becoming an unforgettable subterranean horror.

Life itself had been infected by the taint : and from life as it became unbearably real she fled now and again to a dim place of dreams. Music and literature and art, all things I loved because of their deep and intimate relation to life, were to her the subtle wines with which she intoxicated herself so as to forget life.

Even her rebellion had partaken of the taint. Our kisses had from the first thrilled her with no quality within themselves—rather by virtue of an unrelated fact, the circumstance that they were secret and unallowed. I had told her of my desire because to me the yearning of my being to mix itself with hers was something fair and good ; and she had listened, because the telling had for her a certain flavor of wickedness.

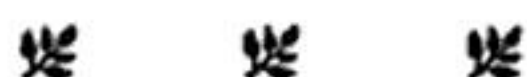
But most of all had the poison corroded her mind in regard to sex. There was for her nothing here of wonder and delight, nothing of loveliness frank and avowed ; but only the muddy depths of mysterious vulgarity, lit up

perhaps at times by a patch of light caught from the Sidonian moon.

"Where will you be to-morrow?" she asked suddenly. "I don't know," I answered. I thought inwardly—on the other side of the world. For the winds were calling, and the stars, and the song of the toads in the dim ponds behind us had changed to a low croon of farewell. I knew that a great happiness was in store for me somewhere, and I must go forth to meet it.

She rose. "Kiss me," she said, in a strange voice; "we may never see each other again."

A great flood of tenderness enveloped me. I clasped her close, so that I could feel the beating of her heart, and the blue veins in all her limbs kissed and stung me; then I pressed my mouth against hers, and drank its coolness in a long, long draught.



BOOKS RECEIVED

THE LOGIC AND ECONOMICS OF THE CLASS STRUGGLE. Guy A. Alfred. Bakunin Press, London.

MILITARISM AND REVOLUTION. Guy A. Aldred. Bakunin Press, London.

FREE SPEECH ANTHOLOGY. Compiled by Theodore Schroeder. Truth Seeker Pub. Co., New York.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CON MAN. Will Irwin. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

PATRIOTISM (?) VS. TRUTH. Wm. C. Owen, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GHETTO. Hutchins Hapgood. Revised edition. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. Lorenzo Sears. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Owing to lack of space, contributions to the Free Speech Fund will be acknowledged in our next issue.

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchist Communism. By Peter Kropotkin.....	5c.
Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin.....	5c.
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Vol. IV

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 9

FRANCISCO FERRER

BY CHARLES E. HOOPER.

*Still groans Prometheus bound, and still descends,
From yon man-fashioned Phantom of the skies,
The triple-headed bird of prey that blends
Warfare with greed and sacerdotal lies.*

*Soldier of Truth, thy death-drops we salute;
In them Humanity is heart renewed;
Dried be the tear, the rising curse be mute;
In blood lies Liberty's beatitude.*

*But what of Spain—priest-trampled Spain? Who knows
To-morrow's doom of infamy or fame?
At least in thy loved country still live those
Who burn to spread thy martyred spirit's flame.*

*"Long live the Modern School"—Thy message, flung
Straight to the murderous muzzles ere they sped
Destruction to a brain too finely strung,
Re-echoed, links the living to the dead;*

*The living, not in guilty Spain alone,
But wheresoever men have eyes to see
And hearts to feel: There, ready, stands the throne,
Reared by Light-yielding labors like thine own,
That waits thy spirit's King, the World-community.*

—London Literary Guide.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE whole history of the Catholic Church has been an uninterrupted orgy of violence and crime, persecution and murder. The vicars of the meek Carpenter who taught "Love thine enemies" have ever preached his gospel with rack and thumbscrew. Fire and sword were their good Christian weapons. Darkness and ignorance their supreme opportunity. The terrible result is all too evident in countries ruled by the Church. Ignorance and poverty are most frightful in proportion to Catholic influence. Spain is its stronghold. Fearfully the black beast of Rome guards her ancient domain. She trembles at the approach of light. Justly she sees in the torch of science the threatened destruction of her tyrannical power. The Educator is her most feared enemy.

In the present, as in the past, the Church dreads nothing more than ideas,—ideas of liberty, of light and justice. Their torch-bearers are blasphemers, heretics. They must die, for the greater glory of the Church and the continued reign of superstition and darkness.

Thus Ferrer had to die. Nay, more. He had to expiate a double heresy, for he blasphemed both Church and State. Too wide his view to be confined to the peril of priestcraft. Too clear his sight not to realize the blight of authority, civil no less than religious, that holds mankind in bondage. Full well he knew that in the lexicon of the State Liberty has no more place than Light in that of the Church. Against both these powers of darkness Francisco Ferrer was a mighty protestant. He opposed to their pernicious, enslaving activity the most efficacious method: the enlightenment of the child. He knew that an unenslaved child meant a free man. But this great crime neither Church nor State could forgive. The black Shylocks demanded their pound of flesh. A servile government readily acquiesced, and thus the noblest, truest friend of mankind was assassinated.

* * *

SELDOM has the solidarity of governments been more convincingly demonstrated than by the Ferrer case. Governments often deem it necessary to make hostile demonstrations against each other. Usually it is the

stronger taking advantage of a weaker power, for the benefit of home capitalists, or to divert popular discontent into artificial channels, thus fanning the fires of jingoism, so conducive to the interests of despotism.

But in the Ferrer case the various States have given a remarkable proof of solidarity. No European government found a single word of censure for the farcical trial and atrocious murder at Montjuich. And our own government, forever pretending to be truly representative,—why has it ignored popular indignation at Ferrer's assassination? Why does it remain mute in the face of the world-wide protest? Neither Federal nor State government dared to utter a word in condemnation of the foulest deed of the twentieth century.

The powers at Washington never lose time in expressing, unauthorized, "the sympathy of the American people" for some royal idiot overtaken by the hand of an avenging Nemesis. This has been repeatedly done within recent years, without the knowledge or consent of the people; in fact, contrary to their desires and expressed sentiment, and in direct defiance of the American tradition abhorring the tyranny of the Old World despotisms. Why, then, is Washington mute at the outrage committed in Spain? If it may without authorization express the alleged sympathy of the American people for a dead tyrant, may it not voice the expressed indignation of the people at the wrong done to *humanity*? If the authorities, State and Federal, had possessed the faintest spark of manhood, they should have first expressed to the *people of Spain* and the orphans of Ferrer the sympathy of the American public and its abhorrence of the assassination. Then the official representatives in America of the Catholic Church and Spanish government should have been notified that the American people could not tolerate in their midst the official presence of assassins' agents.

Such should have been the attitude of a government having even the faintest pretensions to being representative of the nation. But such pretensions are the veriest hypocrisy. Governments represent nothing but chicanery, fraud, and the violence of the few toward the many. The very essence of governments is suppression and murder. Their mission is to defend and preserve existing

conditions of injustice, oppression, and tyranny—and this is why all governments are solidaric.

* * *

LET no one deceive himself with the belief that the dastardly crime of Montjuich would not be possible in these United States.

It may seem like a far cry from America to Spain. And yet the comparison is justified. Indeed, this country has but scant reason to point the finger of scorn at benighted Spain, in the fond belief that we are more civilized, more progressive.

If the possibility of a Ferrer outrage may serve as a criterion of a people's place in the ethical progress of the world, then the "land of the free and the home of the brave" properly belongs in the utmost rear of the march.

Just twenty-two years ago a tragedy was enacted upon the stage of American life which, for brutality and monstrous malignity, far overshadows the terrible happening in Spain. Eight of the noblest of men were torn from the midst of their friends and condemned to death under circumstances closely resembling the martyrdom of Ferrer. As in the case of the Spanish educator, the only crime of our Chicago comrades consisted in their loyal service to humanity. They had raised their voices in protest against social injustice and devoted their lives to the enlightenment of their fellow-men. This was the most unpardonable crime man could be guilty of—in Spain as in America,—a crime punishable with death.

The circumstances surrounding the trial of our Chicago martyrs were also peculiarly like those of Ferrer's. Perjury and false evidence were resorted to by an American court to accomplish the fiendish plot against the men accused of complicity in the Haymarket bomb incident. Not a shred of evidence could be produced against our comrades, as was subsequently proved by Governor Altgeld, who liberated the three imprisoned Anarchists. But lack of evidence could be no obstacle to the infamous cabal of authority and privilege: in spite of their proved innocence five men were judicially slaughtered.

If anything, the Chicago court was more brutal, more atrocious than that of Spain. The latter at least has the excuse—pitiable as it is—of an actual condition of martial law. Nothing of the kind existed in Chicago, in

1887. Our comrades were tried, not by a court martial, like Ferrer, but by a civil tribunal which decreed the slaying of the Anarchists by resorting to every conceivable perfidy within the range of judicial authority.

* * *

TO those who still cling to the ragged edges of American liberty, the latest governmental outrages should furnish sufficient proof that liberty is no more.

The President of a "free" country, at the heavy expense of a "free" people, embraces the tyrant of Mexico, whose dark and criminal deeds surpass even those of the Russian autocracy. The government of a "free" country lends itself as hangman of the personal rights and liberties of people whose only offence consists in daring to oppose the despotic régime of the Mexican Tsar. At the latter's request De Lara, a cultured Mexican residing at Los Angeles, has been arrested, refused a trial, and is about to be turned over to the tender mercies of the Weyler of Mexico.

In our own city, a brilliant writer and cartoonist, Carlo De Fornaro, well known in artistic circles, has been convicted of criminal libel, because he, too, had dared to raise his voice in behalf of his outraged country. In his work, "Diaz, Tsar of Mexico," Fornaro boldly tore the mask off the hypocritical face of Perfidious Diaz, that the world might see him as he is.

The portrait drawn by the pen of this gifted artist was the writing on the wall which evidently disturbed the slumbers of the Mexican oppressor. Criticism and the truth are ever a menace to tyranny. The Mexican government had successfully suppressed free expression in its own country and has now sent its representative to accomplish the same result in America. That Diaz could fully rely on his colleagues in Washington to do his bidding is best proved by the outrageous action of the jury which found Fornaro guilty of libelling—Diaz. As if the English tongue is rich enough in strong expressions to libel a Diaz.

The thinking element of the West has awakened to the danger of Mexican rule in America, inasmuch as they have inaugurated a tremendous agitation in behalf of De Lara. Shall we in the East not follow

their commendable example? A strong and vigorous movement should immediately be started in behalf of Fornaro, in behalf of free speech. It behooves us to lend our assistance in freeing Mexico, for the time is not far when we shall need the assistance of Mexico to free us.

* * *

THE killing of Prince Ito by a Korean patriot marks an important step in the awakening of that unfortunate country. The birth of the individual revolutionist historically precedes national revolt. And surely Korea has sufficient cause to rejoice over the deed of her son, more courageous than his brothers. For Ito, as Resident General of Korea, proved a veritable demon in the ferocious suppression of every aspiration of the Koreans for national independence and well-being. His administration reduced that country to the last extreme of slavery. The shot that laid Ito low was but the echo of a people's desperate cry for relief.

* * *

IT is no exaggeration to say that Samuel Gompers is the most perniciously reactionary factor in the American labor movement. It is he, chiefly, who is responsible for the present pitiful, helpless condition of the organized workingmen of this country. His whole official life has been devoted to instilling the belief that the true solution of the labor question is to be found in the "closer approach of capital and labor." He has preached the gospel of harmony between master and slave till the workers have grown to look upon the exploiting parasites as their true benefactors. His craft union methods and tactics have encouraged internal strife and robbed the workers of their initiative and independence. They have been persistently drilled to rely on the authority of their leaders—in and out of the union—and their minds poisoned and their energy paralyzed by the sanctity of contracts. Self-help and direct economic action have been tabooed, legal justice eulogized, and the courts apotheosized till labor has become emasculated of all manhood.

Not content with having degraded and debauched

American labor, Gompers undertook to carry his pernicious gospel to the workers of Europe. On his recent trip abroad he exhausted the colors of the rainbow in painting the prosperity and power of the American workingmen. He was inexpressibly shocked by the miserable condition of the wage slaves of the Old World; he severely criticised their ineffective methods of fighting the encroachments of capital, contrasting them with the enlightened and successful tactics of the "world's most powerful labor body," the A. F. of L.

Having thus satisfactorily—to himself, chiefly—accomplished his mission, Gompers set sail for America, the Eldorado of labor.

But oh, the irony of fate! The last strains of his swan-like song had scarcely left his lips, when the electric wire flashed the news to Gompers that the Court of Appeals had ordered him to be thrown into prison! It had confirmed the judgment of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, declaring—in essence—that American labor had no rights as against capital, and no standing in the courts of law. Did Gompers, the head of the "world's most powerful labor body," indignantly protest against this infamous judicial raping of his organization? Not he. He is too loyal a slave to rebel against sacred decisions of the august judiciary. In the last issue of the *American Federationist* Gompers servilely proclaims his unshakable faith in the ultimate triumph of justice and calls upon the faithful to—appeal to a higher court.

Sancta Simplicitas, if not worse. Had Gompers the courage to call upon American labor to proclaim a General Strike as a protest against the court's decision, . . . but, then, neither Gompers nor his organization has the courage of virile manhood.

* * *

FOR years New York and Brooklyn have been police-ridden cities. So much so that one was not quite safe from them in his own home. As to outrages on fundamental principles, that was an open daily exercise of the police.

Since the removal of the military police Commissioner Bingham, his successor has tried to rescue free

speech, at least, from the clutches of his subordinates, and especially to free hallkeepers from the police reign of terror.

Like all reforms, the efforts of our new Commissioner have succeeded in relieving the agony, but not in curing the disease. There are still numerous precincts where captains reign supreme, bullying hall owners and preventing the holding of meetings.

One of these heroes, Captain Shaw, has just been removed to Brooklyn, where he continues his old tactics practiced for many years in New York.

A meeting of Comrade Goldman was stopped November 5th in the habitual sneaky way: intimidation of the hallkeeper. When Captain Shaw was confronted by the order of his superior to keep hands off the meeting, the brave knight lied himself out of the difficulty, throwing the blame on the lights in the hall, which had suddenly refused to burn. Our friends procured from the Commissioner permission to hold an open air meeting, at which they addressed—during an hour and a half—an audience of three thousand people attracted by the police closing the hall.

The meeting was unusually quiet and orderly, which did not seem to please the Brooklyn police. Suddenly a sergeant appeared on the scene, roughly demanding our permit. When Comrade Reitman did not comply quick enough with the demand, he was placed under arrest. The following morning he was fined five dollars for the terrible offence of having told the policeman that it was none of his business whether we had a permit. Not a policeman's business to meddle in the free exercise of a right? Not his business to break up a peaceful meeting? That was, indeed, a crime.

The comic side of the affair was furnished by His Majesty, Capt. Shaw. He appeared before the Judge to swear out a warrant for Comrade Emma Goldman, who, he said, had called him a grafter and had attacked the Catholic Church. Even a Brooklyn judge could see the humor of the situation. He would not issue the warrant, but went out of his way to tell our comrade that he knew her theories stood for kindness. It is to be regretted, however, that the Judge doesn't

know enough of them to practice kindness in the courts. The brutality and coarseness of the officers that morning were the most disgraceful scene we have witnessed in a long time.

* * *

THE industrial Workers of the World of Spokane, Wash., are setting a splendid example of fighting the enemies of speech. The local authorities had suddenly decided to stop the I. W. W. open-air meetings. Our Spokane comrades have been carrying on an energetic propaganda, striking at the very vitals of Mammon by their fearless denunciation of the employment sharks—the modern eunuchs of capitalism. Hence the attempt to throttle free speech.

But our friends were not to be so easily daunted. They insisted on their rights. They were not naïve enough to believe that anything would be “granted” them. They had the courage to *demand* and *take* their rights, by continuing to hold open-air meetings, police orders to the contrary notwithstanding. The energy and determination of the brave fighters resulted in numerous arrests: Comrade Elisabeth Gurley Flynn and two other I. W. W. organizers, as well as the editors of the *Industrial Worker* and the secretary of the Central Committee of the I. W. W. unions, were thrown into jail. But prison and threats of bodily injury could not discourage these devoted men and women. No sooner was one speaker dragged off the platform than another took his place. Scores of fighters stood ready to assert their right of free speech, so that the Spokane prison is now overfilled, and plenty of comrades are on hand to continue the fight.

That these methods of establishing our rights are the proper ones has already been proved by Comrade Flynn and others at Missoula, Mont. There the number of I. W. W. people willing and ready to go to prison for free speech so overtaxed the town jail's capacity that the authorities were forced to cry for mercy. They feared the town would go into bankruptcy if our comrades persisted in becoming the city's free boarders. Thus freedom of speech was estab-

lished in Missoula. Thus also—and thus alone—will it have to be established everywhere.

* * *

THE case of Comrades Schreiber and Adams, now before the Supreme Court of New Jersey, has again demonstrated to what depths government will stoop in its persecution of Anarchists.

Schreiber and Adams were convicted last June in the Trenton court of "conspiracy to rob" (no robbery had taken place), on the exclusive testimony of a certain New York police spy and his assistants. The evidence against them was so flimsy, the trial such a farce, that the Machinist Union (of which Schreiber was a most active member) took up the matter, raised funds and appealed the case to the Supreme Court.

The arguments of counsel before the latter body are sufficient to convince even a prejudiced mind that the verdict of guilty against Schreiber and Adams was the direct result of police conspirators seeking promotion. Of course, the underlying reason for the prosecution was the circumstance of the prisoners' being Anarchists.

Our experience with authority has been of a character to exclude surprise at any atrocity government might commit. But that workingmen, strikers at that, should lend themselves the willing tools of a police outrage, is very sad indeed. We blush for American labor to acknowledge that the jury which condemned Schreiber and Adams consisted almost exclusively of striking hatters.

* * *

WE hail the resurrection of the *Firebrand*, the fortnightly Anarchist review published and edited by Ross Winn. In these days of general apathy and ever-growing encroachment of despotism, every additional champion of Liberty is a valuable aid in the service of humanity. Comrade Winn is especially fitted for the task: he is a born fighter, with a clear, broad outlook, and a sharp and fearless pen. The trumpet calls, the need is great—Welcome, Comrade!

Those wishing to subscribe for the *Firebrand* may address Ross Winn, Mt. Juliet, Tenn., or the office of MOTHER EARTH.

L'ÉCOLE RÉNOVÉE

By FRANCISCO FERRER.

Literal translation of an article written by Francisco Ferrer for the L'École Rénovée, the Paris review published in the interests of Modern Education.

TO those who wish to renovate the education of children two methods are open: To work for the transformation of the school by studying the child, so as to prove scientifically that the present organization of education is defective and to bring about progressive modification; or, to found new schools in which shall be directly applied those principles corresponding directly to the ideal of society and of its units, as held by those who eschew the conventionalities, prejudices, cruelties, trickeries, and falsehoods, upon which modern society is based.

The first method certainly offers great advantages. It corresponds to that evolutionary conception which all men of science defend, and which alone, according to them, can succeed.

In theory they are right, and we are quite ready to recognize it.

It is evident that experiments in psychology and physiology must lead to important changes in matters of education: that teachers, being better able to understand the child, will know better how to adapt their instruction to natural laws. I even grant that such evolution will be in the direction of liberty, for I am convinced that constraint arises only from ignorance, and that the educator who is really worthy of the name will obtain his results through the spontaneous response of the child, whose desires he will learn to know, and whose development he will try to further by giving it every possible gratification.

But in reality, I do not believe that those who struggle for human emancipation can expect much from this method. Governments have ever been careful to hold a high hand over the education of the people. They know, better than anyone else, that their power is based almost entirely on the school. Hence, they monopolize it more

and more. The time is past when they opposed the diffusion of instruction, and when they sought to restrain the education of the masses. These tactics were formerly possible, because the economic life of the nations allowed the prevalence of popular ignorance, that ignorance which renders mastery easy. But circumstances have changed. The progress of science, discoveries of all kinds, have revolutionized the conditions of labor and production. It is no longer possible for a people to remain ignorant: it must be educated in order that the economic situation of one country may hold its own and make headway against the universal competition. In consequence, governments want education; they want a more and more complete organization of the school, not because they hope for the renovation of society through education, but because they need individuals, workmen, perfected instruments of labor, to make their industrial enterprises and the capital employed in them profitable. And we have seen the most reactionary governments follow this movement; they have realized perfectly that their former tactics were becoming dangerous to the economic life of the nations, and that it is necessary to adapt popular education to new necessities.

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the directors have not foreseen the dangers which the intelligent development of the people might create for them, and that it was necessary for them to change their methods of keeping the mastery. These methods have likewise been adopted to the new conditions of life, and they have labored to keep a hold over the evolution of ideas. At the same time that they seek to preserve the beliefs upon which social discipline was formerly based, they have sought to give to conceptions born of scientific effort a signification which could do no harm to established institutions. And to that end they took possession of the school. They who formerly left the priests in charge of the education of the people, because the priests were perfectly suited to the task, their instruction being at the service of authority, now took up everywhere the direction of scholarly education.

The danger, for them, lay in the awakening of human intelligence to the new outlook on life; the awakening, in the depths of men's consciousness, of a will towards

emancipation. It would have been foolish to combat the evolving forces; they had to be driven into channels. That is the reason why, far from adhering to the old procedures of government, they adopted new ones, and evidently efficacious ones. It did not require great genius to find this solution; the simple pressure of facts led the men in power to understand what they must oppose to the apparent perils.

They founded schools, labored to spread education on all sides, and if there were those among them who at first resisted this impulse—for its diverse tendencies favored certain antagonistic political parties—all soon understood that it was better to yield to it, and that the best tactics were to assure the defense of their interests and their principles by new means. Forthwith began terrible struggles for the conquest of the School; in every country these struggles are still continuing with intensity; here, bourgeois republican society triumphs; there, clericalism. All sides know the importance of the game, and recoil at no sacrifice to secure a victory. Everyone's cry is: "For and by the School." And the good people ought to be touched by so much solicitude! Everybody thirsts for their elevation by education, and by consequence—their happiness! Formerly some could say: "These others want to keep you in ignorance that they may the better exploit you: we want to see you educated and free." Now that is no longer possible; they have built schools on every corner, for every sort of instruction.

It is in this unanimous change of ideas among the ruling classes in respect to the school, that I find reason to be suspicious of their good-will, and the explanation of the facts which actuate my doubts as to the efficacy of the methods of renovation which certain reformers want to put in operation. These reformers are, moreover, very indifferent, generally speaking, to the social significance of education; they are men very ardent in the search of scientific truth, but who avoid all questions foreign to the object of their studies. They study patiently to know the child, and will some day tell us—their science is young yet—what methods of education are most suitable for its integral development.

Now this, in some sort, professional indifference is very prejudicial, I think, to the cause they intend to serve.

I do not mean to say that they are unconscious of the realities of the social environment, and I know that they expect the best results for the general welfare from their task. They say: In trying to discover the secrets of the life of the human being, in seeking the processes of its normal physical and psychic development, we give education a form which can not but be favorable to the liberation of energies. We do not wish to devote our attention directly to the liberation of the school: as savants moreover we cannot, for we are not yet able exactly to define what is to be done. We shall proceed by slow degrees, convinced that the school will be transformed just in proportion to our discoveries, by the force of events themselves. If you ask us what are our hopes for mankind, we agree with you in foreseeing an evolution in the direction of a wide emancipation of the child and of humanity through science; but in that case again we are persuaded that our work must be directed entirely toward that end, and will attain it by the most rapid and direct course.

This reasoning is apparently logical, and no one would dare to contradict it. And yet it is mixed considerably with illusion. Yes, if the governing powers had, as men, the same ideas as benevolent reformers, if they were really concerned for the continuous reorganization of society in the sense of the progressive disappearance of slavery, we might admit that scientific effort alone would improve the destiny of nations. But we should reckon without our host. We know too well that those who dispute for power, have in view nothing but the defense of their own interests; that they busy themselves only with conquering what they want for themselves, for the satisfaction of their appetites. Long ago we ceased to believe in the words with which they mask their ambitions. Certain naïve persons still refuse to believe that there is not among them, all the same, some little sincerity, and imagine that they, too, sometimes desire the happiness of their fellows. But these become fewer and fewer, and the positivism of the century has become far too cruel for us to deceive ourselves longer as to the intentions of those who govern us.

Just as they knew how to get out of the difficulty, when the necessity for education became evident, in such

a way as to prevent that education from becoming a danger, just so they will know how to organize the school in accordance with the new discoveries of science that nothing may endanger their supremacy. These are ideas which are certainly not received without difficulty; but when one has seen, from close by, what takes place and how things are in reality arranged, one can no longer be caught by the whistling of words.

Oh, what have people not expected, what do they not expect still, from education! The majority of progressive men expect everything from it, and it is only in these later days that some begin to understand that it offers nothing but illusions. We perceive the utter uselessness of this learning acquired in the schools by the systems of education at present in practice, we see that we expected and hoped in vain. It is because the organization of the school, far from spreading the ideal which we imagined, has made education the most powerful means of enslavement in the hands of the governing powers to-day. Their teachers are only the conscious or unconscious instruments of these powers, modeled moreover according to their principles; they have from their youth up, and more than any one else, been subjected to the discipline of their authority; few indeed are those who have escaped the influence of this domination; and these remain powerless, because the school organization constrains them so strongly that they cannot but obey it. It is not my purpose here to examine the nature of this organization. It is sufficiently well known for me to characterize it in one word: constraint. The school imprisons children physically, intellectually, and morally, in order to direct the development of their faculties in the paths desired. It deprives them of contact with nature, in order to model them after its own pattern. And this is the explanation of all which I have here set forth: The care which governments have taken to direct the education of the people, and the bankruptcy of the hopes of believers in liberty. The education of to-day is nothing more than drill. I refuse to believe that the systems employed have been combined with any exact design for bringing about the results desired. That would suppose genius. But things take place precisely as if this education responded to some vast entire concep-

tion in a manner really remarkable. It could not have been better done. What accomplished it, was simply that the leading inspiration was the principle of discipline and of authority which guides social organizers at all times. They have but one clearly defined idea, one will, viz.: Children must be accustomed to obey, to believe, to think, according to the social dogmas which govern us. Hence, education cannot be other than such as it is to-day. It is not a matter of seconding the spontaneous development of the faculties of the child, of leaving it free to satisfy its physical, intellectual, and moral needs; it is a matter of imposing ready-made ideas upon it; a matter even of preventing it from ever thinking otherwise than is willed for the maintenance of the institutions of this society; it is a matter of making it an individual strictly adapted to the social mechanism.

No one should be astonished that such an education has this evil influence upon human emancipation. I repeat, it is but a means of domination in the hands of the governing powers. They have never wanted the uplift of the individual, but his enslavement; and it is perfectly useless to hope anything from the school of to-day.

Now, what has been resulting up until to-day will continue to result in the future. There is no reason for governments to change their system. They have succeeded in making education serve for their advantage; they will likewise know how to make use of any improvements that may be proposed to their advantage.

It is sufficient that they maintain the spirit of the school, the authoritarian discipline which reigns therein, for all innovations to be turned to their profit. And they will watch their opportunity; be sure of that.

I would like to call the attention of my readers to this idea: All the value of education rests in respect for the physical, intellectual, and moral will of the child. Just as in science no demonstration is possible save by facts, just so there is no real education save that which is exempt from all dogmatism, which leaves to the child itself the direction of its effort, and confines itself to the seconding of that effort. Now there is nothing easier than to alter this purpose, and nothing harder than to respect it. Education is always imposing, violating, constraining; the real educator is he who can

best protect the child against his (the teacher's) own ideas, his peculiar whims; he who can best appeal to the child's own energies.

One may judge by this with what ease education receives the stamp they wish to put upon it, and how easy is the task of those who wish to enslave the individual. The best of methods become in their hands only the more powerful and perfect instruments of domination. Our own ideal is certainly that of science, and we demand that we be given the power to educate the child by favoring its development through the satisfaction of all its needs in proportion as these arise and grow.

We are convinced that the education of the future will be of an entirely spontaneous nature; certainly we cannot as yet realize it, but the evolution of methods in the direction of a wider comprehension of the phenomena of life, and the fact that all advances toward perfection mean the overcoming of some constraint, all this indicates that we are in the right when we hope for the deliverance of the child through science.

Is this the ideal of those who control the present school organization? Is this what they, too, want to realize? and they, too, do they aspire to overcome restraint? Not at all. They will employ the newest and most effective means to the same end as now, that is to say, the formation of beings who will accept all the conventions, all the prejudices, all the lies upon which society is founded.

Let us not fear to say that we want men capable of evolving without stopping, capable of destroying and renewing their environments without cessation, of renewing themselves also; men whose intellectual independence will be their greatest force, who will attach themselves to nothing, always ready to accept what is best, happy in the triumph of new ideas, aspiring to live multiple lives in one life. Society fears such men; we must not then hope it will ever want an education able to give them to us.

* * *

What, then, is our own mission? What method are we going to choose to contribute to the renovation of the school?

We shall follow the labors of the scientists who study

the child with the greatest attention, and we shall eagerly seek for means of applying their experience to the education we wish to build up, in the direction of an ever fuller liberation of the individual. But how can we attain our end? Shall it not be by putting ourselves directly to the work favoring the foundation of new schools, which shall be ruled as much as possible by this spirit of liberty, which we forefeel will dominate the entire work of education in the future.

A trial has been made which, for the present, has already given excellent results. We can destroy all which in the present school answers to the organization of constraint, the artificial surroundings by which the children are separated from nature and life, the intellectual and moral discipline made use of to impose ready-made ideas upon them, beliefs which deprave and annihilate natural bent. Without fear of deceiving ourselves, we can restore the child to the environment which entices it, the environment of nature in which he will be in contact with all that he loves, and in which impressions of life will replace fastidious book-learning. If we did no more than that, we should already have prepared in great part the deliverance of the child.

In such conditions we might already freely apply the data of science, and labor most fruitfully.

I know very well that we could not thus realize all our hopes, that we should often be forced, for lack of knowledge, to employ undesirable methods; but a certitude would sustain us in our effort, namely, that even without reaching our aim completely we should do more and better in our still imperfect work than the present school accomplishes. I like the free spontaneity of a child who knows nothing, better than the word knowledge and intellectual deformity of a child who has been subjected to our present education.

What we have attempted at Barcelona, others have attempted elsewhere, and we have all seen that the work is possible. And I think it should be begun without delay. We should not wait until the study of the child has been completed before undertaking the renovation of the school; if we must wait for that, we shall never do anything. We will apply what we do know, and, progressively, all that we shall learn. Already, a complete plan

of rational education is possible, and, in such schools as we conceive, children may develop, happy and free, according to their natural tendencies. We shall labor to perfect and extend it.

It is with this object in view that this Review has been founded, that the International League for the rational education of children has been founded. We ask the aid of all those who desire, with us, the liberation of the child, who desire through it to contribute to the coming of a more beautiful, a stronger humanity. In this Review we shall confine ourselves to the discussion of a plan of rational education, such as it is possible to carry out in these days.

Moreover, as soon as circumstances permit, we shall take up again the work begun in Barcelona, we shall rebuild the schools destroyed by our adversaries. In the meantime, we shall labor to found a normal school in Barcelona, for the training of teachers destined to second us later; we shall create a library of the modern school, in which such books will be published as will serve for the education of the educators, as well as for that of the children. We shall also found a pedagogic museum, containing a collection of all the necessary materials for a renovated school.

Such are our plans. We are aware that their realization will be difficult. But we want to begin, convinced that we shall be aided in our task by those who are everywhere struggling for human liberation from dogmas and conventions which assure the support of the present iniquitous social organization.



FRANCISCO FERRER

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

NEVER before in the history of the world has one man's death so thoroughly united struggling mankind.

Never before has one man's death called forth such a universal cry of indignation.

Never before has one man's death so completely torn the veil from the sinister face of the hydra-headed monster, the Catholic Church.

Never before in the history of the world has one man's death so shaken the thrones of the golden calf, and spread ghastly fear among its worshippers.

One solitary death, yet more powerful than a million cringing lives. More powerful even than that black spectre which, for almost two thousand years, has tortured man's soul and poisoned his mind.

Francisco Ferrer stretched in the ditch at Montjuich, his tender, all-too-loving heart silenced by twelve bullets—yet speaking, speaking in a voice so loud, so clear, so deep. . . . Wherein lies the secret of this wonderful phenomenon?

Francisco Ferrer, the Anarchist and teacher? Yes, but there were other Anarchists and teachers: Louise Michel and Elisée Reclus, for instance, beloved by many. Yet why has their death not proved such a tremendous force?

Francisco Ferrer, the founder of the Modern School? But, then, the Modern School did not originate with Francisco Ferrer, though it was he who carried it to Spain. The father of the Modern School is Paul Robin, the latter-day Dr. Pascal,—old in years, with the spirit of Spring, tender and loving, he taught modern methods of education long before Ferrer. He organized the first Modern School at Cempuis, near Paris, wherein children found a home, a warm, beautiful atmosphere.

Again, there is Sebastian Faure and his Beehive: He, too, has founded a Modern School, a free, happy, and harmonious place for children. There are scores of modern schools in France, yet no other man's death will act as a fertilizing force as that of Francisco Ferrer.

Was Ferrer's influence so great because of a lifetime of devoted effort? During eight years his heroic spirit strove to spread the light in the dark land of his birth. For eight years he toiled, ceaselessly, to rescue the child from the destructive influence of superstition. One hundred and nine schools with seventy thousand pupils crowned the gigantic efforts of our murdered comrade, while three hundred and eight liberal schools sprang into being, thanks to his beneficial influence. Yet all this and more fails to account for the tremendous volcano that swept the civilized world at Francisco Ferrer's death.

His trial was a farce. The evidence against him per-

jured. But was there ever a time when the State hesitated to resort to perjury when dealing with opponents? Was there ever a time when it exercised justice toward those who endangered its stronghold? The State is the very embodiment of injustice and perjury. Some make a pretence at fairness: Spain was brazen; that is all.

What, then, is the secret of the phenomenon?

* * *

Driven from its omnipotent position of open crime by the world's progress, the Catholic Church had not ceased to be a virulent poison within the social body. Its Borgia methods merely became more hidden, more secret, yet none the less malignant and perfidious. Cowed into apparent submission, it had not dared since the days of Huss and Bruno to openly demand a noble victim's blood. But at last, blinded by arrogance and conceit and the insatiable thirst for martyrs' blood, the Catholic Church forgot the progress of the world, forgot the spirit of our age, forgot the growth of free ideas. As of old, it was the Jesuit hand that stretched forth its bloody fingers to snatch its victim. It was the Archbishop of Barcelona who, in a statement signed by the prelates of the Church, first denounced Ferrer and demanded his life. As of old, Inquisition methods were used in the incarceration and mock trial of Ferrer. No time was to be given the progressive world to check the premeditated murder. Hastily and secretly was the martyr assassinated. Full well the Church knew that the dead cannot be saved.

In vain the frantic efforts of Church and State to connect Francisco Ferrer with the uprising at Barcelona. In vain their delirious cries defaming the character of the dead. In vain the scurrilous attacks of their harlots upon the ideas and comrades of Ferrer—attacks which have now reached even the American press.

Before the awakened consciousness of mankind the world over the Catholic Church stands condemned as the instigator and perpetrator of the foul crime committed at Montjuich. It is this awakened human consciousness which has resurrected Francisco Ferrer.

Therein lies the secret of the force of one man's death, of one solitary man in the ditch of Montjuich.

FERRER'S LAST LETTERS

These letters of Comrade Ferrer, the first two of which were addressed to his friend, M. Naquet, president of the French Committee of Defense for Political Prisoners, were published in "L'Humanité" after having been smuggled out of the prison at Barcelona.

"Prison Cell, Oct. 1, 1909.

"My Dear Friend—They are about to lift the secret why I have been confined here over a month, but I have not yet been permitted to read a letter or paper. I will try to recite my case to you.

"From my letter of the 10th you know that I did not have the least knowledge of the intended general strike of the 26th of April, designed as a protest against the war in Morocco, and I cannot understand how a rumor could be spread that I have provoked it. . . .

"However that may be, I took no steps for protection, feeling sure that as I had nothing whatever to do with the movement I would shortly be let alone; but, behold, a member of my family came from Aletta terribly scared, having heard a young girl say that I was at Pemia, leading a band of incendiaries burning a cloister. This made me reflect. There was no cloister burned at Premia. And I have never set foot in that village. So I prepared to leave the next day and visit some friends for a few days until the excitement could pass over, intending to return as soon as the times became more quiet. . . .

"On the 29th of August I read in the papers that the public prosecutor of the Supreme Court, who had been at Barcelona investigating the situation, had said on leaving the palace, where he had made his report to the king, that I had organized the revolutionary movement in Barcelona and the neighboring villages.

"I could not bear that any longer, and so, in spite of my friends' advice, I resolved to present myself to the authorities to protest against such rumors and such affirmations, no matter from what sources they might come.

"So I left my friend's home on the night of August 31st, so as to arrive in Barcelona without encumbrance and to present myself voluntarily.

"But I had failed to take into account the police in my own village, who arrested me in spite of my entreaties, and in taking me to a judge brought me before the governor of Barcelona.

"The peasants, who all knew me, displayed a revolting savagery. One, especially, named Bernadas Miraltag, who tied my elbows with a cord, threatened several times to smash my skull with his gun, saying that I was the most wicked man on earth, according to what he had been told and read in all the papers. For six hours he kept watch over me in the village hall. Once I asked for a drink. Some one brought me a glass of fresh water, but Bernadas would not loosen my bonds sufficiently so that I could take the glass. He offered to pour it into my mouth himself. When I declined, he had them take away the water without letting me drink.

"I tell you this so as to give you an inkling of the clerical spirit toward me. Well, next I was brought before the governor of Barcelona, who, in answer to my protests of innocence, said that reading of the school books of the Modern School might well be regarded as one of the prime causes of the uprising, therefore I was responsible for the rebellion."

(Here follow some details as to his imprisonment in Barcelona. Ferrer continues:)

"We have now come to the first examination by Commandant Vincente Stivina y Fernandez, the judge charged with the inquiry. That was the day of my arrest, September 1, in the evening. In the course of that examination I received the impression that the judge was really moved by a genuine spirit of justice, and that I would not have to remain long in prison.

"But four days passed without my being called again before the judge. On the 5th I was again summoned.

"But it was not before the same judge. It was a commandant whose name was Valerio Pazo, but who, I quickly discovered, was Becerra del Toro, of evil memory. (Becerra del Toro was the prosecutor general who failed so signally in getting Professor Ferrer condemned to death two years ago.)

"His first action was to have two military surgeons make a searching examination of my body, to find out if I carried any traces of recent blows or wounds. They set

to work examining me from head to foot so minutely that if unhappily in any way I had been injured recently, in all probability I would have been shot immediately.

"On the 9th of September came the first examination before this judge. He attached much importance to a biographical note sent in 1907 to Fournemont for publication in the 'Almanach of the International Federation of Free Thought.' As I had declared that I had nothing to do with any party, political or revolutionary, devoting myself solely to rational education, he seemed to think that he had caught me in a contradiction, because in that note I made revolutionary declarations.

"Later he alluded to several other documents of the same character, but I reminded him that all those matters had been discussed in 1906-7 during my first trial.

"But then came a terrible thing—a revolutionary leaflet, which the police had found in my house, a sheet I had never seen before and which had the appearance of being very old. The judge stated that the police had found that paper in the presence of my brother, my sister, and Mad-de Soledad.

"I then told him that I did not know how that leaflet had got into my house, but that I could affirm that I had never seen it. It spoke of the burning of cloisters, exterminating the congregations, and destroying the banks. Then I understood that it was intended to hold me responsible for all those events I had nothing to do with.

"Ten days passed, and on the 19th of September, coming before the judge, I again protested against that leaflet being used against me, declaring that its presence was owing to an error of the police or the judge, but he insisted that it had been found in the presence of my family.

"The search of my home at Montgat on the 11th day of August, in the presence of my family, by a lieutenant of the civic guards and two of the local authorities, did in reality bring no discovery until after twelve hours' searching, when they seized three things—a letter from Charles Albert, addressed to my brother; one letter from Anselmo Lorenzo, speaking of a loan of 900 pesetas (\$180), which I had given to 'la Salaridad Obrera' to hire an office, and a cipher for corresponding with Lerrout, many years old.

"The investigation then turned upon an impassioned revolutionary appeal made by me during the Free

Thought congress at Madrid, 1892. The judge thought he could see a connection between what I then wrote and what came to pass in 1909, seventeen years later.

"The judge left, leaving me in great anguish. I made up my mind that at the next examination I would with my whole soul protest against the effort to find in the long ago of my life proofs to justify conclusions as to the present.

"To-day the judge informed me that he had finished the examination of the written evidence, that one of these days I would be tried by a military tribunal, and he asked me to select my counsel from a list of officers whom I did not know. I then said to him that I had a great deal to say about the activities of the police. The judge replied that military law bears no resemblance to the civil code.

"So then it is all over, and I shall shortly be tried by persons, who, I very much fear, have not minds sufficiently free to quietly weigh the charges against me. . . .

"If I can I shall continue to-morrow. At present I am too exhausted. I will only say that this month in seclusion has been very hard on me, in a fetid cell, without air or light, and on convict diet. One has to be pretty strong to stand it.

"Good luck to all, all, all.

"FRANCISCO FERRER."

The second letter is as follows:

"The Prison Cell, Oct. 4, 1909.

"My Dear Friend—Notwithstanding most absolute innocence, the prosecutor demands the death penalty, based on denunciations of the police, representing me as the chief of the world's Anarchists and directing the labor syndicates of France, and of conspiracies and insurrections everywhere, declaring that my voyages to London and Paris were undertaken for no other object.

"With such infamous lies are they trying to kill me.
"FERRER."

"The messenger is about to depart and I have not time for more. All the evidence presented to the investigating judge by the police is nothing but a tissue of lies and calumnious insinuations. But no proofs against me, having done nothing at all.

"FERRER."

The following additional letter from Ferrer is published in the latest edition of *L'Humanité*. It is addressed to Mme. Charles Albert, in response to a letter from her inclosing funds contributed in Paris for his defense.

The letter reads:

"Please to tell Charles that a further proof of the prejudice of the judges toward me is seen in the fact that they have refused me a writ to the prison authorities permitting me to purchase things essential to my personal welfare, such as postage stamps, paper, telegrams, etc.

"They have gone much further than this and have refused to turn over to my lawyer a collection of the books of the Modern School, which I asked for, that I might expose the bad faith of the clericals on the subject of these schools. They have thus taken away from my lawyers the means of my defense.

"In a previous letter I have given a full account of my trial, where they were unable to find any charge against me." (This letter has not yet been received.) "The judge has searched everywhere and found nothing against me. He was obliged at last to call upon the supreme prosecutor, who had charged me with being the director of the rebellion, and demanded proofs of him. He was obliged to admit that he had no proof, but said that he had heard these things.

"My lawyer is certain of my acquittal so far as the facts are concerned, but he fears very much that the court will be influenced by the evil atmosphere that has been created around me. Freedom of the press only exists for the reactionary papers that speak against me. So far as the liberals are concerned, they are able to say nothing.

"All aid should be given to my lawyer in his efforts to secure publicity for the facts.

"Best wishes to all.

"FERRER."



OUR MARTYRED EDUCATOR

By C. L. JAMES.

WHATEVER effects the murder of our comrade, Francisco Ferrer, by the wretched Spanish government may have upon authority in general—let us hope they will be as extensive as predicted—one is sure the crime cannot fail to render more familiar than anything which ever happened before, the intimate connection between Anarchism and Knowledge.

When, some twenty years ago, the common-school instructed philosophers of the American patent-side weeklies used to talk, with their usual fatuous impertinence, about the “ignorant Anarchists” coming over from Europe, the present writer always told them that there were no ignorant Anarchists. Though he still believes that to have been true at the time, it can no longer be said—happily; for the fact that there are ignorant Anarchists now is proof how rapidly Anarchism spreads even where those obstacles against which it must contend are gravest. Less agreeable phenomena are that the ignorant Anarchists of such recent origin, and also some who are not ignorant—Tolstoy, particularly—were led to Anarchism by something else than that positive inductive method upon which increase of knowledge depends; and that, becoming Anarchists under the influence of piety or philanthropy, to which the crass practical atheism and barbarous cruelty of the governmental spirit are repellant, they retained, or picked up, a prejudice against the coldly intellectual truthfulness of science, expressing itself in such ways as revamping worn-out dogmatisms—Hedonism, Materialism, Equitism; as abuse of Malthus, because he reproved the principal error of that class in which his assailants felt most interest; as attacks on vaccination, because the meddling of government has made it oppressive, and on vivisection, because of its association with vaccination; upon medicine, because it is protected against quackery (very badly, of course) by law; even a disposition to run after such grotesque idols as faith-cure and mind-cure, because, forsooth, they are not medical science but its antithesis; upon Darwin, because his law of progress by selection *can* be perverted into a plea

for the privileged classes; upon his great disciple, only yesterday taken from us, because Lombroso's doctrine of degeneracy implied that those institutions which acted on their unenlightened zeal as a red rag acts upon a bull, had *causes*; nay, sometimes (with Bakunin and with Tolstoy) in sneers at all useful and all beautiful acts as at mere caterers to the pleasures of the idle rich. Such phases of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance were much to be regretted, because they could not be exploited, as they often were, in our periodicals, without strengthening the outside prepossession that Anarchism is a movement of the ignorant classes (!); because they could not go far enough without resolving Anarchism, like all movements which lose their hold on experimental investigation, into conflicting sects; because, in case of a revolution conducted largely by Anarchists they might give rise to acts which would make a frightful scandal and set back our propaganda indefinitely. It was necessary to assert with emphasis that Anarchism originated in study of facts; that every slave's inferiority is the necessary condition of his slavery; that the misuse of knowledge by authority is not knowledge itself; that ignorant innovations are never progressive, but always reactionary; that Knowledge only is Power; that to get and keep Power it is indispensable that those now poor should become rich in wisdom. And this, accordingly, has been done by all who could.

So much more, however, are men influenced through their emotions than their reason, that one drop of martyr blood goes further to persuade than many volumes of logic. That Francisco Ferrer was a distinguished educator; that the judicial murder of such a man was possible only in the land of the Inquisition; that his knowledge taught him Anarchism; that the principal excuse offered by his slayers was his establishing a school for the purpose of making Spaniards Anarchists by the simple process of making them scientists; that his death has roused to the anathematizing point those combined scientists of the world who prevented a somewhat more enlightened government than the Spanish from murdering Elisée Reclus; that against the bed-rock of the world's education, that tyranny which would so easily disperse a mob is beating itself, not vainly but suicidally; these are facts which must

teach both the newly born "ignorant Anarchist" and the dotting ignorant Philistine that Anarchism derives invincibility from being the latest result of Science.



IN MEMORY OF FRANCISCO FERRER

By C. E. S. WOOD.

I.

*I see a Vision with her pearly feet
Caught in the silver shuttles of the sea,
Her head uplifted to the skyey seats
And all her form transcendent majesty;
Between her hands unfolds a scarlet scroll:
The martyred ones in her supreme emprise;
And, as she looks, black clouds in thunder roll
And lightnings are furious in her eyes.
'Tis Freedom,—Goddess of the Perfect Day,
So long delayed, and weary is the night,
The bloody scepter triumphing alway,
The people trampled by the heel of Might.
Tread thou the wine-press and with Vengeance come.
O, Freedom, stand not thus forever dumb!*

II.

*Accursed the law which may the helpless kill,
But still denies to helpless ones God's grace
If they the butcher's blood, in turn, shall spill.
I'll not believe it, till the starry space
Shall write in legends of celestial fire,
That man was made in mockery so rude,
Kings' flesh is sacred and but bloody mire
The throbbing hearts of all the multitude.
Away with this cursed enginery of Power;
Climb up above the bloody steps of thrones,
And, like the thunders of the Judgment Hour,
Proclaim afar, in trumpet throated tones:
"Ye who with laws have blacked the golden sky,
Your day is finished—prepare ye, too, to die!"*

III.

*Where stretch the skinny hands of starving men,
 The children's fingers and the mad hag's claws,
 To drag into Oblivion's den
 The tyrants who proclaim unholy laws
 Which murder Intellect and strangle Truth;
 There, in the riot and the surging crowd,
 I see the faces, void of Christly ruth,
 Which centuries of Tyranny have plowed.
 I see the cups they drink of dripping blood;
 And there I see the ghostly faces, wan,
 Of those who have black Tyranny withstood—
 Cromwell and LaFayette, and Washington,
 Urging, with pallid hands, the purging crew,
 And whispering, "Lo, we were rebels, too."*

IV.

*Rebellion is Man's attribute of mind.
 As rise the pregnant, overtoppling seas
 In dark rebellion 'gainst the gusty wind,
 So Man shall rise from supplicating knees
 And hurl back Tyranny to an abyss
 Fathomless beyond Time's deepest plummet-sound.
 In that glad day of an ecstatic bliss
 Man shall by Freedom radiantly be crowned.
 All free! All free to think whate'er he will;
 To speak whate'er he thinks, though strange it seems.
 To keep whate'er he earns;—and none may kill.
 Then, like the grandeur of the heavenly dreams,
 Freedom shall wake and take men by the hand;
 Kiss every brow and loosen every band.*



THE MARTYRS OF NOVEMBER

By H. M. KELLY.

NOVEMBER with its leaden skies and melancholy sunsets reminds us inevitably that the most living, vital thing is the memory of man. Written on parchment, buried in the archives of State, carved in granite and stone, the Martyrs of November are enshrined in the hearts of men and are sure of an abiding place there when the other signs and symbols have crumbled and passed into oblivion.

Twenty-two years have passed since that spasm of fear and hatred swept over America, and five men were done to death on the shores of Lake Michigan. Followed in turn by a wave of grief and remorse through all classes of society, time but strengthens and beautifies our admiration for the heroic idealists who paid with their lives for being ahead of their time and age. We do not apologize for, nor seek to extenuate, any act the men of Chicago may have committed: to do so would be to insult the dead. If it be a crime to preach revolt against tryanny and oppression, then, indeed, they were guilty, and the best men in all times and ages are guilty with them. We would, if we could, blazon this from every housetop and assert with all the intensity of our being: the Chicago Martyrs did preach revolt against injustice and slavery, did preach liberty, justice, and humanity, and gloried in it unto the last.

They believed, as we believe, that no man has more right to the earth than any other man. That time does not sanctify robbery and oppression. If past generations submitted to wrongs and injustice, the present need not, must not, submit to a continuation of them. It cannot be repeated too early, or too often, that disbelieving in all statute law and having no voluntary part in its maintenance, Anarchists are not *morally* bound to obey laws made by others; but there is a moral obligation, resting upon those who believe in and maintain laws, to live up to them.

It is not now, nor was it in 1887, a recognized principle that men should be hanged or imprisoned for holding or voicing certain opinions, even when a resort to violence is advocated. Men are hanged and imprisoned for *acts* committed, not opinions uttered; and as the Martyrs of Chicago were legally hanged for acts they did not commit, we are more than justified in branding the crime of 1887 as a judicial murder, where men were done to death because they protested against a social system which robs, degrades, and kills the many for the benefit of the few. They were thinkers and agitators who neither committed, aided, nor abetted any crime, as is now all but universally recognized.

Social reformers and revolutionists are dangerous to the privileged class of their time and place, to the extent

of the truth their doctrine contains, the zeal with which they urge it, and the sacrifice they are willing to make for it. Dangerous indeed are men armed with so formidable a doctrine as Anarchism, propagated with such zeal as the Chicago men propagated it, and a willingness to make the one supreme sacrifice—life itself—for that ideal. Each man becomes a Samson, and eight Samsons became in the minds of the privileged class a force that would pull the temple of Mammon down and bury them, their crimes, and tyrannies in its ruins.

What grander and more irrefutable idea than that the earth is large enough and fruitful enough to feed all her children; that the earth is of no man's creation, and can therefore be no man's property. That men are brothers and should work according to their ability and consume according to their needs. That wars are barbarous as well as uneconomic, maiming and murdering the many for the aggrandizement of the few. That each individual should have the right to develop to his or her full capacity, developing not at the expense of another, but in the recognition that a harmonizing of ideas, blending of thoughts, a mutuality of interests is the greatest good attainable. What greater zeal can be imagined than that displayed by that tireless group preaching the gospel of man's deliverance, in season and out of season. Parsons, with eloquence—some say—worthy of Wendell Phillips, preaching to thousands on the Lake front, at Chicago, stirring their hearts and brains as none other of his time and place; Spies with his brilliant editorials, trenchant in attack, irrefutable in logic; Engel with his wonderful capacity for organization,—each in his place, and each doing his work as only man inspired can do. To picture in fancy these men, with faces beaming and hearts overflowing, is like living a beautiful dream. Then the climax and sacrifice.

The lessons of the tragedy of 1887 are manifold, but the one which appears to us basic is that Anarchism is in its essence an ethical idea and, as such, impregnable. To love man, not wisely but too well, has ever been a principle of martyrs, and thus it was with the Martyrs of November. Flattered by no hope of celestial bliss, inspired by no belief in immortality or undying fame, they faced an ignominious death unfalteringly, on behalf of

truth. Firm in their belief that a happy day was coming, they realized that it was necessary to offer sacrifices, from time to time, to inspire men to strive for it.

Freedom to live and work should be the heritage of all, instead of which it is only attained by unceasing struggle and constant sacrifice. Creeds rise and fall, systems are born and die, because some men are ahead of their time with new philosophies and religions; and here it is that the materialist conception of history fails us. Anarchism received a great impetus through the death of the Chicago men; it has grown and clarified, until to-day it is a force to be reckoned with. Not always with those who accept the philosophy or ally themselves with the movement, but with the fact that it expresses the best thought of our time and embodies in its principles the aspirations of man. An integrating and disintegrating force it is, destroying creeds and creating solidarity. It levels castes and develops equality, destroys thrones and brings justice and liberty ever nearer. Permeating all fields of human endeavor, from the dethroning of kings to the modernizing of churches, it comes quietly or in cataclysms, yet ever marching onward. In this great world-movement men who never heard of the Chicago Anarchists have been influenced by the same ethical principles: liberty and justice for all. They in turn are influencing the thought of the world. A world-concept, the idea of Anarchism circulates the globe, bringing men and women together regardless of race, creed, or nationality. To replace dogma and authority by freedom and rationality, to substitute solidarity for injustice is the goal.

For this ideal Spies, Parsons, Fisher, Engel, and Lingg marched proudly to their death, and for this we pay them homage. Idealizing their philosophy by their heroic sacrifice, they have inspired multitudes of men and women, and thus hastened the day of man's deliverance. When that day finally dawns, and mankind walks erect for the first time, we can not doubt that a free people will remember its heroes and martyrs, and pay them their meed of praise for the truths taught, ideals expressed, and sacrifices made.

THE FAILURE OF COMPROMISE

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

THE crushing slump in the Socialist vote in the New York elections accomplished at least one beneficial result: it has awakened the Socialist party to the realization of the utter ineffectiveness of its propaganda in this country.

In a thoughtful editorial the *Call* of November 4, analyzing the causes of the slump, reaches the justified conclusion that the *methods* of Socialist propaganda are at fault. Pursuing the subject further, the editor inquires what particular methods were responsible, and what changes are most needed. He confesses himself unable to find a satisfactory reply: "These are truly difficult questions. No individual can answer them. It will take the united ability and wisdom of the whole party in this city to discover our errors and to rectify them."

Without claiming to possess the "united ability and wisdom of the whole party," we make bold to attempt to answer this very vital, yet—in our opinion—by no means difficult question. The problem is very serious, indeed. Upon its proper solution rests, to a large extent, the future welfare of mankind.

There was a time when Socialism represented the highest aspirations of humanity, man's eternal thirst for liberty, for self-ownership. Then the banner of Socialism was the rallying point for the oppressed and disinherited of the world, who saw in Socialism the modern Messiah.

Socialist adherents grew and multiplied. The ideal of a regenerated society was a great educational force, attracting the best intellectual and social elements, who had found in Socialism complete satisfaction for their inmost soul hunger.

But with the growth of numbers came the sense of power and the desire for its increase. Forgetting that a world-revolutionizing ideal must necessarily make slow progress, the Socialist party became impatient and cast about for ways and means to hasten its growth. It understood that an uncompromising attitude towards all popular superstition, prejudices, and shams is not calculated to invite the speedy realization of Socialism. Im-

patience at slow but thorough results led the party into committing the fatal error of sacrificing principles for numbers.

Gradually it began to trim its sails. Step by step original Socialism was stripped of its elemental features. First came religion. It was not deemed "practical" to tread on the religious toes of the people. Religion was officially declared a "private affair." As was to be expected, this renegacy was rewarded by the addition of converts whose religious prejudices would have otherwise kept them away from the Socialist party. Increased numbers, and consequent greater power, developed a thirst for more. Still more trimming of sails followed, more compromises, with the inevitable result that, to-day, Socialism has almost entirely been shorn of its educational effect, the chief object being the gathering of voting material.

And while the party was dealing in compromises and "growing" in proportion, there developed within itself the spirit of rankest authority, suppression, and despotism. Internally and externally, Socialism had lost its original features: it could no longer satisfy the aspirations of true liberty-lovers. Nay, more; it became the hunting-ground of elements thoroughly conservative and Christian, who in turn impressed their intellectual and psychic stamp upon the principles and tactics of the party. The latter thus ceased to be an inspirational force and became a mere liberal-bourgeois political party, the great majority of whose membership have neither ideals nor principles beyond the Socialist usurpation of the government reins. Such a party, unable to hold out to its constituency the hope of immediate success, can be nothing more than the shuttlecock in the political game. Its members will vote for any candidate or party promising social reforms, however vain their pretensions. To such a contingent the Socialist party itself means nothing more.

The solution of the problem is therefore simple: Back to original principles and ideals. Let the motto be enlightenment rather than political training. Real educational progress is slow, but sincere and permanent. The world is not to be regenerated by Socialist votes. Enlightened, liberty-loving men and women alone can accomplish it.

ADVENTURES IN THE DESERT OF AMERICAN LIBERTY

By E. G.

IN selecting this title for my traveling notes I little realized how significant it would prove.

"Adventures in the Desert of American Liberty"! Its barrenness and utter desolation were not new to me. Yet never did that desert seem more real, more deadening than when I reached Philadelphia.

There it was that American liberty was born; there, too, it has been stabbed to death; what is left of it, is but a hideous nightmare that benumbs the mind and weakens the spirit of the erstwhile liberty-loving Philadelphians.

Mindful of the petty police persecution in that city in 1901 and 1903, the Free Speech Committee wrote to Henry Clay, Director of Public Safety, informing him of our intention to test free speech. "Of course, he would not interfere with the right of free speech; he, the guardian of the City of Independence."

When I saw Henry Clay I realized how much he must have enjoyed the credulity of the Free Speech Committee. Credulity, indeed, to suppose that Henry Clay knows anything of Philadelphia's traditions in regard to liberty.

When Dr. Reitman presented himself before the watchdog at the City Hall, he found him suffering from hydrophobia. Such must have been the nature of the poor man's affliction. Else one could hardly account for his mad ravings against "that woman who will never speak in Philadelphia."

Some good friends have severely censured Dr. Reitman for his militant methods in dealing with the police. As a physician he probably knows that mad dogs, if not muzzled, are highly dangerous.

On the day of the meeting hallucinations set in at City Hall. The Director of Public Safety imagined himself the Russian Tsar. He despatched two Cossacks to my hotel, demanding that I submit my manuscript for the consideration and approval of His Majesty. That

I refused to do, of course. (I shall show later that what was self-evident to me, seemed "imprudent" and undiplomatic to some who call themselves liberals.)

In the evening the neighborhood of our hall had the appearance of being under martial law. When, in company with Mr. John H. Nelson (our attorney), I reached within half a block of the hall, we were charged by the brave two hundred and forced to go,—not where we chose (no such rights in the Independence City), but by the route mapped out for us by Henry Clay. The meeting, however, was "graciously" permitted to proceed.

The day after the memorable event, and for nearly four weeks, the real Philadelphia liberty reigned. I was shadowed by those most contemptible of all human professionals—detectives. Hotelkeepers were annoyed and harassed until they ordered us to leave. When I finally found shelter, the house was constantly watched, and the servant offered a bribe if only she would tell of the terrible conspiracies that were being hatched in my rooms.

The awe of authority is deeply rooted in the average American; even the liberal man and woman have implicit faith in it. This is no doubt the reason why American liberty has long since departed. The worship of law has taken its place.

During years of public activity I have often been reproached by many good people for attacking the machinery of government from the standpoint of theory rather than from experience. "There is nothing the matter with the law," they would say; "it's the abuse thereof. The police are arbitrary and despotic; they break the law; why not appeal to the courts? They surely will stand by constitutional rights."

Strangely and possibly inconsistent as it may seem to my comrades, I finally consented to appeal to the courts. Not because I believed that justice could possibly prevail; but because I wanted the court itself to substantiate the Anarchist contention so powerfully set forth by Ralph Waldo Emerson: "All governments, in essence, stand for tyranny."

As expected, the appeal was refused; but the grounds on which it was refused brand the court and govern-

ment more forcibly than the bitterest attacks of the wildest fanatic.

For the benefit of MOTHER EARTH readers I quote the major portion of the argument, as set forth by Judge Wilson:

The question which the plaintiff would have us determine is, whether or not public officers, entrusted with the preservation of the peace, acting, as we ought to presume the defendants would, in the honest exercise of their judgment, should be restrained from prohibiting the delivery of lectures which would be likely to excite public disturbances and to result in a breach of the public peace. If such public officers should attempt to interfere in such a case, their interference would be justified, not upon the ground that the person to be affected by their action was an alien or a citizen, but by the knowledge that of dangerous and disturbing sentiments tending to disturb the peace would be uttered. We do not mean to say that an alien has the same or as full a right to attack the institutions of our country and to advocate the abolition of the constituted and constitutional government of the land that a citizen might have, but, so far as the case which is before us is concerned, we should regard the right of a citizen as no higher than that of an alien. The Constitution of Pennsylvania, in giving the right to citizens to speak freely, confers the right subject to their being held "responsible for the abuse of that liberty." The plaintiff is an avowed anarchist. However honest or able she may be, she does not hesitate to declare that, in her belief, all government should be abolished and that every citizen should regulate his or her own conduct according to his own views of what is right and wrong, and that force may be resorted to for the purpose of destroying government and establishing the right of individual independence from governmental control. It necessarily follows from the holding of such views that it would be considered as the right of any individual to determine, according to his own judgment, when the time arrives for the exercise of force to accomplish the destruction of government. That the utterance of such views in the community would be likely to excite such feelings and antagonism as would result in a breach of the peace, is by no means unlikely. It is not unreasonable to hold that such speech is an abuse of the liberty to speak freely on any subject. Whether it be a citizen or an alien who desires to advocate ideas which, if carried out, would naturally lead to the destruction of government, whose protection that person seeks, it would seem that, in the exercise of that right of self-preservation which belongs as well to governments as to individuals, such abuse of the right of free speech might, not unreasonably nor unlawfully, be prevented.

That the plaintiff intended to advocate such destructive views as have been before mentioned, was admitted by her when examined before us. If she avowed a purpose of de-

livering a lecture advocating wholesale assassination of any class of public officers or persons, we think it would hardly be questioned that the peace officers of the city would be justified in preventing the utterances of such views. We are unable to perceive that there will be any well defined line of discrimination in such a case, one in which the views would be destructive of the life of the nation.

By the laws of the United States there is a discrimination against those who are known as Anarchists. The right of naturalization is forbidden to them and, when known, they are excluded from admission into the country. If when entering the country they are not known to belong to the class of disturbers and are afterwards discovered to belong to it, within a prescribed time they may be deported from the country. The ban of governmental disapproval is thus placed upon the utterance of sentiments such as the plaintiff holds and desires to advocate in public. We are asked to afford an opportunity for the poor Anarchist and advocates of the destructive and dangerous sentiments and to compel officers of the peace, notwithstanding they may be of the opinion that breaches of the peace would result therefrom, to abstain from interfering with the holding of public meetings for the expression of such ideas. This we do not feel called upon to do. It is a familiar principle of equity that plaintiffs cannot ask relief if they do not come into court with hands that are clean. We cannot avoid reaching the conclusion that one who openly and in advance announces the purpose of advocating such doctrines and sentiments as the plaintiff avows, is not within the class that can claim protection and relief from a court of equity.

It requires but little wisdom to see that Judge Wilson has made frantic efforts to get out of a dilemma. He failed, however. True, the decision has increased the arrogance of the police; but the decision also stands as the greatest indictment against the absurdity and cowardice of the law.

As I said before, I expected nothing better; I am, therefore, not disappointed.

The disappointing and discouraging feature of the Philadelphia experience is the utter lack of interest in the issue of free speech,—or if not indifference, it is certainly lack of spirit, absolute lack of backbone. The handful of liberals who were at first inclined to make a stand for free speech, because I was not “diplomatic” enough to let Henry Clay act as censor, withdrew their assistance. The party Socialists played the usual sorry part, as in all questions of liberty. As to the public at large, no other city represents such a white-livered specimen. To put red blood in its veins it will have to be

clubbed still more, and starved and kicked about. And even then it may never give birth to the spirit of revolt.

It is hardly credible, but nevertheless true, that the Philadelphians will stand more bullying than any European people I know. When, after four weeks of a complete despotic reign, of the stopping of a Ferrer memorial,—though held in all monarchical countries,—after four weeks of petty persecution and torture the police of Philadelphia broke up a private meeting in a private house, a few meek voices were heard to protest. Not against the reign of terror. Oh, no; but against the invasion of the sacred rights of property. Oh, yes, the Philadelphians, like all Americans, are sensitive in that respect.

Yet, even Philadelphia deserves to be saved, because of her two wonders: Mrs. Weda Addicks, a Socialist bigger than her party, and—a thrice blessed wonder, a Baptist minister, Rev. Cooper Ferris. Weda Addicks, outside of our own immediate comrades, was a friend indeed. She helped in every way possible to interest people, but soon found herself facing an iron wall. Rev. Ferris protested very loudly, delivered a sermon on Anarchism which, I hear, was very good. He also tried to get his congregation to take a stand, but out of eight hundred only thirty-eight had the courage to go on record.

A few contributed small sums to aid the fight, but were so fearful of public opinion that they did not dare to allow their names to be used.

Under such impossible circumstances why throw pearls before swine? Why exert energy on free speech for people who have neither ideas to express nor rights to exercise? Such is the reasoning of my practical, utilitarian friends.

Fortunately, I am neither. Nor am I particularly concerned whether or not the Philadelphians want free speech. *I want it*, and having learned that unless one is willing to take his rights, they will never be given to him, I do not yet consider the Philadelphia chapter closed.

Judge Wilson “kindly” informs us, that as “avowed Anarchists” we are not entitled to protection. That

absolves us from any consideration or recognition of the position of Judge Wilson and the institution he represents. Anarchists need no protection. But a government that will put a ban on any set of people, for their ideas, must protect itself, for it is indeed in danger.

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OUR POLICE CENSORSHIP*

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

FELLOW-MEN:

I have written my speech; I generally write my speech. We have a censor, and the censor may call me to account. He has some reporters here; and in their anxiety to earn their money, and their shortage of intelligence, they are likely to report me as uttering a lot of idiocy which the censorship wishes me to utter, in order to excuse its illegal, unconstitutional, and tyrannical action. To illustrate the mental caliber of the servants of the law, who are set to judge what you, the people, ought to be allowed to hear, I will relate a little incident of last week. A policeman, straying into a cigar store for a rest, remarked to the young lady at the counter, "Think of a woman like Emma Goldman wanting to speak!"

"Well," said the lady, "why shouldn't she speak if she wants to? How do you know that what she was going to say was bad when you didn't let her even open her mouth?"

"Oh," replied Sapience, "everybody knows what she's going to say. Why, she carries a red flag with her; everybody knows red means danger."

Now, this person has doubtless been trained to know that a red lantern over a break in the curbstone signifies danger; or a little red flag put up in the middle of the street means a place to be walked around; and he probably conceives that Emma Goldman has appropriated one of these little flags and runs around waving it, notifying all the people that she is dangerous. Upon sources of information like these, the censorship depends for its knowl-

* Address delivered October 8, 1909, in Philadelphia, at a public meeting of protest against the police suppression of Emma Goldman's lectures.

edge of what Anarchists preach; therefore I have written my speech,—that policemen may not put incendiarism in my mouth.

If I stand here and say, for instance, that I believe in the abolition of great cities, because I think they are an infinite evil in human life, full of corruption and tyranny; that I think humanity would, if free, spread itself out, and distribute itself in small communities over the now waste lands of the globe, some policeman is likely to go to Timothy O'Leary, and say that I said the proper thing to do would be to tear up the pavements and bombard the city hall; that is about as correct an understanding of the word "abolition" as a policeman is capable of; and *upon intelligences like these the rights of citizens depend*. Not upon the Constitution; not upon the bill of rights; but upon the man with the club.

Now, against this man with the club, I am here to declare, and I shall keep on declaring until the club stops my mouth, for the unlimited freedom of speech. I happen to be a citizen of this country, through no fault of mine, but I want no freedom for myself that I do not want for every other human being, citizen of *this* country or citizen of the *world*.

More than this: You know the story of the Bell of Atri? The bell which any one with a grievance might ring and call the council together for a hearing? You know how the vine grew around the bell-rope till one day an old worn-out horse, turned by his thankless owner upon the highway to crop his living as he might, pulled at the vine-leaves till the great bell rang loud to all the people the Wrong of the Dumb? I have said often and often in our struggles to maintain a free platform for all, and I say again, that if any old sad belabored dray-horse could be gifted with the power of speech to tell his wrong (and if the wrongs that men have done to beasts in maintaining this accursed civilization had left their mark, there is not a paving-stone in the city that would not glow rust-red), that old sad slave should be welcomed by us, and be free to have his say. That is what I want—freedom for any one to speak, freedom for any one to listen to what he pleases, to whom he pleases.

It doesn't matter who Emma Goldman is, nor where she comes from, nor what she has to say. Lawyers and

judges may quibble and define use and abuse, and liberty and license, and rigmarole and rolemarig. But I will stand for the whole thing—nothing less. The newspapers of this city have published the most bitter and virulent lies about Anarchists. Some of them have, on such occasions as seemed to make the utterance popular, declared editorially that the only proper place for an Anarchist is decorating a rope swung over a lamp-post. They said these things, and ministers of the gospel of Christ offered to head mobs to hang us, here in this city; and if that is not inciting to riot and endangering life, I wonder what is. And I stand for their freedom to say it; I stand for their freedom to lay bare all the inward brutality and barbarism of their souls; but I stand likewise for my right and every other man's, woman's, child's, to say that those "who take the sword shall perish by the sword"; that not by force and law and servitude shall humanity advance towards the great goal which no man knows in its entirety, but which looms dimly upon us through the opening future; but through freedom, through the abolition of restriction, through self-asserting manhood, which does not fear to speak its mind, nor to listen when others speak, nor to let others listen to what they will.

Now, who is Emma Goldman, and what had she to say, that Director Clay and Timothy O'Leary should take away the right of the inhabitants of Philadelphia to hear her speak; should assume in advance that what she would say would upset the peace of the community?

She is a direct and fearless person, who for many years has been the target of police attacks. Away back in 1893 she addressed a meeting of unemployed people in New York, and told them precisely what Cardinal Manning said; viz., that "A starving man has a natural right to his neighbor's bread." The difference was that Cardinal Manning said it in a fifty-cent magazine which the people couldn't buy, and Emma Goldman said it directly to starving men. Now, they didn't take their neighbor's bread; they didn't riot; they went away quietly and went on starving. But the State of New York sent Emma Goldman to Blackwell's Island for a year. From that time on, no matter where she has spoken, the police have sought to interfere with her; they have attached every

disagreeable publicity to her name that they could; they have seized every occasion to charge her with responsibility for other people's actions. They have put lies into a dead man's mouth in order to victimize her. And for all that, notwithstanding all the times they have arrested her, notwithstanding the prejudices of the people due to public misrepresentation, and the facility of courts, they have never succeeded in convicting her of anything since 1893.

Why do they continue it? It is, indeed, beyond the comprehension of reasoning people. But then the police are not reasoning people. Reasoning people, such for instance as the Editor of the *Public Ledger*, say that such assumption of power on the part of a Director of Public Safety is intolerable tyranny; Mr. Ledger says that he wishes all Anarchists could be silenced, but not by force; by the good sense of the public who should abstain from listening to us. Now that is fair; the man thinks we are a nuisance, thinks that our doctrines are not worthy of attention, and says so. All right; he is entitled to his opinion, and the method he advises for silencing us is a very Anarchistic one. It involves no force, no denial of freedom. It's precisely what I myself do with the *Ledger* about fifty weeks out of every fifty-two. I don't read it,—or any other newspaper.

If what we have to say appears to be worthy of consideration to those who freely choose to listen to us, then let them consider and discuss it; if they think they can refute it, let them try to do so; if they think what we say is ridiculous, let them laugh at it; if they think we are beneath attention, let them pass us by on the other side; but let them not endeavor to close our mouths by the strong hand.

That is a method to which tyrants have ever resorted, and by which they, in the long run, reap the whirlwind.

Men and women who have some pride of the free human being yet within you, I appeal to you to make the cause of the free word, and the free right of assemblage, *your cause*. Let FREE SPEECH be heard on every street corner, till the very politicians will for shame adopt it. If the people, the people at large, speak, and demand free speech for the most hated—for free speech means that: it was never necessary to declare freedom to say what those

in power believe—then we shall have a real Declaration of Independence—not on paper, but in will and act.



FREE SPEECH RECALLED

By HARRY BOLAND.

DO you remember how Gulliver, when he lay down upon the ground to sleep, was set upon by the lilliputians, who proceeded to bind him with tiny threads. He, no doubt, smiled, feeling his own security, when he first became aware of their purpose. But while he slumbered they worked on, thread by thread until, when at last he awoke, he found it impossible to free himself. Now the people of America to-day are in Gulliver's position. They feel that they are free and they accept each new invasion of their rights with the same nonchalance with which he viewed the little thread which was soon to enmesh him. Truly eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; a small price, but apparently too much to ask of the average man of to-day. The men who designed our nation, who framed her laws, were not afraid to pay the price. And dearly did they pay, as pay they must who live for an ideal. History is full of instances, too numerous to recount, of those who have gone to stake, to gibbet, to gallows. The early American patriots did not escape calumny, contempt, and condemnation. But those things were as little or nothing to them, for they had in view the perfect Republic which Americans to-day are forgetting. The debt they paid to the ignorant lovers of things increased in proportion as they worked for the bringing about of their ideals. Theirs was not our twentieth century impudence. They had faith in their integrity, but did not consider themselves infallible. They knew that time would bring changes, and that the Constitution, left in the hands of a selfish few, might suffer from misinterpretation. Therefore they declared our independence in words like these: "When a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce the people

under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government."

But you cannot declare any man independent. Who would be free, himself must strike the blow. No man can receive any more liberty than he is capable of. If the desire for freedom is not there, freedom will not come to anyone.

Most Americans love liberty. If once awakened to the fact that theirs is slowly but surely being taken from them, and when the realization brings with it the sense of their own responsibility, they will arouse and change things.

No one could have witnessed the outrageous manner in which the right to free speech and free assembly was clubbed to death in this city (Philadelphia), on Tuesday, September 28, without always feeling that a shameful injustice had been done, and that all who did not protest were in reality as much to blame as those who forcibly prevented Emma Goldman from speaking.

Habit has encrusted our nature like a robe of dust. We know that things were not always as they are, that they are not right and must be changed, but most of us are perfectly willing to let the other fellow do the changing.

It seems natural to us, because we have suffered from the dominance of parents, that all our relationships of life should be based upon the same master-and-slave notion. Tyranny begins at home, and we bear it wherever we encounter it. In the mercantile world, in marriage, from the press, from the pulpit, we are such dependent fibre that we hand over our dearest rights to the man or woman who is foxy enough to appropriate them, and it is generally to some rogue.

We know that the spirit of 1776 was for the largest kind of universal liberty. The framers of the Declaration and the Constitution were hampered only by the language they used in making it clear that America was to be FREE. Why should we sit down, then, in this awful state of acquiescence and see our dearest rights invaded?

It is up to us individually, for

Humanity's strife humanity must pursue,
 Or many eat the bread sweat-won by few.
 Thrice feeble who, their strength untried, unknown,
 Reap, folded-handed, where they have not sown.



TO LOVERS OF LIBERTY

TO all lovers of Liberty, Justice, and Equality,—to those who would perpetuate the memory of our martyred comrades, this appeal is addressed.

I intend to republish the speeches delivered by Albert R. Parsons, August Spies, Louis Lingg, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Michael Schwab, Oscar Niebe, and Samuel Fielden, in Judge Gary's Court, at Chicago, Oct. 7-8-9, 1886, in answer as to "why sentence of death should not be pronounced" upon them.

These speeches, as some of the readers are doubtless aware, were published at the time they were delivered, and had a large sale. They contain a concise history of the Labor Movement of twenty-five years ago, and for this reason are valuable to every working man and woman.

They are the last message to the world from men who were under sentence of death for no reason but their devotion to the cause of their class.

About \$500 will be required to publish the speeches. I feel exceedingly anxious about this matter, as I am the last of the living active ones who worked with them, and I fear should I die before I accomplish this, they may never be published.

Comrades, will you assist me?

LUCY E. PARSONS.



GENERAL FREE SPEECH FUND

RECEIPTS.

Jos. Fels, Phila., \$100; Italian Labor Union, per E. G., N. Y., \$25; Collection per Dr. Reitman, M. E. Ball, N. Y., \$17.50; Collection New Haven E. G. Meeting, \$12. *Per Lists:* M. Kisluik, Atlantic City, N. J., \$7; H. Kaufman, Minneap., Minn., \$5.90; H. Michailowitz, N. Y., \$5; Miss B. Lowensohn, N. Y., \$5.15; S. Di Gisi, N. Y., \$3.70; H. Machetto, West Hoboken, N. J., \$3.60; Miss Rebecca Edelson, N. Y., \$3.55; J. Miller, Houston, Texas, \$3.35. Miss B. Lowinsohn, N. Y., \$2; James and Rose Shoob, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$2; per Wm. Erichsen, N. Y., \$2; per J. Handler, N. Y., \$1.85; per Miss T. Gelfenbein, N. Y., \$1.15; Dr. Rose Fritz, N. Y., \$1; Dr. R. Leverson, N. Y., \$1; A. H. Garner, Hannibal, Mo., \$1; J. H. Root, Wash., D. C., \$1; J. H. Grigsby, Louisville, Ky., 50c.; L. Rosen, N. Y., 25c..

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EXPENDITURES.

Deficit, as per Sept. acc't....	\$74.90	Brooklyn	25.00
To Printer, Facsimile letter of Newark mayor	8.00	To Stenographer and Type-writer	5.00
To Printer, stationery.....	7.50	To Chairman F. S. C., postage.	5.00
Postage	7.00		
To Printer, 500 F. S. Circulars	4.50		\$159.40
To Printer, stationery.....	7.50	Total	\$337.15
To I. W. W., Spokane, for Free Speech Fight.....	15.00	Expenditures	\$159.40
Police Suppressed Meeting,			\$177.75

PHILADELPHIA FREE SPEECH FUND

RECEIPTS.

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Counsel Fees	\$100.00	Phila., E. G. & L. D. Abbott	15.00
Free Speech Meeting, (Rent, Advert., Speaker's R. R. fare, Stenogr., Signs.)....	80.00	Special Representative sent to Phila., Miss S. C.....	10.00
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Vol. IV

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 10

DIAZ

By FRANCIS PIEDMONT LAVINIER.

*Among the rulers of the world he stands
A monster grappling Freedom by the throat
And trampling on his country. From his hands
The blood of heroes drips. Oh, world, behold
A fit chastisement for a land of crime!
Earth gave him forth—an offspring of a past
Thrice foul with slaughter, treason, incest, vice;
Lust nurtured him until wronged Nature formed
His brain of venom brewed of blood that flowed
From out his heart of rancor. Why should stoop
Mankind to tolerate him? To what end?
His praise is chanted by the worms that live
Through his corruption—by a horde of slaves,
Scorned fugitives and renegades who dress
The cruel hypocrite in robes of truth,
The butcher in the garb of patriot,
The reptile in a hero's attributes.
Vile despot, who, discharging thunder bolts
On prostrate foes, renown for valor won;
False autocrat, with fame for wisdom gained
By stifling genius! Dungeons, scaffolds, tombs
Of murdered thinkers, martyred heroes, brand
Porfirio Diaz a perfidious wretch
As abject as the worms that squirm and crawl
Throughout the noisome fabric of his sway—
A Borgia come to life, enmeshed in all
The putrid tyrannies of ages past
And raging with voracity grown huge
While buried under centuries. To him,
Like ogre gnawn by hunger of the grave,*

*The fall of men beneath his scourge sounds good;
To him the shrieks of victims are as song,
As music slaughter, sweet the stench of blood.*

❖ ❖ ❖

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

CHRISTMAS! The theme of a thousand paeans, glory to God in the Highest. A heavenly Father, merciful, kind, omnipotent, generously shedding his blessing over mankind, rejoicing in the happiness of his beloved children.

He casts his eye over the world, the mighty handiwork of his will, and proudly he says, "It is good." Love reigns in the world and brotherhood, in beauty and peace lives man, passing his allotted time in joy and gladness, and ever growing in His likeness.

He loved the world so well he gave his only begotten Son to save it. Henceforth, no tear shall dim the eye of beauty, nor care mar the brow of man, nor sorrow break the heart of innocence. The sword shall be beaten into the plow, to fill the earth with plenitude. Nor hunger, nor strife shall cross man's threshold, nor evil darken human life, nor misery poison the milk of kindness. For this his Heavenly Son died, that justice and love may reign on earth, peace and good-will. For as ye have done to the least of these, ye have done to Me. And thus He died. And as the pearly gates opened to receive His Spirit, all heaven rejoiced, and the voice of the Almighty greeted Him: Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

* * *

EXPERIENCE is supposed to be the best school. Alas for the price most of us have to pay! If we survive it at all, it's only to find that the thorny road of experience is endless. In most cases, however, the price of experience is life itself.

Such a terrible price has been paid by the recent victims of our Christian era—the miners of Cherry, Ill.: three hundred men and children sacrificed on the altar of experience, killed in cold blood for the sake of gain and profit.

"I know not whether laws be right
Or whether laws be wrong..."

but the investigation committee informs us that Illinois has the best protective and child labor laws. They tell us that *legally* all precautions against mine disasters were provided for; *legally* children were not to work in the mines. Legality, you are a harlot, a Shylock that feeds on human flesh, a delusion and a snare that has always befogged the human mind.

How many more miners will have to be killed before law-worshippers will learn from experience?

* * *

THE OTHER day we were informed that civilized man is not nearly as sensitive as a dog. If so, the American newspaper man is the most perfect specimen of civilization. His senses have become so dulled that unless a wrong becomes hideous enough to outrage the blind, he will neither see, hear, nor smell it. Ever since America has been heralded as the promised land, millions of Europeans sold their last possessions and turned their face to the goddess of Liberty, whose light never shines. Ever since that time every immigrant has been robbed and fleeced by the steamship companies, then kicked and maltreated by the gate-holders of the promised land. Not a word was ever said in behalf of the victims of commercialism and "democratic hospitality."

Suddenly the American newspaper man began to smell and to express sympathy with the "rights of the steerage." The stench from that quarter must be strong indeed to have reached newspaper nostrils.

"Inhuman conditions in the steerage of trans-Atlantic vessels, attacks on women," etc. What a wonderful discovery. And that "inhuman condition" is to be changed by "an immediate law, putting government officials on vessels carrying steerage passengers."

Stupidity, thy name is American newspaper man. To be sure, conditions in the steerage are terrible. But compared with conditions prevailing in America's dumping ground—the ports—steerage is a heaven. Compared with the graft and robbery and the attacks emigrants suffer at the hands of government officials, the steamship companies are humanitarians. Compared with the inhumanity, the brutality, and bulldozing that go on on Ellis Island and similar places, trans-Atlantic vessels furnish a haven of rest.

The only remedy for the steerage condition is a widespread strike against the steamship companies and a conscious rebellion against immigration officials. But first and foremost it is necessary that the American newspapers should be cured of American arrogance, superiority, and cruelty towards those who are still green in democratic habits: chewing tobacco, prize fighting, and negro lynching.

* * *

THE AUTHORITIES of Spokane, Wash., are evidently determined to stop the fight for free speech in that city by applying the most drastic methods. Their latest victim is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, the I. W. W. organizer, who has been sent to the workhouse for three months, on the charge of "conspiracy to break the law" against street speaking.

It is a terrible crime that, conspiracy to break the law: the law which is the very bulwark of our slavery, shame, and degradation. Song and story may safely celebrate the lawbreakers of a hundred years ago, who conspired to overthrow the rule of the British monarch. But in our own day, in our very midst, such conspirators can not be tolerated. They disturb the peace of good, law abiding respectability, perfectly content to stay on the people's backs.

Privilege and authority fear nothing so much as the free word. Hence the mad efforts to suppress every manifestation of it. Nor is Spokane an isolated case. It is but the accentuated expression of a long series of suppressions, heretofore virtually ignored by the people. The outrages upon free speech now being committed by the police of Spokane are beginning to awaken American radicals out of their criminal apathy. They are growing to realize their responsibility for having witnessed, without a protest, the repeated suppression of "foreigners." Had they raised their voice to check the first attempts to strangle the free word, "American" men and women would not now be filling the jails of Spokane for demanding the right of free speech.

However, it is never too late to fight for liberty. The battle is on. Let every lover of freedom, whatever his political affiliations, join hands in a mighty struggle against the stifling of free speech. So far the American

elements have held aloof. But let us hope that now, when the first American woman has been thrown in prison for exercising the right of free speech, even they—American radicals—will shake off their indifference and rise to the call of the hour. * * *

THE SPECTACLE of Taft, the Overfed, addressing the unemployed at the Bowery mission was indeed a sight for the gods.

Facing an audience of homeless and hungry men, the President waxed eloquent over our great prosperity and the splendid opportunities that this country offers to rich and poor alike. When he saw the bread line forming, he spoke feelingly of the men's patriotism and their undying love for their bounteous country. He was, the newspapers state, wildly applauded.

Just this touch of human misery was necessary to Big Bill to enhance the relish of his own comfort. But nothing could better picture the shameless effrontery of this man Taft in facing with lying tongue the very men whose manhood and life have been exhausted to fatten him and his class.

The emasculating effect of starvation was never more strikingly demonstrated: not a man among those hungry, shivering victims to hurl back the insulting lies into the hideous face of the Washington hog.

* * *

IT IS a bitter war that is now being waged in New York by the striking ladies' waist-makers. Exploited to the very verge of starvation, forced to work under the most unbearable conditions, several thousand girls were literally driven to strike for more decent treatment and a living wage.

Capitalism knows no sex. Man or woman, both are equally the victims of an age where Mammon is the omnipotent god. His Juggernaut as mercilessly crushes the bodies of young girls as of old men, grinding their flesh and blood into the pyramid of "social order."

And the eternally vigilant law stands ever ready to support and protect this "order," built on the bleeding corpses of women and children. In no recent struggle of labor has this been more clearly manifested than in the present strike of the ladies' waist-makers. The whole police

force of the city has been at the command of the rich manufacturers, aiding them to break up the strike by harassing the helpless girls, beating and arresting their pickets, and using the whole judicial machinery to intimidate the strikers and force them to return to work by exhausting the treasury of their union through the imposition of excessive fines.

The main issue of the strike is the right of the employees to belong to a union. The larger manufacturers, themselves thoroughly organized, absolutely refuse to concede this right to their workers. They generously promise to deal "fairly" with each individual girl, but strenuously oppose the recognition of the union. Full well they realize the power of labor united on the industrial field, and the absolute helplessness of the solitary employee.

As in Galsworthy's "Strife," the waist-makers' fight is one of principle: the right of workers to *demand* concessions with the powerful voice of economic organization. This very essential circumstance seems to have entirely escaped the understanding of the wealthy ladies who have benevolently come to the aid of the strikers. They have been "shocked" to learn that the "poor things had such a hard time of it" making the beautiful things worn by milady. Full of the Christmas spirit they rushed to help the strikers, thus unselfishly demonstrating the "solidarity" between the rich and poor.

The guilty conscience of a Mrs. Belmont may find relief in espousing the cause of the starving girls. The latter, however, know that the eternal struggle of right against might cannot be brushed aside by a kid-gloved hand. The strikers should preserve their self-respect by refusing the crumbs off the castle floor. With Tolstoy, the shirt-waist girls may confute the fine ladies:

"You are willing to do everything for us, except get off our backs."

* * *

HUMAN fiendishness could conceive no greater barbarity than the eviction of the families of the Ludlow strikers at this time of the year. The evictions have been accompanied by acts of utter brutality which make one's blood reach the boiling point.

What crime have these women and children committed

that they should be thrown, half-naked, on the frozen streets on a winter night? What was their unspeakable offence against man or god? Their crime can be summed up in one word: poverty. They are the wives and children of men who uncomplainingly toiled in the sweat of their brow in the jute and hemp product mills of the Ludlow Manufacturing Association, satisfied with a mere pittance. But as the cost of living rose and wages grew less, even these beasts of burden could suffer no longer. They were satisfied to work long hours under the vilest conditions for the mere chance of filling the mouths at home. But the cries of the hungry babes grew louder and the tears of their women folk fell faster; and as meat entirely disappeared and bread became scarce and the coal bin empty, these men piteously begged for just a little more food. The refusal of the rich Association to grant living wages resulted in a strike. Then followed the eviction of the strikers from the homes for which the workers had paid, in rent, many times their value. Now over two thousand people—men, women, and babes in mothers' arms—are lying on the streets of Ludlow, Mass., exposed to cold and hunger, huddled together, for warmth and protection, among the débris of their households.

They are waiting, waiting for the mercy of their heavenly Father, waiting for the pity of a Christian world, founded on justice and love, while the mothers grow fainter and still grows the cry of their famished babes.

What is our great civilization going to do for them? What does the glorious land of the Stars and Stripes offer them? What blessing does Christianity carry to them? This is God's own country, prosperity marches through the land, and the sweet strains of great opportunity reach every home—what is this happy country going to do for the evicted Ludlow women and their babes clutching with frozen fingers the empty, milkless breasts?

Nothing. Well-ordered communities must bow before the supremacy of the law. The sanctity of property underlies our nation. The Ludlow manufacturers have a right to the protection of the law. Their rights must be safeguarded. They own the strikers' homes. The strikers, propertyless, have nothing needing protection. The government, in the orderly course of events, will

make a thorough investigation and will then lay the results before Congress. Perhaps that august body will decide, after due deliberation, to appoint a committee to report on the conditions in the Ludlow mills. Further action will depend on its findings.

And the strikers are waiting, still on the street, without home and food. The women grow fainter; the children quieter.

Who dare advise these men, in the sight of their suffering families, to keep quiet and preserve order? Could heartless hypocrisy wield a more lying tongue? He that has a spark of humanity still smouldering in his breast will break down the hoary barrier of hypocrisy and inhumanity, and rouse those starving wretches to battle, to war against this damnable inhumanity to man, to tear to shreds the law of human slavery and destroy the fiends of hell that feed and feast on human blood and misery.

* * *

THE ALARMING increase of crime is a subject of perennial concern to our lawmakers. There is no lack of plans suggested and methods adopted for the punishment and prevention of anti-social offences. Yet it cannot be said that the efforts to check crime can be regarded as even approaching success. In spite of the most drastic methods crime is undoubtedly on the increase, proportionately and absolutely. It would almost seem as if crime is the inevitable correlative of our civilization.

The methods employed to suppress offenders have been many and varied. The resources of fiendish ingenuity and human brutality have been almost exhausted, yet the criminal is with us, in ever growing numbers. The absolute failure of all deterrent and punitive means should lead, one might expect, to an intelligent effort to determine the cause of that failure. Such, however, is not the case. The inadequacy of brutal and repressive treatment merely seems to inspire our lawmakers with the passion for increased repression. Thus the latest achievement of legal wisdom finds expression in the Connecticut law providing for the sterilization of "criminals by whom procreation is inadvisable."

By "criminals," of course, are not meant such anti-social beasts as the Rockefellers, Morgans, Hoffstots and

their ilk, but merely those who are too poor to keep out of prison. Prison wardens, admittedly the most brutalized and ignorant class of men, are given the authority to select among our social victims those "by whom procreation is inadvisable." A medical committee will then proceed to sterilize the unfortunates.

If a private citizen should thus attempt to punish his neighbor for some wrong done him—however great that wrong—would not the intended victim be justified in protecting his most precious possession even to the point of taking life? Who could condemn such an act of self-defence? Should the law, then, be allowed to perpetrate an atrocity for which the citizen would justly suffer death? We hope that the first prisoner upon whom such barbarity is to be visited will possess sufficient manhood to defend himself with every weapon at hand.

Aside the from the brutality of this statute and the damnable violation of the most intimate side of life, what practical benefit could be expected from such a legal outrage? The proportion of offenders of criminal parentage is, it is well known, very insignificant, and even these are driven into criminal channels more through unfavorable conditions than by inherited tendencies. As to the great majority of men who fill our prisons, they are admittedly accidental criminals, made such by the stress of unemployment, sickness, a fit of uncontrolled temper, or by an attempt to imitate, on a small scale, our Morgans and Harrimans.

Nothing could be more stupid than this law, except perhaps the idea underlying it. If all the criminals in the United States were dumped today in mid-ocean, next week we should face exactly the same problem of crime.

Crime is a symptom, not a disease. The criminal is but the excrescence of a sick body politic. No amount of legislation can aid, in the least, in stamping out crime, so long as our economic and political institutions remain based on the anti-social tendencies of fraud and oppression.

* * *

THE FRIENDS of MOTHER EARTH will meet Christmas Eve (December 24th), at the American Palace Hall, 310-312 Grand St., to celebrate, with a concert and ball, the coming dawn of a real resurrection.

THE SOCIAL STRUGGLE IN SPAIN

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

IN his immortal *Caprichos* the celebrated Goya has left us an unsurpassed characterization of the Spanish rulers. Bold attacks against the whole political and social order, especially against royalty; severe arraignment of the ruling clericalism, hypocritical religion and its dogmas; merciless critique of the Inquisition, priestcraft, and superstition; biting satire of the court, nobility, and ministry characterize the great work,—an ethical panorama of powerful irony alternating with phantastic dreams. In this work the artist is submerged by the free thinker and critical observer of his social and religious surroundings.

A century has passed since Goya has given *Caprichos* to the world. Yet the character of Spanish rule has not changed. Its spirit is to-day as brutal, bloodthirsty, and destructive as a hundred years ago. The modern descendants of Torquemada rule not only Spain, but the whole Catholic world; one of them, Merry del Val, is carrying out, as the Pope's secretary, the policies of the Holy See. The proverb *y á Roma por todos* (to Rome for everything) still applies in its full significance.

Notwithstanding, the world moves. While clerical dominion did not change, the life of the Spanish people has undergone a tremendous transformation, a great spiritual evolution, so much indeed, that to-day we are witnessing a social struggle for emancipation which for determination finds nowhere its equal save in Russia.

Russia and Spain—the farthest North and South. What contrast, and yet what striking similarity in the political and social aspirations of the two nations. At the same time, what ignorance abroad in regard to both countries.

To the superficial observer modern Spain is, like New Russia, *terra incognita*. The average man of to-day knows Spain only as the land of Inquisition and bull fights; a country which once indeed had mastered the world, produced great artists like Velasquez and Murillo, dramatists like Calderon and Lope de Vega, as the immortal author of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*,—yet a land which to-day is on the road to complete decay. Such works as George Borrow's "Bible in Spain"—a pitiful

translation of a drama by José Echegaray—or the exhibition of Ignazio Zuloaga, more French than Spanish, and perhaps the latest novel of Maurice Hewlett are about the sole sources of information of the ordinary man. He is entirely unaware of the tremendous struggle carried on in the Iberian peninsula, during the last half century, between the feudal powers and the legions of modernity; that the struggle has given birth to great thinkers, brilliant writers, and powerful organizers; that in the last decades thousands of revolutionists have bravely held aloft the banner of progress, and that innumerable martyrs have laid down their lives on the altar of humanity, and that, finally, Catalonia is the centre of the most intelligent and revolutionary proletariat of Europe—all this is quite unknown this side of the Pyrenees.

If we acquaint ourselves, however, with the views on modern Spain expressed by well-known investigators, literateurs, and revolutionists like Havelock Ellis, Tarrida del Marmol, Bart Kennedy, Enrico Malatesta, Charles Malato, and others who have personally studied the life and customs of the Spanish people, we shall behold a picture that must fill one with respect and admiration for the intellectual and revolutionary aspirations of the men and women of that underestimated nation.

* * *

No previous economic system has understood so well as capitalism to identify itself with the existing political form of a given country. In republican America it allies itself with corrupt politics; in autocratic Russia with Tsarism; in militaristic Germany with the aristocracy; in Spain with clericalism.

The Socialist movement in Spain, in its essential modern form, dates from the time of the old *Internationale*. Yet even prior to that period Spain possessed a Socialist movement. The workingmen of Catalonia had already in the 50's of the last century an organization numbering ninety thousand members. At the forcible dissolution of the organization by General Zapatero, in 1855, about fifty thousand workmen quit their factories, thus initiating the first General Strike in Europe.

In no country did the *Internationale* gain a firmer foothold than in Spain, where all the members of this revolutionary body held Anarchist views. The social upris-

ings of the 70's, in which Michael Bakunin played such a prominent part, are a matter of history.

With the spread of the revolutionary labor movement, repression on the part of the masters grew ever more inhumane and tyrannous in proportion to the greater energy displayed in the war against the capitalist régime. The names of *Mano Negra*, *Alcala del Valle*, and *Montjuich* are written in letters of fire in the martyrology of the Spanish proletariat.

Now, what happened last summer in Barcelona? The international stock gamblers were preparing for new pillage, namely in the Riff district, situated in the Spanish sphere of influence in Morocco. The natives resisted, rising in the defence of *their* fatherland. The camarilla in Madrid, participant in the intended capitalist robbery, arranged a campaign against the rebellious natives. Mobilization orders called out the reservists, consisting exclusively of workingmen and poor peasants unable to buy their freedom from active military service, as do the sons of the rich. Not satisfied merely to exploit the people at home, the rulers of Spain were planning to use them as cannon fodder. Heartbreaking scenes were witnessed when the Catalanian reservists gathered in the port of Barcelona preparing to be shipped to Africa. Old parents sobbed for their luckless children about to be sent to certain death; women cried over the loss of their husbands, and poor children faced the miserable fate of poor orphans. Many reservists refused to go aboard, and numerous riots followed.

Witnessing these terrible scenes, the organized workmen of Barcelona became aroused. They decided to do what the so-called friends of peace à la Carnegie failed to do, too mindful of their financial interests. The *Solidaridad Obrera*, the revolutionary federation of the trade unions of Barcelona, called a special meeting of its delegates to consider the situation, with a view of organizing a national protest against the war. The Governor of Barcelona prohibited the meeting. That happened on the 27th of July. Three days later a spontaneous General Strike broke out in Barcelona and other Catalanian cities. The industrial life of that large province suddenly came to a standstill. The railroads ceased operations, and the postal and telegraph service was suspended.

Had the Catalonian uprising received sufficient aid from the workers of the other provinces, the result would have been different. Unfortunately, however, the labor bodies of those districts are under the influence of parliamentary Socialists, who lacked the courage to advise their followers to join the General Strike. Still, the real purpose of that revolt was achieved. The government was paralyzed, and the embarkment of the troops could not take place at Barcelona.

The rage of the authorities transcended all description. They bent all their energies to master the situation, employing toward that end the usual governmental methods of slaughter. The result is well known. But though the popular uprising was thus mercilessly strangled, the General Strike had achieved its aim: the mobilization of reservists had to cease.

The camarilla at Madrid could not forgive the Catalonians this significant defeat. It thirsted for revenge. The terrible scenes that followed the Paris Commune were now to be repeated in Spain. About fifteen thousand persons—men, women, and children—were arrested in Barcelona, Mataró, Manresa, Sabadell, Gerone, and Anglés; among the prisoners were the most prominent labor leaders and many veterans of the revolutionary movement, like Anselmo Lorenzo, Christoval Litran, as well as Francisco Ferrer, the founder of *Escuelas Modernas*.

* * *

No other country, except possibly Russia, possesses a greater percentage of illiteracy than Spain. Among its seventeen million inhabitants only five million are able to read or write. In most of the government schools priests and nuns are the instructors; the lay teachers are sworn to defend and support the Catholic Church. The first attempt to broaden the scope of popular education was made in the 70's of the last century by the free-thinkers and republicans. They organized a number of secular schools in various parts of Spain—chiefly in Catalonia—financing them in spite of their poverty and in the face of great opposition and persecution. In 1883 these schools became federated into one organization, under the general supervision of Bartolomeo Gabarro, a former priest. But the new body failed to surmount the difficulties of the situation, with the result that it soon became disinte-

grated, owing to governmental persecution on the one hand, lack of means and proper methods of instruction, on the other.

The factor which brought new life into the educational movement of Spain was Francisco Ferrer. Born in Avella, Catalonia, in 1859, he early joined the republican party and participated in various uprisings, among them the one led by General Villacampa. Subsequently Ferrer became the secretary to Ruy Zorilla, the leader of the Republicans, following him, in 1886, to exile in Paris. There Ferrer came in contact with Elisée Reclus and other radical thinkers, gradually developing into a consistent anti-authoritarian. Like most of his contemporaries Ferrer soon became convinced that education must be the path of the people's emancipation. He therefore determined to devote his life to the enlightenment of the rising generation along rational lines.

With this object in view Ferrer returned to his native country and began the organization of the Modern School. The text-books used in these rational schools were prepared by Ferrer himself, with the coöperation of Elisée Reclus, Professor Letourneau, Dr. Martinez Vargas, Odon de Buen, Anselmo Lorenzo, and other radical scientists. The aim of the school is thus summarized in its program: "To stimulate the mental development of the child and to check the rise of reactionary atavistic instincts. Racial hatred, the spirit of caste, jingoism, and revenge, so detrimental to all social improvement, are to be combatted. Our instruction knows neither dogmas nor traditions, for the latter are mere formulas stifling all life, individual and social."

The remarkable personality of Ferrer and his wonderful energy and ability as organizer succeeded in a comparatively short time to establish, in Barcelona and other industrial centres, 53 schools, prior to his first arrest in 1906. The working population of those cities enthusiastically took advantage of the opportunity to free their children from the baneful influence of the clerical schools. The instruction of the Modern School, freed from all religious, patriotic, and social prejudices inevitably influenced the children along the lines of liberty and social equality. This education of the children reacted upon their parents, in turn inspiring them with humanitarian

ideas. Moreover, the literature published by Ferrer in connection with the Modern School circulated throughout Spain and was to be found in every workingman's library.

Ferrer's activity was thus an open challenge to the clerical, militaristic-capitalistic reaction, which could conceive of no greater crime than the rational education of children. It felt its very existence threatened. The name of Francisco Ferrer became the personification of the struggle between the Old and the New. The reaction eagerly sought an opportunity to destroy its hated enemy and his work.

This opportunity presented itself in May, 1906, on the occasion of Mateo Morral's attempt upon the life of the King. Morral, a former collaborator of Ferrer, threw a bomb at Alfonso's carriage to avenge the terrible atrocities committed upon the striking farm-laborers of Andalusia. Though no indication pointed at Ferrer as the accessory of Morral, the authorities arrested him on the charge of conspiracy. His schools were closed and his property confiscated. But in spite of all efforts to convict Ferrer, even by resorting to forged letters, the government failed in its purpose. The international protest of the scientific world resulted in Ferrer's liberation.

The uprising in Barcelona, three years later, offered the enemies of Ferrer and his work the longed-for opportunity for his final extermination. The unexpected happened. Before a new tremendous protest could be voiced, Ferrer was assassinated. The reaction was determined not to lose its prey again.

The noble educator is dead, and his schools suppressed. But has the cabal of clerical and civil authority achieved its purpose? Can the spirit of a Ferrer be really exterminated? No eulogy could more correctly characterize the modest grandeur of Francisco Ferrer than the introductory remarks to his will, written by him on the threshold of death. In this truly *document humain* he says:

"Above all, I protest with all possible energy against the unexpected circumstance of the punishment inflicted upon me, expressing my conviction that before very long my innocence will be publicly recognized. I desire that on no occasion, either in the near or the far future, or for any motive whatever, shall any manifestation of a political or

religious character be made over my remains, considering that the time spent in connection with the dead would be better employed in improving the condition of the living, the majority of whom have great need of it.

"I desire also," this document goes on, "that my friends speak little or not at all of me, because when men are exalted idols are created, which is a great harm for the future of mankind. Deeds alone, from whomsoever they emanate, should be studied, exalted, or branded. Let them be praised in order that they may be imitated when they seem to make for the common good; let them be criticized so that they be not repeated when they are considered injurious to the general well-being."

The assassination of *such* a man must prove the doom of any government. Already Ferrer proved that he had not died in vain. His martyrdom saved the lives of thousands now imprisoned in Spain. As the General Strike of the Barcelona workingmen checked the campaign of the further conquest of Morocco, so has Ferrer's death prevented the planned massacre of the incarcerated revolutionists.

Never since the memorable days of the Paris Commune, when Elisée Reclus had been condemned to death by the Versailles reaction, has the intellectual world made such a tremendous demonstration as in the case of Francisco Ferrer. Nor has any similar event ever before aroused such extraordinary protest on the part of the international proletariat. No one would have believed such unity and spontaneity possible. Within a very few days we witnessed tremendous demonstrations in Paris, London, Rome, Trieste, Milan, Amsterdam, Brussels, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Chicago, New York, and many other centres; we saw the embassies and consulates of Spain repeatedly attacked, and Spanish goods boycotted in various countries. Thus the proletariat of the world proved that international solidarity is no mere theory.

We heard the intellectuals of the world voicing their protest in no uncertain manner. Anatole France, Gerhardt Hauptmann, Walter Crane, Ernest Haeckel, Giuseppe Sergi, H. G. Wells, Wm. D. Howells, Maxim Gorky, Maurice Maeterlinck, and many others expressed their indignation at the atrocious assassination of the torch-bearer of a new gospel. The whole world seemed

to utter, as one man, a cry of pain and anger. The social conscience was aroused to its very depths.

Our comrade fell in the struggle, but the Revolution marches on.



FORNARO AND HIS BOOK

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

THE IMPRISONMENT of hundreds of workingmen in Spokane, Washington, for the "crime" of trying to voice their grievances at the street corners has compelled even the most lethargic to realize what a mockery our much vaunted "free speech" is in America today. The imprisonment on Blackwell's Island, New York, of Carlo de Fornaro, the author of "Diaz, Czar of Mexico," is an equally convincing illustration of the mockery of our so-called "free press."

Here is a cultured and high-minded man who has lived in Mexico and who out of a sense of public duty formulates his "arraignment" of one of the most corrupt and unprincipled governments now in existence. His book is passionately sincere, and replete with facts and figures that should be in the hands of every lover of humanity and liberty. He tells how for thirty years Diaz has been despot in Mexico. He tells of "the justice he has sandbagged"; of the thousands of lives imprisoned, "rotting in the most infamous of jails"; of the thousands of individuals murdered in cold blood, without a trial or even a formal accusation, "like cattle driven to slaughter to serve as a repast to his ravenous ambition." He tells of liberties torn one by one, deliberately, from the Mexicans. And during the course of his indictment he devotes just two pages to Raphael Espindola, tool of Diaz, editor of Diaz's organ, *El Imperial*.

Then a strange thing happens. The Mexican Beast scents its prey from afar. Espindola rushes to New York, employs Henry W. Taft and other able lawyers to fight his case, sues Fornaro in the courts, and wins a complete triumph! Instead of being rebuked, as he ought to be in any true court of justice, and sent back with a warning to his benighted country, he is allowed to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing Fornaro sentenced to a year's imprison-

ment with hard labor, and is patted on the back by a Roman Catholic judge. "The community must uphold Espindola," says this precious specimen of the judiciary, Judge Malone, "for the confidence he placed in American courts and in the American sense of honor and justice by bringing his case to us."

Verily the spirit of liberty is dead in America when so outrageous a decision awakens hardly a ripple of interest, and hardly a word of protest, outside the radical movement.

It is all a disgraceful business, and three of the Tafts have had a hand in it. President Taft set the seal of official approval upon the barbarities of Diaz when he met him and shook hands with him at El Paso, Texas, on October 16. Charles Taft, one of the President's brothers, is helping to perpetuate Mexican peonage on his estate. Henry Taft, another brother, helped to crush Fornaro, as already related.

Under Judge Malone's ruling, any minion of any tyrant who does not like what is said about him in the press can come to New York and have authors and journalists sentenced to one year's imprisonment and hard labor, with a judicial homily thrown in. Lieut. Colonel Lacalle, for instance—may his name be accursed!—the president of the military cabal that sentenced Francisco Ferrer to death, could come to America, hale the editor of MOTHER EARTH into court, and have him sent to prison for calling Lacalle by his real name, "murderer." Premier Stolypin, of Russia, might have Herman Bernstein punished because, in a recent letter to the *New York Times* he expressed his detestation of Stolypin's bloody methods. In practically every instance, so long as reactionary lawyers could be hired and a reactionary judge was at the helm, the foreigner would win his case, since it is almost impossible to obtain public evidence against despotism in a country ruled by despotic methods. A Mexican is hardly likely to testify against his government if he knows that the price of his testimony may be his life. And so almost any denunciatory statement becomes a "libel."

Fornaro's conviction shows all this and more, but Fornaro, fortunately, is a philosopher and is willing to suffer in behalf of the cause he has taken up. Fornaro in jail,

moreover, is a living and dramatic example of the very injustice against which his book is aimed.

It may be that even before he has served his full sentence the American people will begin to understand something of what he has tried to tell them. The Mexican issue already looms large, and will soon loom larger. "Conditions in Mexico," says Mother Jones, who knows of what she speaks, "are even worse than portrayed in Fornaro's book. Under the rule of Diaz and the ring of American capitalists he serves, no man's life is safe. The people are exploited to an incredible degree. Elementary civil rights are denied, and whoever dares to protest is shot or imprisoned. Thousands of Americans, railroad men, miners and others, who have worked in Mexico, know that this is true." John Kenneth Turner's articles on "Barbarous Mexico," now running in the *American Magazine*, confirm Mother Jones's statements.

Unnumbered Mexican patriots have tried to change these horrible conditions, and been killed or imprisoned for their pains. Ten Mexican revolutionists at the present moment are languishing in American jails. Fornaro joins this noble company in the full consciousness of what such action means. "Martyrdom," he reminds us in his book, "is never barren, because every man sees on the martyr's brow a line of his own duty."



A TRIBUTE

BY EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE MOST cruel and disgusting aspect of the Ferrer tragedy is the hypocrisy of his enemies as well as of his friends.

While the former are using every means to make Francisco Ferrer appear as a moral monster, the latter strain every effort to paint him as an angel of purity.

Between the two, the man Ferrer is being emasculated, and his life mutilated. Yet, more than anyone else, Francisco Ferrer worked for life in all its manifestations, the fullest and deepest expression of man's nature.

In a barren, desolate Spanish village, Teruel, in the province of l'Aragon, a woman is kept in exile—Saledad Villafranca, the one woman in Francisco Ferrer's life and

work. Had this woman a legal claim on the murdered man, friend and foe would pay her tribute and lament her loss. A marriage certificate covers a multitude of sins. Hatred, disgust, friction, prostitution, nay even rape, are quite the usual thing, so long as "God hath joined together."

But Saledad Villafranca and Ferrer have met in another realm, the realm of love and freedom, comradeship and harmony; a realm that has no place for the vulgarity of Church and State. Saledad Villafranca shared Ferrer's ideas and worked with him in the Modern School; she was probably the greatest factor in the man's life, yet with all that his friends have ignored the woman if only to save Ferrer from the "terrible calumny" of being considered a free lover. Oh, for the hypocrisy and pettiness of respectability!

Soon after Francisco Ferrer's arrest, Saledad Villafranca, Ferrer's brother, and several teachers of the Modern School were placed under arrest and exiled to Teruel, where they are being kept under strict police surveillance. There she spent thirty-two days of waiting, of terrible anxiety, not knowing what had become of Ferrer. Those of us who have ever been in a similar situation will appreciate the fortitude, the courage, and character of Saledad Villafranca.

On October 2nd she received the first sign of life from Ferrer, followed by three more letters, the only fragment left of a life that began in love, in joy and comradeship.

Le Journal, a French paper of Catholic tendencies, interviewed Saledad at Teruel. How pathetic and impressive her life must be that the reporter of such a paper even should pay her tribute.

"Saledad Villafranca is not only very beautiful," he writes, "but she is of extraordinary kindness and simplicity. But more than anything else, I was overawed by her serene and sombre demeanor. Not a word of her own great loss; Ferrer's innocence is all she cared to talk about." Saledad Villafranca gave the reporter a minute account of Ferrer's movements between July 26th and August 31st, the day of his arrest. "And why did you not send this account to the prosecuting attorney?" asked the reporter of *Le Journal*. "Send it?" replied Saledad. "I had my mother take it. She was not even received. I

sent it through the mail; it was returned. There was no desire to exonerate Ferrer, you see." Until September 27th Saledad could not even learn when Ferrer's case would come up. On the 30th she received news from his judge that no further testimony would be considered.

Yet with all that, Ferrer himself believed in his accusers until the last. As late as October 8th, five days before that bloody October 13th, he assured Saledad in a letter that he would surely be set at liberty. Francisco Ferrer shared the fate of all idealists: absolute inability to comprehend the gravity of reality.

His childlike faith and hope may have helped Saledad during those terrible days of uncertainty. And yet, the final blow would surely have been less fierce had she not been lulled by Ferrer's trust in the judges that finally slew him.

"No reason to worry," he wrote in his first letter of October 2nd, "you know I am absolutely innocent. To-day I am particularly hopeful and joyous; it is the first time I can write to you, and the first time since my arrest that I can bathe in the rays of the sun streaming generously through my cell window. You, too, must be joyous: I will be free." No doubt Saledad was joyous, joyous in the vain hope that life which gave her a great love, could not be so cruel and take that gift from her.

Saledad Villafranca to Francisco Ferrer was, no doubt, like that sun streaming in his cell window,—warmth, light, freedom. That she could be all that, makes Francisco Ferrer very human and therefore dearer to all free spirits.



THE WAY TO FREEDOM

*They never die who fall
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore,
Their heads may rotten in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls.
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thought
Which overpowers all others and turns the world
At last to freedom.* —BYRON.

CROCODILE TEARS

By BART KENNEDY.

IT is all very fine for well-off people to do deeds of good to the poor. It is all very fine for them to cheer them up in their hard lot. To give them coals and blankets and food during times of stress is a most laudable thing. It betokens in well-off people a sympathy and a fellow-feeling. And it is apt to make the thinker feel that the old Biblical saw that runs to the effect that it is as easy for a camel to get through the eye of a needle as it is for a rich man to get into heaven, is somewhat severe.

It is only apt, however, to make the thinker feel like this. For if the thinker thinks long enough he will collide against the fact that the rich person is the complement of the poor person. One balances the other. If there were no rich person there would be no poor person. If there were no poor person there would be no rich person. One person's riches necessarily means another person's poverty. You can no more get away from this fact than you can get away from the fact that cold is cold and heat is heat.

And therefore it is that the sympathy of the rich for those who are poor is at its best but the sympathy of the crocodile. This is a hard thing to say. But the fact is harder still. If there were no people who were starving, my friend, you would not have your ten thousand, or your fifty thousand, or your hundred thousand a year, as the case may be. These hard-up, miserable people to whom you give coals and blankets—if you do give them—are absolutely necessary for your existence. They mean you, and you mean them. So put that in your pipe and smoke it.

I know very well that there are well-off people who have a genuine sorrow for the poor. They do all they can to help them. They pay them good wages when they work for them, they tend them when they are sick—in fact, they do all that is humanly possible. And still there is one thing that they don't do. They don't stop living off the poor. They don't stop extracting the wealth from the poor. They don't stop drawing dividends that in the last analysis must be earned by the poor. In a

word, they don't stop making the poor poorer so that they shall be richer.

I know the difficulty, of course. I know what can be said. I would be a fool if I didn't. I know as well as anybody else knows that if really sympathetic rich people were to give all they had away, it would make no difference. Things would still go on as they are going. For the act of one rich person, or a few rich persons, could not affect the general state of things as they exist at present. But this does not affect the fact that the most charitable and sympathetic rich person only gives away what it is not his to give away. He only restores to others what is theirs by right. He only tries to undo some of the harm that he causes by his existence.

It is as if you wounded a man, and kept on wounding him, and still at the same time were offering him little bits of sticking-plaster to cure his wounds.

I don't wish to appear mocking or cynical, but the way rich people are lauded to the skies because of what they give away is enough to make the most solemn-faced horse laugh. I know it will be said at once that things would be more awful than they are at present did not these tenderhearted rich people give of their plentifulness. But just listen a moment. It is these tenderhearted rich people who save the show—for the rich. If they did not give back some of the wealth that they have extracted—extracted is the politest word to use—from the poor, the show would come tumbling down about their ears in double quick time. For if the starving people were really let absolutely and dramatically starve, they would be apt to lose that reverential respect for the rich and the highly-placed, that is the real reason for the existence of the aforesaid rich and highly-placed.

If too many men and women and children died of actual hunger, we should be perilously near another shake of civilization's dice box.

In fact, the mean and stingy rich people owe more than they ever dream of to the crocodile sympathy of the generous and open-handed rich people. And here I must say a thing that I don't like to say. It is this: The noblehearted and open-handed and generous rich person is the villain of the piece. His charity and sympathy and beneficence blind the eyes of the workers to the way they are

robbed. In fact, this noble-hearted rich person is like that worst possible of all landlords—the good landlord! It is the good landlord who keeps the present iniquitous land system going. The bad landlord would have it tumbled down in no time. It is the same way with the charitable rich person. He makes the poor put up with his robbery of them.

The argument that the rich help the poor, because of the capital they spend, is the most feeble and foolish argument that the human brain has ever been guilty of. In the first place there is no such thing as capital at all. Capital simply means—in the sense of its being possessed by the rich—the power that the rich have of forcing the poor to obey their orders. When the poor become intelligent and brave enough to work only for themselves, and not for impudent do-nothings, the word capital will be expunged from the human language. The word capital simply means, give me all you've got! It is the oddest word that was ever created. It is a word meaning bluff-in-excelsis. It is a word that has its effect only because people are stupid and cowardly.

There is no such thing as capital, but there is such a thing as wealth. Wealth is composed of three things: The world, the produce of the world, and human labor. Human labor is incalculably the greatest element of wealth. Capital is a device by which cunning do-nothings steal the wealth of the world.

Rich people are capitalists.

And we want none of their crocodile sympathy for the people whom they rob.

Charity is simply a device for the fooling of the poor. It is a device that has lasted for a long time. But there are signs that it won't last much longer.



EMERSON THE ANARCHIST

By LILLIAN BROWNE.

FIVE years ago, when the world was celebrating the centennial anniversary of the birth of the "Sage of Concord," every magazine, newspaper, and periodical in America devoted appropriate space to "Emerson the Poet," "Emerson the Philosopher," "The Pantheism of Emerson," etc. Little, if anything, was said of the Anarchistic teachings of the great American genius.

It is, therefor, of this neglected and important phase of this unique, many-sided character that I would speak. For, in the approaching years, when Emerson the poet, the philosopher, the pantheist wears his laurels after the customary undisputed fashion of the classic, who is allowed his solitary eminence with unquestioning, passionless acquiescence, Emerson the reformer, the free-thinker, the Individualist will remain a living force and will be honored with the passionate sympathetic understanding of the man who speaks to modern men.

The poets of America, excepting Poe, Lanier, and Whitman, are silent voices to most of us to-day. The Concord School, aside from its historic interest, wields little influence upon the minds of the new generation. The so-called classics, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and Holmes, have no phase outside of the text books as poets. The only hold they retain upon adult moderns is not through their relation to the poetic muse, but through their connection with the events of their own day. The revolutionary spirit of the Quaker Whittier—strange paradox!—is the sole vital bond that shall unite the spirit of the old school with that of the new.

There is an element of pathos in the thought of these impotent voices which arouse no response within our souls. The books which bear their names remain on our bookshelves unopened. They are silent witnesses of the transience of popular adulation. For it is significant that these poets of yesterday received recognition for their lays and a more or less substantial recompense for their pen products. And if the vision of the half-starved Poe, with the haunted tragic face, tells no other tale from its garret window, does it not speak of the proverbial poverty and neglect that genius seems fated to endure; while the

complacent lordly countenance of Longfellow smiles benignly upon a world that loves and pays for prolific talent?

Although Emerson's poetry stands removed, in a class by itself, from that of the other New England poets, nevertheless, as a poet, his influence upon the new generation wanes in a proportionate ratio to the increasing demand for Whitman and Poe.

As a pantheistic philosopher Emerson's name stands with the names of the English poets Shelley and Wordsworth and side by side with the Dutch Spinoza and the brilliant Florentine Bruno.

As a Freethinker, an Anarchist, Emerson is unique, though here too we discover a resemblance to Jesus and to Shelley, but more particularly to the modern Tolstoi, while his Anarchism, permeated as it is with the Transcendental philosophy, removes him from the Russian and French materialistic school to which Michael Bakunin, Prince Kropotkin, and the Reclus brothers belong. Important as this distinction is, nevertheless the American's fierce insistence upon the sovereignty of the Individual is not to be mistaken.

Emerson's "Essay on Self-Reliance," more, perhaps, than anything else he has written, sounds the trumpet call of the emancipation of the Individual; emancipation from the bondage of customary and traditional virtue, from the spiritual slavery of family despotism, from the chains of superstitions and popular standards. Investigate for yourself, trust your own judgment, is his continual reiterated watchword. "Whoso would be a man," says this American freethinker, "must be a non-conformist." "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must investigate if it be goodness." And again, "Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my own constitution, the only wrong what is against it." "Live no longer," continues the revolutionary seer, "to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, O father, O mother, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances, hitherto. Henceforward I am the truths," words which remind us of the utterances of one who twenty centuries ago declared his mission in unmistakable terms: "For I am come to

set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Revolutionary words these, aiming as they do at the very bed-rock of society—the family!

If Emerson were living to-day, there can be little doubt what rôle he would play in the social revolution. We can picture him, an American Tolstoi, non-resistant, or, rather, a passive resistant, serene in his retirement, indulging in the luxury of the simple life, removed in god-like isolation from the cruder side of the conflict; yet, devoting his Olympian leisure to the cause of freedom, entertaining the few choice spirits of the age with benign and hospitable patronage.

Indeed, while we have likened Emerson to Shelley and Wordsworth because of his metaphysical outlook, in the subtler, psychological phases of his nature, he resembles the modern Tolstoi more perhaps than any other literary spirit of modern times. Like the great Russian, his soul sincerely and passionately longed for consistency between his doing and his desire, but the flesh proved victorious over the spirit of these two great geniuses, while their minds are ever pure and unsullied. Pagan natures at bottom, which neither the inherited Puritanism of the American, nor the acquired asceticism of the Russian could deny, the claims of the body hold them securely to earth, natures which the temporal powers never fear, knowing well that danger lurks only in the path of the fiery impassioned soul that dares all for freedom; the soul that knows no rest in quiet secluded nooks while oppression is abroad in the world of men.

It is doubtful if Emerson's Anarchy was of the constructive type. So far as we know he had formulated no theories in regard to the future society. The ideas of voluntary co-operation and mutual aid outgrowing from the American ideal of majority rule had doubtless not found lodgement in his consciousness. Yet he sees the necessity for change and the danger of blindly worshipping the Democratic ideal, a danger which is bound to end in stagnation and suicide. "In this country," says he in his essay on Politics, "we are very vain of our political institutions which are singular in this, that they spring within the memory of living men, from the

character and condition of the people, which they still express with sufficient fidelity, (fifty years ago)—and we ostentatiously prefer them to any other in history. *They are not better but only fitter for us.* Born democrats, we are in no wise qualified to judge of monarchy, which, to our fathers living in the monarchical idea, was also *relatively right*. But our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms. *Every actual State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the laws too well.* What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word *politic*, which now for ages has signified *cunning*, intimating that the State is a trick?"

Emerson possessed to an astonishing degree the optimism and calm faith of the religious seer; his cosmic consciousness was god-like in its nonchalant trust in the ultimate good that awaits humanity. He saw in the political disturbances of European history and in the social cataclysms of the future opportunity for character building; he welcomed these revolutions as furnishing necessary material for remolding the human soul into something finer and nobler—the superman. He saw limitless opportunity for growth. "The philosophy of six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul." The present is wretched with poverty and squalor, yet he hears his "sky-born music still, from all that's fair and all that's foul." "Even," in the mud and scum of things, "there alway, alway something sings."

It appears, indeed, his mission to point out to the blinded eyes the soul which he discerns hidden under the crudest, most forlorn exterior. The criminal, the outcast, the libertine—the soul in them he recognizes as identical in potential uses with his own. Every vice, every virtue which man may experience is latent within himself. Hence his optimism. Hence, too, his attitude toward invested authority. At best government is a necessary evil, necessary only because men do not understand that government is "a satire," that "the less government we have the better,—the fewer laws and the less confided powers."

Although, as we have said, it is doubtful if Emerson's

Anarchism attained to a constructive form, nevertheless he saw a vision of a future condition of society, plastic, alive, a State freed of the machinery of government, a society permeated with a religion devoid of the tools of institutionalism.

"When the church is *social worth*,
When the State-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect state is come,
The republican at home."

When character becomes a social force then the State is unnecessary, for the "wise man is the State." When men shall recognize the priceless worth of character, then they can neither tolerate oppression, nor can they afford to oppress. Then in the words of Emerson they will sing:

"To-day unbind the captive,
So *only* are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of the rescue, sound!
Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? *The slave is owner,*
And ever was. Pay him."

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CRIME AND CRIMINALS

"Crime and Criminals" is the title of a book about to be issued by the Prison Reform League, of 443 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal. It is dedicated to Tolstoy and presents a powerful plea for the abolition of the revengeful spirit in connection with the treatment of crime and criminals, and the substitution of that humaner, modern philosophy which regards the wrongdoer as the victim of unfavorable environment. In other words, it is an attack; and an utterly ruthless attack, on the "deterrent" theory which at present reigns well-nigh supreme in our law courts, jails, and penitentiaries, seeking to suppress crime by making the way of the transgressor hard. Against this the book in question pits the opinions of the modern, scientific school of criminology, maintains that repressive measures make bad conditions worse.

The growth of the modern school of thought is illustrated by the increasing popularity of juvenile courts, the

indeterminate sentence, the release of convicts on parole, provisions for the care of discharged prisoners, and other ameliorative measures with which the public is becoming familiar. These are considered in detail, much evidence of the good results already secured being adduced. But the bulk of the book is devoted to a scathing arraignment of conditions as they now exist, and it is along these lines that it seems likely to attract widespread attention.

To say that the authors have not hesitated to speak out would be to put the matter with almost ridiculous feebleness. It is a terrific indictment that they have drawn up, supporting it with a remarkable array of evidence from well-known authors, governmental and other statistics, and personal testimony. The deterrent, or frightening tactics adopted by the police, as in the matter of illegal arrests, the administration of the "third degree," the suppression of meetings, and the Fee system—all these come in for merciless criticism. But the main attack on the deterrent system is centered on conditions in our jails and penitentiaries, and in particular on the existence of habitual torture—an anachronism to which the American public is only now beginning to awake. In this connection some astounding testimony is produced, and it is here that the work seems calculated to produce a profound sensation.

The first chapter is devoted to a demonstration of the fact that crime is on the increase. Thus the foundation for all the subsequent attack is laid. The second chapter concerns itself with capital punishment, which is denounced as the parent of lynching and singled out for special condemnation as representing, in its crudest form, the barbaric sentiment of revenge. The authors have spared no pains to show that, as a deterrent, the death penalty is an obvious failure.

With the third chapter, entitled "Deterrence Worked to the Limit," we enter on a consideration of torture as prevalent in our penal institutions, and much terrifying evidence is adduced from the recent records of Illinois, Ohio, Texas, and other States. Chapter IV brings us to California, since it consists of a life-sketch, "San Quentin, as I Knew It," by Griffith J. Griffith, secretary and treasurer of the Prison Reform League. Col. Griffith has lectured and written so much during the last three years, that Californians have become very generally aware that the

conditions in San Quentin have not been such as to reflect credit on their State, but the detailed account now given by him and founded on his own personal experiences, is certain to prove an eye-opener and cannot but make a profound impression on all who read it. If possible the following chapter, "San Quentin, as a Female Prisoner Knew It," reveals an even more shocking state of affairs, and it should be noted that this is the first complete story that has come from that side of the house.

"Southern Convict Camps," "Breaking the Will," "Deterrence by the Police," "The Fee System," "County and City Jails," and "What Good Does It Do?" are the titles of ensuing chapters and aptly indicate the line of criticism pursued. The remainder of the book is given over to a consideration of the principles of the new school of criminology and the victories it has attained.

At the outset the authors state that their work is intended more particularly to furnish material for newspaper and literary men, their principal anxiety being to enlist the aid of the press in bringing this subject into universal discussion. For this reason care has been taken to ransack recent literature for such references and general information as are likely to be serviceable to editors and authors, wishing to write intelligently on a topic that is to-day exceedingly alive. But the work cannot fail to attract the general public, both by reason of the sensational revelations with which it abounds, and because of the fact that, although presenting scientific views, it is entirely free from scientific jargon. The style is simplicity itself; the authors evidently have felt that they have a tremendous case to lay before the public, and they have not minced language or flinched a single issue. That counts heavily with the public, and justly so.

The book is illustrated and handsomely got up, and it is put on the market at the low price of one dollar. It is clear that the league has no intention of making money out of it, for it is announced specifically that all profits will be devoted to a fund for the release of prisoners unable to raise the amount needed for obtaining the paroles to which they are otherwise entitled. That it should be necessary for private individuals to furnish money for such a purpose is in itself an indictment of our present regulations.

BOOKS RECEIVED

SIMPSON AND CHLOROFORM. Victor Robinson. Pub. by Wm. Wood & Co., New York.
 UNSERE HEIMAT. Pierre Ramus, Paris.
 REFORMES, REVOLUTION. Jean Grave, Paris.
 THE ROAD TO POWER. Karl Kautsky. S. A. Bloch, Chicago.
 THE DETECTIVE BUSINESS. Robin Dunbar. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.
 A BEAR. Anton Tchekhov. Translated by Roy Temple House. Woods Pub. Co., New York.
 HONOR. Drama by John Franklyn Phillips, New York.

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FREE SPEECH FUND

RECEIPTS.

Balance, as per Nov. Acc't, \$177.75; Geo. Herron, Florence, Italy, \$50; Collection 11th of November Meeting, N. Y., \$14.54; E. G. Meeting, Bronsville, N. Y., 11.73; Paul Kutchan, Petersburg, Va., \$10; C. E. S. Wood, Portland, Ore., \$10.00; Per List, Ball & Eisenberg, Chelsea, Mass., \$6.60; per Rev. E. White, Worcester, Mass., \$6; J. Pastorello, San Francisco, Cal., \$3; I. Klein, Salt Lake City, Utah, \$3; R. B. Kerr, Kelowna, B. C., \$3; Vernon J. Rose, Kansas City, Mo., \$2; per Alice Raskin, N. Y., \$1.50; Geo. H. Goebel, Newark, N. J., \$1.—Total, \$300.12.

EXPENDITURES.

Deficit Phila. F. S. Fund, as per Nov. acc't.....	\$12.54	Trip to Paterson, N. J., on F. S. business.....	3.00
To S. A. Stodel, for Spokane F. S. fight.....	10.00	Miscellaneous (Postage, Typewriting, etc.).....	10.00
To Frank Stephens, toward Phila. expenses.....	10.00		
Trip to New Haven, on F. S. business, J. Cook.....	4.00	Receipts	\$49.54
		Expenditures	\$300.12
		Balance	49.54
			\$250.58

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MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

G. E. Roe, New York, \$50; A. Kazen and M. Myers, N. Y., \$7; Mrs. Stewart, Phila., \$5; Jas. Pierson, Phila., \$5; A. Bird, Redlands, Cal., \$4; Wm. Tieman, San Fran., Cal., \$4; Ph. Scora, Evansville, Ind., \$3; L. Malmmed, Albany, N. Y., \$3; Per H. J. Van der Hoff, Los Angeles, Cal., \$2.50; I. Klein, Salt Lake City, Utah, \$2; List, per H. Rosen, Toronto, Can., \$2; List, per A. Lipshitz, Rochester, N. Y., \$1.25; S. Weislander, Seattle, Wash., \$1; Alex. Aldrich, Chicago, Ill., \$1; F. & C. Rathbun, New York, \$1.

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SPANISH FUND

Collections at E. G. meetings: Bronsville, \$30.00; Newark, \$8.14; New York, \$18.24; Harlem, \$11.37; W. Hoboken, \$11.84; Brooklyn, \$6.40; Lynn, \$4.50; Lawrence, \$4.50. Collect. Fed. Social Ital., N. Y., \$5.25; Ferrer Memorial Papers, \$2.75; Dr. R. Fritz, N. Y., \$4.00.—Total, \$106.99.

Out of this fund \$93.00 have been forwarded to Comrade Charles Malato, Paris. Balance of \$13.99 on hand.

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

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Vol. IV

JANUARY, 1910

No. 11

MY LADY

By W. C. OWEN.

*Fast and faster the dancers fly;
Gaily my lady flashes by;
Bright on her bosom jewels gleam;
While in the depths, 'mid heat and steam,
Where gases creep and stones fly thick,
The diamond digger swings his pick—
But who wants to know
Of the depths below
Where labor is weaving
Its shroud of woe?*

*Bravely my lady sweeps along,
Greedy viewed by the envious throng;
The wealth of a world on her shoulders lies;
While, over the way, with weary eyes,
Stitch by stitch, through an endless day,
Her seamstress toils and receives as pay—
But a lady so fair
One should always spare
The tedious tale
Or a life of care.*

*The wine glows red in my lady's glass;
Many and merry the jests that pass;
Loving laughter and winning smile
Circle from lip to lip, the while
Clothed in rags, at her very gates,
Gaunt-eyed hunger in silence waits—
But sights like these
Would little please
My lady in her
Hours of ease.*

*Sweetly humble my lady's face
 As she bends her knee at the throne of grace;
 She thinks of the sin and sorrow and shame;
 Thinks of the story of him who came
 From the starry regions of infinite space
 With a message of love to the human race—
 So my lady will give a charity fête
 And wear a gown of the latest date.*

* * *

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THERE is, even among radicals, a certain bourgeois attitude of mind which scoffs at every suggestion of the people's power for solidaric effort, mutual help, and free coöperation. All such could profitably employ a leisure hour by studying the wonderful spirit of the striking shirt-waist makers.

In the face of tremendous odds, practically without organization, more than fifteen thousand workers have dared to defy their masters and have struck for better conditions. The loyalty, self-sacrifice, and perseverance manifested by the strikers—most of them in actual want—are nothing short of heroic. Exposed to the brutal persecution of the police and the "mercy" of prejudiced judges,—not to speak of the rigors of a severe winter, involving untold misery and suffering—the strikers have remained steadfast and loyal to a degree seldom paralleled in labor troubles. Practically no desertions have taken place from their ranks. Rarely have working men and women given such a convincing demonstration of conscious solidarity and singleness of purpose.

This strike but gives one a glimpse into the grand possibilities of a people inspired by a common cause and the will to achieve.

* * *

THE devotion and energy of the strikers seemed, at the beginning of the strike, to promise a speedy victory. If their efforts have so far not proved as successful as expected, the cause is probably to be found in the manner the struggle has been conducted.

Various factors have no doubt contributed to the prolongation of the waist-makers' strike. But it must not be forgotten that the longer such a fight is drawn out, the less chance for the workingmen to win, since both their treasury and power of resistance are thus severely sapped. In the struggle between master and slave, the latter—to be successful—must strike quickly and, above all, as hard as possible. Those who are conducting the present strike have apparently ignored this most vital consideration.

Further, it is questionable whether the practice of settling with individual manufacturers (the employees of the latter resuming work) is really beneficial to the strike. Whatever benefit small groups of strikers may thus gain is more than offset by the opportunity afforded to the larger manufacturers to have their work done secretly in the "settled" shops. Again, the depletion of the ranks is a source of suspicion and distrust, and tends to minimize the importance of the strike. On the whole, the practice of gradual settling weakens rather than strengthens the cause at stake.

But still more serious is the failure of the strike leaders to demand the active coöperation of other labor bodies. That, apparently, was not considered as important as dilly-dallying with arbitration and wasting time currying favor with rich ladies whose leisure hangs heavy on their hands.

No attempt has been made to interest even the directly allied trades of the Garment Workers in a sympathetic General Strike. And yet such a step should have been suggested by all the experience of the past. In modern days of centralized industry and the thorough organization of capital, no strike of ordinary proportions, of a single branch of a great industry, has much chance of success. The standing army of Hunger, eager for the least crumb, and the uniformed army of police and military are both at the instant service of capital. In a test of mere financial endurance labor is necessarily the loser. Its sole hope lies in hitting quick and hard, but no single branch of any industry can deliver such a blow. It requires the combined strength of all the departments of any given industry.

But whatever the outcome of the present strike, the waist-makers, as well as the workers at large, are learning the urgent and valuable lesson of *industrial* organization and the General Strike.

* * *

THE comparative silence of the capitalist press in regard to the Spokane free speech fight is calculated to create the impression that the fight is over. Such, however, is by no means the case. In spite of the systematic police outrages, our Spokane comrades have not in the least abated their efforts; on the contrary, they are more than ever determined to continue the struggle till they conquer the right of free speech.

The local authorities have followed the conviction of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn* with another trump card. Realizing that the I. W. W. had a powerful weapon of publicity in their organ, the *Industrial Worker*, the police raided the I. W. W. headquarters, confiscating the whole issue as it came from the press, and destroying seven thousand copies. This was supplemented by the arrest of four men on the charge of selling the "libellous and incendiary" paper. But all these and similar outrages have failed to terrorize our friends. The *Industrial Worker* continues its appearance, being now issued at Seattle, Wash., fully prepared to wage war relentlessly and energetically, if the friends of free speech and an unmuzzled press will aid this great struggle, financially as well as morally.

* * *

THE Russian government has absolutely ignored the petition sent to Premier Stolypin by five hundred prominent Americans, asking a "fair trial" for Nicholas Tchaikovsky and Catharine Breshkovskaia. Almost two months have passed since the petition was sent, yet so far neither reply nor even an acknowledgment has been received. This attitude of the Russian government is not merely a direct slap in the face of the signers of the petition. It presages a sinister intention. Those familiar with the spirit of the Tsar's autocracy

* The money (30.00) collected at several E. G. lectures for Comrade Flynn has been forwarded directly to the latter, who is at present out on bail pending the appeal of her case.

have good cause to fear the worst for the two noble veterans of the Russian Revolution.

The similarity between Russia and Spain has been repeatedly pointed out in these pages. In the brutal stifling of every popular aspiration towards liberty, in the fiendishness of political suppression and religious intolerance, and—above all—in the defiance of all sense of fair play toward political prisoners, Russia is synonymous with Spain. The hasty assassination of Ferrer was dictated by the fear of a potential world protest. Russia may follow the example of Spain, if the voice of the civilized world does not make itself heard before it is too late.

* * *

THE frequent and terrible disasters in American coal mines, resulting in an inquiry begun in 1908, have finally brought to light information of a very striking character.

Statistics gathered by the Geological Survey show 2,061 miners killed and 4,800 injured in the coal mines in 1906, and 3,125 killed and 5,800 injured in 1907. The death rate for 1907 was 4.86 for every 1,000 men employed. The European coal producing countries show a death rate in mines of 1 in every 1,000 employed, and not more than 2. In other words, for every miner killed in European coal mines, from 2 to 4 are killed in the United States.

The natural question arises, Why is the death rate in American coal mines so much greater than in Europe? The question is vital if we bear in mind that—according to the conservative estimates of the government experts—more than 30,000 miners have been killed in the United States since 1889.

Some light on the question is thrown by the data for 1908. The public was aroused over the great mine disasters of 1906 and 1907. The general agitation which followed forced Congress to appropriate a large sum for the investigation of the causes of mine fatalities. Remarkable coincidence: the statistics for the year 1908 show a decided decrease in the number of deaths in the coal mines, as compared with those of the previous year: 2,450 in 1908, as against 3,125 in 1907—a decrease of 675.

Six hundred and seventy-five of the country's most useful men saved, within one year, from a terrible and premature death! That is a very great gain, indeed, due chiefly to the active popular protest against the wilful slaughter of miners through the insatiable greed and criminal negligence of the coal barons. The work of the experimental stations further proves beyond doubt that the majority of accidents could be avoided by improving the conditions of the mines, introducing safety appliances, and otherwise forcing the operators to a higher sense of responsibility toward the producers of the coal.

Europe has long since awakened to this necessity, hence the reduction in the death rate in their coal mines. Yet neither Europe nor America can make mining or similar work really safe as long as the principle of commercial competition makes things more valuable than human lives.

* * *

THE sporadic investigations into our reform and penal institutions all bear a striking similarity of refrain: cruelty to prisoners, overcrowded conditions, "irregularities" in the accounts.

The investigator's berth is rather a comfortable one, but when will the gullible public realize that such investigations are worse than wasted effort? The intelligent observer needs no "special inspectors" to discover to him the corruption and barbarity of our institutions. The prison is but the perfected copy of the latter, with all that such perfection implies.

There is nothing more brutalizing than authority. The irresponsible sway of prison wardens merely accentuates this truth. Humanity and kindness are not to be expected in an environment the very atmosphere of which breathes violence and suppression. As to corruption and graft, these are the very life of our competitive system, with the penitentiary as its natural outlet. What concerns the overcrowded condition of our prisons, 'tis merely an evidence that crime is growing faster than we can build jails. Verily, the great increase of crime is no credit to our industrial system, with its wage slavery, unemployment, and starvation.

It is a very serious condition that confronts us.

Superficial investigation of already well-known facts will avail nothing. More penitentiaries will not solve the problem. Our reformers will have to dig deeper to strike the root of graft, abuse, and crime, in and out of prison.

* * *

SADAKICHI HARTMANN, well known to our readers, has managed somehow to publish a little magazine of his own, called *The Stylus*, devoted to art and self expression. The subscription price is rather high, i. e., \$3.00, but the editor contends that there are so few people anyhow who are interested in art that those who are will gladly pay the admission. If you are interested, write for a sample copy to the Stylus Publishing Co., 122 East 25th street, Room 505, New York.

* * *

FRIENDS and Readers of MOTHER EARTH:

We have heard of late a great deal of the wonderful wave of prosperity. We don't know whether it has yet reached you, but we at the office of MOTHER EARTH haven't noticed even a ripple of it.

As usual, we are placed before the alternative of either burying the magazine or invading the country, that is, going on a lecture tour. Feeling deeply with you and not wishing you to go to the expense of wearing mourning, the publisher of this magazine has decided to inflict herself on poor humanity.

Dates have already been arranged for Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburg, and St. Louis. The friends in other cities who are desirous of having Comrade Emma Goldman lecture will please communicate with M. E. (210 East 13th St., New York). All mail will be forwarded.

The work in behalf of free speech has not been in vain, after all. Two years ago our Comrade was forcibly dragged off the platform in Chicago; now she is to address a number of meetings in that city.

In Detroit she was stopped three years ago, and when arrangements for lectures were begun this time the local Chief of Police expressed his determination to follow the established precedent. However, persistency and the keeping of the free speech issue constantly before the public are having a salutary effect.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

OUR reformers have suddenly made a great discovery: the white slave traffic. The papers are full of these "unheard of conditions" in our midst, and the lawmakers are already planning a new set of laws to check the horror.

How is it that an institution, known almost to every child, should have been discovered so suddenly? How is it that this evil, known to all sociologists, should now be made such an important issue?

It is significant that whenever the public mind is to be diverted from a great social wrong, a crusade is inaugurated against indecency, gambling, saloons, etc. And what is the result of such crusades? Gambling is increasing, saloons are doing a lively business through back entrances, prostitution is at its height, and the system of pimps and cadets is but aggravated.

To assume that the recent investigation of the white slave traffic by George Kibbe Turner and others (and by the way, a very superficial investigation), has discovered anything new is, to say the least, very foolish. Prostitution was and is a widespread evil, yet mankind goes on its business, perfectly indifferent to the sufferings and distress of the victims of prostitution. As indifferent, indeed, as mankind has so far remained to our industrial system, or to economic prostitution.

Only when human sorrows are turned into a toy with glaring colors will baby people become interested,—for a while at least. The people are a very fickle baby that must have new toys every day. The "righteous" cry against the white slave traffic is such a toy. It serves to amuse the people for a little while, and it will help to create a few more fat political jobs—parasites who stalk about the world as inspectors, investigators, detectives, etc.

What really is the cause of the trade in women? Not merely white women, but yellow and black women as well. Exploitation, of course: the merciless Moloch of capitalism that fattens on underpaid labor, thus driving thousands of women and girls into prostitution. With Mrs.

Warren these girls feel, "Why waste your life working for a few shillings a week in a scullery, eighteen hours a day?"

Naturally, our reformers say nothing about this cause. George Kibbe Turner and all other scribblers know the cause well enough, but it doesn't pay to say anything about it. It is so much more profitable to play the Pharisee, to pretend an outraged morality, than to go to the bottom of things. Yet no less an authority than Dr. Sanger, the author of "The History of Prostitution,"* although not a radical, has this to say:

"A prolific cause of female depravity can be found in the several tables, showing the description of the employment pursued and the wages received by the women previous to their fall, and it will be a question for the political economist to decide how far mere business consideration should be an apology on the part of employers for a reduction in their rates of remuneration, and whether the savings of a small percentage on wages is not more than counterbalanced by the enormous amount of taxation enforced on the public at large to defray the expenses incurred on account of a system of vice, *which is the direct result in many cases of insufficient compensation of honest labor.*"

The economic reason given for prostitution in the above quotation can be found in all works of any consequence dealing with the question. Nor is it necessary to seek information in books; one has but to observe everyday life to realize that there are thousands of girls working for two or three dollars a week, withering away in factories and shops, while life passes by in all its joy and glory, leaving them behind. What else are they to do? However, our present-day reformers would do well to look into Dr. Sanger's book. There they will find that out of 2,000 cases under his observation, but few came from the middle classes, from well-ordered conditions, or pleasant homes. By far the largest majority were working girls and working women. Some driven into prostitution through sheer want, others be-

* It is a significant fact that Dr. Sanger's book has been excluded from the U. S. mails. Evidently the authorities are not anxious that the public be informed as to the true cause of prostitution.

cause of a cruel, wretched life at home, others again because of thwarted and crippled physical natures (which I will speak of again later on). Also it will do the maintainers of purity and morality good to learn that out of 2,000 cases 490 were married women, women who lived with their husbands. Evidently there was not much of a guarantee for their safety and purity in the sanctity of marriage.

The very last to cry out against prostitution is our "respectable" class, since it was that class that ushered in prostitution, from Moses to Trinity Church. Dr. H. Bloss, Dr. Alfred Blaschko, Dr. W. W. Sanger, and other eminent writers on this subject convincingly prove that prostitution originated with the so-called upper classes. I quote Dr. Sanger:

"Our most ancient and historical records are believed to be the books of Moses; according to them it must be admitted that prostitutes were common among the Jews, many centuries before Christ. Moses appears to have connived at the intercourse of Jewish young men with foreign prostitutes. He took an Ethiopian woman himself. Assyrian women, Moabites, Midianites, and other neighbors of the Jews established themselves as prostitutes in the land of Israel. Jephtha, the son of a prostitute, became none the less Chief of Israel." Moses evidently believed that therein lay the greatest safeguard for the daughters of his own people. We shall see presently that the Christians were not so considerate of their own daughters, since they did not employ foreigners for that purpose.

The history of the Christian Church will also serve as a history of prostitution, since the two always went hand in hand and furnished thereby great revenues for the Church.

Dr. Sanger cites the case of Pope Clement II., who issued a bull that all prostitutes were to pay a certain amount of their earnings, or that those living on prostitution were compelled to give half their income to the Church. Pope Sixtus IV. received 20,000 ducats from a single brothel, which, incidentally, he himself had built. Nor is it unknown that a great many cloisters and nunneries were in reality nothing else than brothels.

In modern times the Church is a little more careful

in that direction. At least, it does not openly demand tribute from prostitutes. It finds it much more profitable to go in for real estate, like Trinity Church, for instance, to rent out death traps at an exorbitant price to those who live off and on prostitution.

Much as I should like to, my space will not admit speaking of prostitution in Egypt, Greece, Rome, and during the Middle Ages. The conditions in the latter period are particularly interesting, inasmuch as prostitution was organized into guilds, presided over by a Brothel Queen. These guilds employed strikes as a medium of improving their condition and keeping a standard price. Certainly that is more practical a method than the one used by the modern wage slave in society.

Never, however, did prostitution reach its present depraved and criminal position, because at no time in past ages was prostitution persecuted and hounded as it is to-day, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, where Phariseism is at its height, where each one is busy hiding the skeletons in his own home by pointing to the sore of the other fellow.

But I must not lose sight of the present issue, the white slave traffic. I have already spoken of the economic cause, but I think a cause much deeper and by far of greater importance is the complete ignorance on sex matters. It is a conceded fact that woman has been reared as a sex commodity, and yet she is kept in absolute ignorance of the meaning and importance of sex. Everything dealing with that subject is suppressed, and people who attempt to bring light into this terrible darkness are persecuted and thrown into prison. Yet it is nevertheless true that so long as a girl is not to know how to take care of herself, not to know the function of the most important part of her life, we need not be surprised if she becomes an easy prey to prostitution or any other form of a relationship which degrades her to the position of an object for mere sex gratification.

It is due to this ignorance that the entire life and nature of the girl is thwarted and crippled. We have long ago taken it as a self-evident fact that the boy may follow the call of the wild, that is to say that the boy may, as soon as his sex nature asserts itself, satisfy that nature, but our moralists are scandalized at the very thought

that the nature of a girl should assert itself. (To the moralist prostitution does not consist so much in the fact that the woman sells her body, but rather that she sells it to many.)

Having been looked upon as a mere sex-commodity, the woman's honor, decency, morality, and usefulness have become a part of her sex life. Thus society considers the sex experiences of a man as attributes of his general development, while similar experiences in the life of a woman are looked upon as a terrible calamity, a loss of honor and of all that is good and noble in a human being. This double standard of morality has played no little part in the creation and perpetuation of prostitution. It involves the keeping of the young in absolute ignorance on sex matters, which alleged "innocence," together with an overwrought and stifled sex nature, helps to bring about a state of affairs that our Puritans are so anxious to avoid or prevent. This state of affairs finds a masterly portrayal in Zola's "Fecundity."

Girls, mere children, work in crowded, overheated rooms ten to twelve hours daily at a machine, which tends to keep them in a constant over-excited sex state. Many of these girls haven't any home or comforts of any kind; therefore the street or some place of cheap amusement is the only means of forgetting their daily routine. This naturally brings them into close proximity with the other sex. It is hard to say which of the two factors brings the girl's over-sexed condition to a climax, but it certainly is the most natural thing that a climax should follow. That is the first step toward prostitution. Nor is the girl to be held responsible for it. On the contrary, it is altogether the fault of society, the fault of our lack of understanding, of lack of appreciation of life in the making; especially is it the criminal fault of our moralists, who condemn a girl for all eternity because she has gone from "the path of virtue"; that is, because her first sex experience has taken place without the sanction of the Church or State.

The girl finds herself a complete outcast, with the doors of home and society closed in her face. Her entire training and tradition are such that the girl herself feels depraved and fallen, and therefore has no ground to stand upon, or any hold that will lift her up,

instead of throwing her down. Thus society creates the victims that it afterwards vainly attempts to get rid of.

Much stress is laid on white slaves being imported into America. How would America ever retain her virtue if she didn't have Europe to help her out? I will not deny that this may be the case in some instances, any more than I will deny that there are emissaries of Germany and other countries luring economic slaves into America, but I absolutely deny that prostitution is recruited, to any appreciable extent, from Europe. It may be true that the majority of prostitutes of New York City are foreigners, but that is only because the majority of the population is foreign. The moment we go to any other American city, to Chicago or the middle West, we shall find that the number of foreign prostitutes is by far a minority.

Equally exaggerated is the belief that the majority of street girls in this city were engaged in this business before they came to America. Most of the girls speak excellent English, they are Americanized in habits and appearance,—a thing absolutely impossible unless they have lived in this country many years. That is, they were driven into prostitution by American conditions, by the thoroughly American custom for excessive display of finery and clothes, which, of course, necessitates money, money that can not be earned in shops or factories. The equanimity of the moralists is not disturbed by the respectable woman gratifying her clothesphobia by marrying for money; why are they so outraged if the poor girl sells herself for the same reason? The only difference lies in the amount received, and of course in the seal society either gives or withholds.

I am sure that no one will accuse me of nationalist tendencies. I am glad to say that I have developed out of that, as out of many other prejudices. If, therefore, I resent the statement that Jewish prostitutes are imported, it is not because of any Judaistic sympathies, but because of the fact inherent in the lives of these people. No one but the most superficial will claim that the Jewish girls migrate to strange lands unless they have some tie or relation that brings them there. The Jewish girl is not adventurous. Until recent years, she had never left home, not even so far as the next village or town, unless it were to visit some relative. Is it then

credible that Jewish girls would leave their parents or families, travel thousands of miles to strange lands, through the influence and promises of strange forces? Go to any of the large incoming steamers and see for yourself if these girls do not come either with their parents, brothers, aunts, or other kinsfolk. There may be exceptions, of course, but to state that a large number of Jewish girls are imported for prostitution, or any other purpose, is simply not to know the Jewish psychology.

On the other hand, it speaks of very little business ability on the part of importers of the white slaves, if they assume that the girls from the peasant regions of Poland, Bohemia, or Hungary in their native peasant crude state and attire would make a profitable business investment. These poor ignorant girls, in their undeveloped state, with their shawls about their heads, look much too unattractive to even the most stupid man. It therefore follows that before they can be made fit for business, they, too, must be Americanized, which would require not merely a week or a month, but considerable time. They must at least learn the rudiments of English, but more than anything else they must learn American shrewdness, in order to protect themselves against the many uniformed cadets, who prey on them and fleece them at every step.

To ascribe the increase of prostitution to alleged importation, to the growth of the cadet system, or similar causes, is highly superficial. I have already referred to the former. As to the cadet system, abhorrent as it is, we must not ignore the fact that it is essentially a phase of modern prostitution,—a phase accentuated by suppression and graft, resulting from sporadic crusades against the social evil.

The origin of the cadets, as an institution, can be traced to the Lexow investigation in New York City, in 1894. Thanks to that moral spasm, keepers of brothels, as well as unfortunate victims of the street, were turned over to the tender mercies of the police. The inevitable consequence of exorbitant bribes and the penitentiary followed.

While comparatively protected in the brothels, where they represented a certain value, the unfortunate girls

now found themselves on the street, absolutely at the mercy of the graft-greedy police. Desperate, needing protection and longing for affection, these girls naturally proved an easy prey to cadets, themselves the result of the spirit of our commercial age. Thus the cadet system was the direct outgrowth of police persecution, graft, and attempted suppression of prostitution. It were sheer folly to confute this modern phase of the social evil with the causes of the latter.

The serious student of this problem realizes that legislative enactments, stringent laws, and similar methods can not possibly eradicate, nor even ameliorate this evil. Those best familiar with the subject agree on this vital point. Dr. Alfred Blaschko, an eminent authority, convincingly proves in his "Prostitution im 19. Jahrhundert" that governmental suppression and moral crusades accomplish nothing save driving the evil into secret channels, multiplying its dangers to the community. In this claim he is supported by such thorough students as Havelock Ellis, Dr. H. Bloss, and others.

Mere suppression and barbaric enactment can serve but to embitter and further degrade the unfortunate victims of ignorance and stupidity. The latter has reached its highest expression in the proposed law to make humane treatment of prostitutes a crime, punishing anyone sheltering a prostitute with five years imprisonment and \$10,000 fine. Such an attitude merely exposes the terrible lack of understanding of the true causes of prostitution, as a social factor, as well as manifesting the Puritanic spirit of the Scarlet Letter days.

An educated public opinion, freed from the legal and moral hounding of the prostitute, can alone help to ameliorate present conditions. Wilful shutting of eyes and ignoring of the evil, as an actual social factor of modern life, can but aggravate matters. We must rise above our foolish notions of "better than thou," and learn to recognize in the prostitute a product of social conditions. Such a realization will sweep away the attitude of hypocrisy and insure a greater understanding and more humane treatment. As to a thorough eradication of prostitution, nothing can accomplish that save a complete transvaluation of all accepted values—especially the moral ones—coupled with the abolition of industrial slavery.

IOKANAAN TO SALOME

To Miss Mary Garden, with her permission.

By WILLIAM MOUNTAIN.

THOU beauteous serpent and thou ancient shame!
Thou wonder and thou wounder of the earth!
Eden was darkened when thy beauty came,
And cursed was the day that gave thee birth.

Mad men have painted thee on prison walls,
In dark delirious hours when their chains
Seemed loosed from aching limbs, but left them thralls
To dreams from which they woke to fiercer pains.

Thou art the world's desire and all its sin!
Things long forgotten flame in thy swift eye;
Dead lusts that long but never solace win,
Remorse that gnaws, and starved satiety.

The languorous East is sleeping in thy face,
The fiery West burns in thy purple veins,
And all the smouldering passions of the race
Flare in the souls of them thy lust disdains.

Dead loves and ghosts of unremembered days,
And far-off yearnings kindle at thy kiss;
Long-buried hopes thy hot caresses raise,
Unwilling shapes from time's unplumbed abyss.

Thou art the world's delight since life began;
Euphrates knew thee and the sacred Nile;
The primal instinct of the earliest man
Uprears in him who sickens 'neath thy smile.

Thy beauty is the lily in decay,
Thy singing like the sirens of the sea;
Lo, thou art her whose memory is dismay,
The sorrows of mankind thy progeny.

Thou art a symbol of the earth-old ache,
The ever-blooming flower of desire,
The dream of beauty for its own fair sake,
The cry for joy e'en from the funeral pyre.

*Thy voice is sweeter than the camel bell
That tinkles when the weary caravan
Rests by the city gates; but down in hell
Its breath the fires of the unhappy fan.*

*Thy hair's a forest, shadowy, sweet as myrrh,
Where grief might swoon and heaven find in its scent;
Thy mouth's a ruby, thy lips lovelier
Than all the jewels of the Orient.*

*Thine eyes are like the fairest stars of eve,
And thy feet touch the tile like flowers that fall;
I dare not watch thy unveiled bosom heave
Lest His sworn prophet prove love's willing thrall.*

*For I could be the dust beneath thy feet,
To trample, shod with lust and wet with tears;
For oh! the odor of thy breath is sweet,
And thy sad smile is older than the years.*

*Thy hair winds round the world, thy passion streams
Almost a glory from thy finger-tips;
How might the weary yield to happy dreams,
And suck nepenthe from thy fatal lips!*

*Thine arms embrace the earth, the stars, the sun,
Thy shadow flares across the frightened sky;
The desert conquered first or thou hadst won!
Ah, slay me, Herod, for I fain would die.*



ANARCHIST SYMPOSIUM*

PROUDHON.

PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON, the French Anarchist, born in 1809, and writing between the years 1848 and 1863, takes the same position as that occupied by the American Abolitionist, Wendell Phillips, when he said: "God has given mankind one, and only one, rule to success—utter and exact justice. That, he has guaranteed, shall always be expediency." His central conception is that of Herbert Spencer, as expressed by the latter in his "Plea for Liberty," namely that "justice" is the cement that holds society together. The following quotations from his writings illustrate his views:

"Justice is the central star which governs societies; the pole about which the political world revolves; the principle and rule of all transactions. Nothing is done among men that is not in the name of right; nothing without invoking justice."

He scoffs at the idea of the law representing justice, as will be seen from the following passages:

"Laws and ordinances fall like hail on the poor populace. After a while the political soil will be covered with a layer of paper, and all the geologists will have to do will be to list it under the name of *papyraceous formation*, among the epochs of the earth's history. . . . Do you believe that the populace, or the government itself, can keep its sanity in this labyrinth?"

"I am ready to make terms, but I will have no laws; I acknowledge none; I protest against every order which an ostensibly necessary authority shall please to impose on my free will. Laws! We know what they are and what they are worth. Cobwebs for the powerful and rich; chains which no steel can break for the little and the poor; fishers' nets in the hands of the government."

Proudhon's conception of the future is that men and women, living under conditions of equal freedom, in-

* The Symposium will consist of extracts from the world's greatest thinkers and writers on the subject of Anarchism, including Proudhon, Warren, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Tolstoy, Stirner, and others. Some of the quotations are according to Steven T. Byington's translation.

stead of being governed by laws imposed by external authority, will govern themselves by voluntary contracts. On this head he says:

"That I may remain free, that I may be subjected to no law but my own, and that I may govern myself, the edifice of society must be rebuilt upon the idea of CONTRACT."

Proudhon has no belief in the State as a protector or righter of wrongs. He rejects it absolutely as being an involuntary relation, and declares emphatically that "the government of man by man is slavery." He asserts (and in this respect Herbert Spencer agrees with him entirely) that the extent to which the rule of authority does or does not prevail is an absolutely true test of the civilization or barbarism of any given society; that the lower the general intellectual development of any given society, the more it is characterized by the authority of man over man.

Government by party is fully as objectionable, in Proudhon's view, as government by a Tsar, as will be seen from the following passage:

"All parties without exception, in so far as they seek for power, are varieties of absolutism; and there will be no liberty for citizens, nor order for societies, no union among workingmen, till in the political catechism the renunciation of authority shall have replaced faith in authority. No more parties, no more authority, absolute liberty of man and citizen—there, in three words, is my political and social confession of faith."

"Authority, government, power, State—these words all denote the same thing—each man sees in it the means of oppressing and exploiting his fellows. Absolutists, doctrinaires, demagogues, and Socialists turn their eyes incessantly to authority."

Criticising the methods of acquiring wealth, then in vogue, Proudhon—in one of his earlier publications—made use of the expression "property is robbery." This unfortunate but catchy phrase was taken up immediately, and has been employed industriously ever since as proof that Proudhon was a Communist. He was at constant pains to refute this misrepresentation. Writing in 1850, he said:

"What I sought for as far back as 1840 in defining

property, what I am wanting now, is not a destruction; I have said it till I am tired. That would have been to fall with Rousseau, Plato, Louis Blanc himself, and all the adversaries of property, into Communism, against which I protest with all my might; what I ask for property is a balance—that is, justice.

Proudhon declares in the most emphatic manner that his whole aim is to give each man the full product of his labor, and his position is that this will be possible only under conditions of freedom, wherein men and women, standing on a footing of equal opportunity, determine for themselves what they shall give and what they shall receive in return, binding themselves by their own voluntary contracts.

As to the method by which the transformation that he regards as absolutely necessary is to be accomplished, Proudhon speaks with no uncertain voice. He rejects most positively all suggestions of an artificially created, violent revolution, declaring that the new conditions will appear only "as soon as the idea is popularized." He mocks the physical force advocates, saying: "Accomplish the revolution, they say, and after this everything will be cleared up. As if the revolution itself could be accomplished without a leading idea."

"To secure justice to one's self by bloodshed is an extremity to which the Californians, gathered since yesterday to seek for gold, may be reduced; but may the luck of France preserve us from it."

"Despite the violence which we witness I do not believe that hereafter liberty will need to use force to claim its rights and avenge its wrongs. Reason will serve us better; and patience, like the revolution, is invincible."

To those who object that the educational method is an impossibility, since the professions, the middle class, and the powers that be are impervious to reason, and the populace, brutalized by servitude, remains hopelessly indifferent, he replies: "Don't worry. Just as the lack of ideas makes one lose the most promising games, war against ideas can only push forward the revolution. Do you not see already that the régime of authority, of inequality, of predestination, of eternal salvation, and of reasons of State is daily becoming more intolerable

for the well-to-do classes, whose conscience and reason it tortures, than for the mass, whose stomach cries out against it?"

In consequence of his holding these opinions, those who profess the "class struggle" doctrine in its narrowest sense and believe that the social question is a stomach question, to be settled solely by those whose stomachs are affected, speak contemptuously of Proudhon as a middle-class philosopher.



MONKEY VS. MAN

GO to the monkey, thou voter, consider his ways and be wise. Do the monkeys pay ground rent to the descendants of the first old ape who discovered the valleys where the monkeys live?

Do they hire the trees from the chimpanzee who first found the forest?

Do they buy the cocoanuts from the great-great grandchildren of the gorilla who invented a way to crack them?

Do they allow two or three monkeys to form a corporation and obtain control of all the paths that lead through the woods?

Do they permit some smart young monkey, with superior business ability, to claim all the springs of water in the forest as his own, because of some alleged bargain made by their ancestors 500 years ago?

Do they allow a smart gang of monkey lawyers to so tangle up their conceptions of ownership that a few will obtain possession of everything?

Do they appoint a few monkeys to govern them and then allow those appointed monkeys to rob the tribe and mismanage all its affairs?

Do they build up a monkey city and then hand over the land, and the paths, and the trees, and the springs, and the fruits, to a few monkeys who sat on a log and chattered while all the work was going on?



FOR THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN**AN APPEAL FOR SOLIDARITY**

AFTER the recent bloody events in Spain, caused by the war in Morocco, when the Spanish proletariat protested against that horrible slaughter, undertaken solely for the profit of a few capitalists; after all the brutalities perpetrated by the Civil Guards against the defenseless women and children who were massacred in the streets of Barcelona, because they refused to let their fathers, brothers, and husbands go to the national shambles; after the unmerciful and ferocious persecutions of propagandists of radical ideas, by means of imprisonment, exiles, and death; after reactionary clericalism had vented its insatiable thirst for martyr's blood and had murdered the great educator, Francisco Ferrer, the man who tried to regenerate the Spanish people by working for the enlightenment of the child and by teaching principles of right and justice; after this orgy of violence and crime, executed in the name of religion, capitalism, and the State,—we, the torch-bearers of liberty, acting in the name of civilization, do intend to continue the fight in Spain, so that we may destroy the shameful monarchy of the insane Alfonso XIII., who is ruled by the high clergy, the genuine representatives of the Inquisition of Torquemada, and who hold the people in darkness and ignorance, and continue the old reactionary traditions and absurd superstitions.

We are convinced that while the present conditions in Spain continue there will be no chance for the people to be educated in the new ideas of progress, but that they will be ignorant and servile; and that there will always be danger to men who, like Ferrer, may try to continue the generous work of this martyr of the Modern School.

At the beginning of our efforts, we know that obstacles will be found in the road of the struggle; but we count on many good fighters who will triumph or perish for the principles of right and justice in their desire to put an end to all the infamy consummated for so many centuries in the land of the Inquisition.

OUR OBJECT.

All those who reject the reactionary ideas of absolutism, are on our side, and we wish to fight all together,

without regard to individual principles or separative ideas, forming a radical "block" in order to overthrow the present régime, and to open the road for more advanced institutions.

WHO WE ARE: SOLIDARITY NECESSARY.

We, the "Pro-Spanish Revolutionary Committee" of New York, are a branch of the "Revolutionary Party," with headquarters in Paris, composed of Spanish revolutionists, but enjoying the co-operation of intelligent and generous foreign fighters, who conduct an international agitation in all the principal cities of Europe. In order to raise the means for this purpose, we are appointed in this city, as representatives of the radical Spanish colony, to collect money in the United States from all who are willing to help toward the total destruction of Spanish Reaction.

We hope that all the radical fighters of all countries will give us a hand, because our cause is the cause of all sufferers and slaves throughout the world. We must show a practical revolutionary alliance facing the power of our tyrants and making effective a strong solidarity among the international proletariat.

In the name of civilization and progress, we call upon the radical people to assist us in the struggle against despotism and barbarism.

Shall we be heard?

Yours for the Revolution,

AGUSTIN CASTAÑEDA	MANUEL VASQUEZ
JAIME VIDAL	GAYETANO SOIMÉ
JOSÉ RUBIO	MANUEL VALDÉS
AQUILINO CHAO	MATEO FIGERROTI
ENRIQUE BENAVIDES	ALFONSO MORELLO
RUFINO ALONSO	ENRIQUE ALVAREZ
MANUEL MARTÍNEZ	HERMEÑEGILDO GALINDO
LEOPOLDO GARCIA	

New York, December 15, 1909.

N. B.—All the contributions for this purpose should be sent to the treasurer, A. Castañeda, 72 Liberty St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. VIDAL, Secretary.

THE PRIEST AND THE DEVIL

By FEDOR DOSTOYEVSKY.*



BEFORE the altar in a splendid church, glistening with gold and silver and lit up by a multitude of candles, stood a priest arrayed in beautiful robe and gorgeous mantle. He was a portly, dignified man, with ruddy cheeks and well-kept beard. His voice was sonorous and his mien haughty. His appearance was in keeping with the church, which glowed and shone with luxury.

The congregation, however, presented a different picture. It consisted mostly of poor workingmen and peasants, old women and beggars. Their clothing was shabby and exhaled the peculiar odor of poverty. Their thin faces bore the marks of hunger and their hands the marks of toil. It was a picture of want and misery.

The priest burned incense before the holy pictures, and then piously and solemnly raised his voice and preached.

"My dear brethren in Christ," he said, "our dear Lord gave you life, and it is your duty to be satisfied with it. But are you satisfied? No.

"First of all, you do not have enough faith in our dear Lord and His saints and miracles. You do not give as freely as you should from your earnings to the holy church.

"In the second place, you do not obey the authorities. You oppose the powers of the world, the Tsar and his officers. You despise the laws.

"It is written in the Bible, 'Give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and give unto God that which is God's.' But you do not do it! And do you know what this means? This is a deadly sin. Indeed, I tell you, it is the devil who is tempting you to go his way. It is he who tempts your souls, and you imagine it is your own free-will that prompts you to act in this way. His will it is, not yours.

* Fedor Dostoyevsky achieved fame as the author of two of the most powerful psychical studies ever penned: "Poor Folk" and "Crime and Punishment," both of which have been translated into most European languages. During his incarceration, for political reasons, in the terrible fortress of SS. Peter and Paul—an imprisonment which ruined his constitution and caused his early death—he wrote the following sketch upon the wall of his cell.

He is waiting for your death. He is burning with eagerness to possess your souls. He will dance before the flames of hell, in which your souls will suffer agonies.

"Therefore, I warn you, my brethren, I admonish you to leave the path of damnation. There is still time. O God, have mercy!"

The people listened, trembling. They believed the priest's solemn words. They sighed and crossed themselves, and fervently kissed the floor. The priest also crossed himself, turned his back to the people—and smiled.

It so happened that the devil was just passing by the church while the priest was speaking thus to the people. He heard his name mentioned, so he stood by the open window and listened. He saw the people kiss the priest's hand. He saw how the priest, bending before a gilded picture of some saint, hastily pocketed the money which the poor people had put down there for the holy church. This provoked the devil, and no sooner did the priest leave the church than he ran after him and caught hold of his holy mantle.

"Hello, you fat little father!" he said. "What made you lie so to those poor misled people? What tortures of hell did you depict? Don't you know they are already suffering the tortures of hell in their earthly lives? Don't you know that you and the authorities of the State are my representatives on earth? It is you who make them suffer the pains of hell with which you threaten them. Don't you know this? Well, then, come with me!"

The devil grabbed the priest by the collar, lifted him high in the air, and carried him to a factory, to an iron foundry. He saw the workmen there running and hurrying to and fro and toiling in the scorching heat. Very soon the thick, heavy air and the heat are too much for the priest. With tears in his eyes, he pleads with the devil: "Let me go! Let me leave this hell!"

"Oh, my dear friend, I must show you many more places." The devil gets hold of him again and drags him off to a farm. There he sees the workmen threshing the grain. The dust and heat are insufferable. The overseer carries a knout, and unmercifully beats anyone who falls to the ground overcome by hard work or hunger.

Next the priest is taken to the huts where these same

workers live with their families—dirty, cold, smoky, ill-smelling holes. The devil grins. He points out the poverty and hardship which are at home here.

"Well, isn't this enough?" he asks. And it seems as if even he, the devil, pities the people. The pious servant of God can hardly bear it. With uplifted hands he begs: "Let me go away from here. Yes, yes! This is hell on earth!"

"Well, then, you see. And you still promise them another hell. You torment them, torture them to death mentally when they are already all but dead physically! Come on! I will show you one more hell—one more, the very worst."

He took him to a prison, and showed him a dungeon, with its foul air and the many human forms, robbed of all health and energy, lying on the floor, covered with vermin that were devouring their poor, naked, emaciated bodies.

"Take off your silken clothes," said the devil to the priest; "put on your ankles heavy chains such as these unfortunates wear; lie down on the cold and filthy floor—and then talk to them about a hell that still awaits them!"

"No, no!" answered the priest. "I cannot think of anything more dreadful than this. I entreat you, let me go away from here!"

"Yes, this is hell. There can be no worse hell than this. Did you not know it? Did you not know that these men and women whom you were frightening with the picture of a hell hereafter—did you not know that they are in hell right here, before they die?"

The priest hung his head. He did not know where to look in his confusion.

The devil smiled maliciously. "Yes, little father, you are going to say that the world likes to be cheated. Well, now!" And he released his hold.

The priest tucked up his long mantle and ran as fast as his legs would carry him.

The devil watched and laughed.

* * *

This story came into my mind while listening to the sermon of the prison chaplain, and I wrote it down on the wall to-day, December 13, 1849.

A PRISONER.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

GERMANY.

The Anarchist Conference held recently at Leipzig did not bring about the desired result. Indeed, it merely served to aggravate existing friction. The decision of the Congress concerning the reorganization of the German Anarchist Federation has not been accepted by most of the groups, on the ground that it is too centralistic and authoritarian. The groups favor federative organization.

The Berlin *Revolutionär* has suspended publication. In its place another paper, *Der Anarchist*, has made its appearance in Leipzig. Thus the Anarchist movement of Germany now possesses three papers: *Der Freie Arbeiter*, having a circulation of 5,000; *Der Anarchist*, with 2,000 subscribers, and *Der Socialist*, of Berlin, with a like number of readers.

SWITZERLAND.

The Anti-Militaristic Congress, called by the Federative Committee of the Roman Trades Federation and the Anarchist papers *Voix du Peuple* and *Le Reveil*, took place at Bienne, amid great attendance. In spite of the opposition of the Socialists, who showed themselves true patriots, the Congress proved very successful. It was the unanimous decision of the delegates to continue the anti-militarist propaganda with all possible energy and vigor.

ENGLAND.

While the International Press Congress was holding its sessions in London, and a high government official was eulogizing the grand English liberty of the press, our Comrade Guy A. Aldred was convicted in Old Bailey to a year's imprisonment on the charge of "seditious libel," resulting from the fact that Aldred published one number of the *Indian Sociologist*. The latter is the organ of the Hindu revolutionists, edited by Krishna Varma, who was forced to flee to Paris, his liberty being threatened by the government of Great Britain.

After the killing of Sir Curzon Wylie by the Hindu revolutionist Dingra, the former publisher of the *Sociol-*

ogist, A. Fletcher Horsley—an ordinary printer in no way interested in the movement for India's liberation—was condemned to four months' hard labor. As no printer could be found willing to risk incarceration by publishing the paper, Comrade Aldred offered his services, which circumstance resulted in the charge of seditious libel and imprisonment.

Evidently the boasted English liberty of the press is no less a humbug than its "free" speech. The condemnation by an English court of John Most and Vladimir Bourtzeff, some years ago, at the instigation of the Russian government, has long since characterized the quality of English liberty, not to mention the treatment of Irish Nationalists.

* * *

The oppressive and repressive measures employed by the British government in India do not seem to achieve the ends desired. The attitude of that much-exploited country is well voiced by the *Free Hindusthan*:

Repression, tyranny, and indiscriminate punishment of innocent men have been the watchwords of the government of the alien domination in India ever since we began the commercial boycott of English goods. The tiger qualities of the British are much in evidence now in India. They think that by the strength of the sword they will keep down India! It is this arrogance that has brought about the bomb, and the more they tyrannize over a helpless and unarmed people, the more terrorism will grow. We may deprecate terrorism as outlandish and foreign to our culture, but it is inevitable as long as this tyranny continues, for it is not the terrorists that are to be blamed, but the tyrants that are responsible for it. It is the only resource for a helpless and unarmed people when brought to the verge of despair. It is never criminal on their part. The crime lies with the tyrant.

* * *

The Hindu publication, *Band Mataram*, of Calcutta, suppressed by the government, is now published in Switzerland. All communications should be addressed to Madame Cama, Poste Restante, Genève.

SPAIN.

The fall of Maura's cabinet did not result in the expected cessation of reactionary outrages. The "liberal" régime of Moret has proved as tyrannous as that of his predecessor. The courts-martial of Barcelona

continue their bloody work: to the long list of those doomed to death, forced labor, and deportation, and those still suffering in the fortress, forty-two new condemnations have been added, among them two death sentences, ten life imprisonments, and the rest condemned to long years of hard labor.

The Paris Committee for the defence of the victims of the Spanish reaction is determined to continue its war against the "liberal" tyranny in order to arouse the Spanish people to the necessity of abolishing the terrible autocracy of the present régime. It is doing its utmost to waken the conscience of the international proletariat to the point of boycotting Spanish goods, and thus striking at the very vitals of Spanish capitalism.

Comrade Charles Malato writes us from Paris:

Dear Comrades: I have just received your letter including a check for \$93.00 (478 francs) which you collected for the imprisoned comrades. I shall immediately consult with Comrades Charles Albert and Moreno about the disposition of the money.

There are still in the Barcelona jails over a hundred prisoners. We are now intensifying our campaign to prevent the execution of the twelve comrades, including three women, sentenced to death.

We have just held a massmeeting, with Soledad Villafranca, the companion and co-worker of Ferrer, as our chief speaker. It was a triumph for us, who claim the right of free love and free union as against the hypocrisy of legality, to witness the respect and enthusiastic sympathy with which our friend Soledad was welcomed.

I will do everything possible to comply with your request to procure Ferrer's works. He wrote many articles; yet, being extremely modest, he rarely signed them. He was principally an organizer and founder of schools, libraries, and reviews. During his incarceration in 1906-07 he wrote two important manuscripts,—one about rational morality, the other about federative communism. But, unfortunately, those works have been destroyed by the police in Mongat.

* * *

The Spanish correspondent of a French paper thus describes the burial of Francisco Ferrer:

It was by a very special favor that the relations of the victim were allowed to be present at his burial. Ferrer remained visible in his open coffin, according to the Spanish custom, until the last moment. The modest coffin of blackened pine was brought down in the night. Ferrer was stretched out in the same gray garments which have been seen in his latest photographs. His head was wrapped in blood-stained bandages, but this sinister turban did

not conceal the broken bones and the fragments of his oozing brain. His right cheek-bone was broken in, and an open wound stretched up to his temples. His throat was bleeding a little, and had been stopped up with a handful of chalk. In the middle of his forehead a small orifice revealed the passage of a bullet, which had gone out at the top of his skull. His face was bloodless; but his hands were swollen and black, and added to the sinister horror of the spectacle. When the coffin was lifted for burial, I noticed that it had been standing on a big pool of blood, and all through the funeral procession the horrible box left traces of its passage along the road. The authorities would not allow burial in a private tomb, and the remains were consigned to the common ditch. The family, however, was permitted to put a stone to indicate where he had been buried. His mother was taken ill during this painful ceremony. It is related that this poor old woman came to the office of the Castle of Montjuich the previous evening asking to see her son, not knowing that he had already been shot. Permission was refused without any explanations being given.

RUSSIA.

Obshtshee Dielo (The Common Cause) is a new periodical in Russian, under the direction of Vladimir Bourtzeff, which has just made its appearance in Paris. The editor strongly appeals to all oppositional elements to drop for a time their differences and unite in the general struggle against the common foe. The journal contains many important articles on various phases of the Russian revolutionary movements, particulars about agents-provocateurs, etc. Address: V. Bourtzeff, 50 Bd. St. Jacques, Paris, xiv.

BULGARIA.

Vetcherna Poshta reports that an Anarchist Congress was secretly held at Sofia, attended by thirty-five delegates, among them several students and school teachers. The reports read showed great growth of the Anarchist movement in Bulgaria.

The Congress decided to unite the various Anarchist organizations into a Federation.

BELGIUM.

A special edition of the Flemish review, *Ontwaking*, edited by the well-known writer, Georges Eekhoud, is entirely devoted to Francisco Ferrer. Among the contributors are the following: F. Domela Nieuwenhuis, Prof. Odón de Buen, Dr. M. Netlau, P. J. Troelstra, H.

van Kol, Jacques Mesnil, Camiel Huysmans and other littérateurs of international repute.

BRAZIL.

Like all governments, Brazil stands greatly in fear of the rational education of children. The Italian writer Edmondo Rossoni has been expelled because he had organized in San Paolo a Modern School. The radical press of Brazil is voicing a strong protest against the outrage, demanding the revocation of the order of expulsion.

ARGENTINE.

The Chief of Police of Buenos Ayres, Colonel Falcon, who gained an unenviable reputation for butchery by ordering the massacre of workingmen during the May day demonstration of last year, has been overtaken by the hand of Nemesis. He was killed by the explosion of a bomb while driving along the streets with his secretary. The young man who threw the bomb shot himself after accomplishing his mission.

The government thereupon proclaimed martial law, and initiated a reign of terror toward the revolutionary elements. The office of the Anarchist daily, *La Protesta*, was invaded by the authorities, who destroyed the presses and other machinery. All the editors, among them our friend Dr. Giovanni Greaghe, were thrown into prison and there maltreated in a most barbaric manner. Five hundred Argentinian Anarchists were dragged on board of warships to be deported to Patagonian penal colonies. About one thousand foreign workmen were expelled.

The Socialist daily *La Vanguardia* and the independent publication *Ultima Hora* have been forbidden to appear. The government has inaugurated a veritable reign of terror, which can be terminated only by a determined international protest.

✻ ✻ ✻

N O T E.

Through an oversight the address of Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons was omitted from her appeal in the November M. E. We therefore bring it now: 1658 Monroe St., Chicago. As to the insinuation which has reached us that the address was left out purposely, we only wish to state that small minds ever suspect mean motives.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NÄRRISCHES BÜCHEL. Hugo Sonnenschein. Utopia, Paris.
REVIEW OF LABOR LEGISLATION OF 1909. Irene Osgood.
Madison, Wisconsin.
ECHOES AND PROPHECIES. V. D. Hyde-Vogl. Ariel Press.
Westwood, Mass.
A WARRANT. Drama by F. Thaumazo. Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Terror in Russia

By PETER KROPOTKIN

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Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y.,
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Vol. IV

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 12

COMSTOCK AND MOTHER EARTH

OCCASIONAL complaints from subscribers who fail to receive the magazine regularly are no unusual matter, especially in the case of such—in some quarters—non grata publications as “Mother Earth.” Some unfriendly petty clerk in the Post Office, you know, can do a great deal of mischief. . . . But the complaints about the non-receipt of the January issue of our magazine suddenly became so numerous that we began to suspect trouble. We wrote to the New York Postmaster to inquire the cause of so many complaints. In reply we received the information from the Assistant Postmaster that “copies of the January issue have been held as unmailable. The matter has been referred to the Post Office Inspector-in-Charge, with whom you are advised to communicate for any further information relative thereto.”

Making a personal call at the office of the Inspector-in-Charge, I was informed, by one of the subordinates, that the magazine was being held on complaint of Mr. Anthony Comstock. Referred to the latter, I called at his office, 140 Nassau Street. There I was told that Mr. Comstock was at court. The young woman in charge knew that official documents regarding “Mother Earth” had passed through her hands, but she had “misaid” the papers and could give no further information on the subject. I was advised that Comstock could be reached in the afternoon.

In the meantime, besieged for an explanation, the office of “Mother Earth” issued the following statement:

“We have just been informed that the January issue of ‘Mother Earth’ has been held up by the New York Post Office on complaint of Mr. Comstock. So far we have not ascertained the reason for the outrage. The matter is now in the hands of Comstock.”

This explanation we mailed to the press and to our exchanges, in the FORENOON of January 26, two weeks after the magazine had been held up, the Post Office keeping us all that time in complete ignorance of the matter.

In the AFTERNOON of the same day I again called at the office of Mr. Comstock. This time he was in. I asked him for information regarding the hold-up. He admitted that the magazine was held up, but denied that it was done

on his complaint. "The matter is now in my hands," he said. He further explained that the "unmailable" matter consisted of Comrade Emma Goldman's article on the White Slave Traffic.

At Comstock's request I accompanied him to the office of the District Attorney, with whom the Cerberus of American morals was closeted for some time. Next came a private consultation of Comstock with the Inspector-in-Charge, and after a great show of mystery I was informed that the guardian of decency decided that there was nothing "ginst" the law in the objectionable article. With a few words of fatherly advice Mr. Comstock left me, promising to send in at once a written report to the Postmaster, directing the release of the magazine.

The readers can imagine our surprise when the N. Y. "Times" the next morning quoted Comstock as absolutely denying the whole affair. "That's a scheme of Emma Goldman's to attract attention to the publication," said Mr. Comstock. "I have not made any complaint against it, nor is the magazine being held up at the Post Office."

Unwilling to credit this newspaper interview, I called Comstock up on the telephone. He personally repeated the very words quoted, emphasizing that he told the reporters that there was "absolutely no truth in the story." "But, Mr. Comstock, you know that it is a lie," I said,—and then the receiver was hung up at the other end.

Several days passed after Comstock's earnest promise to release "Mother Earth," and yet complaints were still coming in with every mail. Evidently Comstock had not kept his promise. I therefore again called at the Post Office. There they kept me busy running from one department to another and back again, every official pretending complete ignorance of the matter. After a few hours of violent exercise I elucidated the information that "the release had not arrived," that "the release had been mislaid," and that "the matter had been settled." Thereupon I sent a special delivery letter to the Inspector-in-Charge, demanding to know the reasons for the outrageous treatment of "Mother Earth."

By return mail I received the following reply:

"Sir:—Replying to your special delivery letter of this date, regarding the withholding of the issue of 'Mother Earth,' I have to advise you that I have just instructed the Postmaster to release this matter.

"I may say that the delay of which you complain has been due to my desire to make a personal investigation of the subject.

"Very respectfully,

"W. S. MAYER,

"Inspector-in-Charge."

Late Saturday evening, January 29th, the magazine was released.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

COMSTOCK SOLILOQUIZES

What, Aphrodite!
Not even a nightie
Between you and Hades, my dear?
O Venus de Medici!
I can't stand for negligee,
Too negligee ladies, my dear!
And your sister of Milo
From her head to her heel, O,
Sets a perfectly horrid example;
Though she's minus her arms, O,
The rest of her charms, O,
Are extremely apparent—and ample.
And mercy upon us!
There's Billy Adonis
With such a décolleté gown
We'd welcome a freckle,
A wart or a speckle,
Tattoo marks, or even a frown!

Uncle Pete Phidias,
What perfectly hideous
Morals you must have possessed
To sculp ne'er a pimple,
An eyelash or dimple,
Let alone an occasional vest!
'Tis terribly plain, sir,
You'll wallow in pain, sir,
To the ultimate end of creation,
For you gave Aphrodite
Not even a nightie
Betwixt the poor thing and damnation.

DON MARQUIS.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

EVERY once in a while some genius bobs up from obscurity with the original discovery that if the workingmen would only quit drinking and eating meat, and in general limit their rations a little, all sorts of blessings would flow therefrom.

One day it's Isaac K. Funk who tells us we could pay the national debt in two years if we would stop drinking, and he assures the workingmen they could buy homes if they were not so extravagant. Again, there is Horace Fletcher, who asserts upon that masculine authority, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, that two million families are saving one hundred million dollars annually because they masticate their food better than they did before. With the price of meat going down so fast that the people are complaining about it, we tremble to think what will happen to the beef barons when we get more Fletcherites. For Fletcherism tends to vegetarianism and altruism. Vegetarianism we might stomach, if accompanied with a little beef tea; but altruism—never, not even if flavored with the sauce of the gods.

And now comes the latest Christ. (We heard Mr. Fletcher so designated by a disciple who had just fasted seventeen days.) The new Messiah, instead of masquerading as a carpenter, appears on earth as a teacher of dietetics. He, vulgarly known as Dr. Franklin White, of Harvard, informs us that "it is not only possible to live on 20 cents a day, but to do it would result in better health. People are complaining of the high cost of food, but it seems as if most of us forget the really cheap food. Take cornmeal, for example, which costs 3 cents a pound. A third of a pound, or a cent's worth of cornmeal, will make a large quantity of mush, probably more than the average appetite demands. With oleomargarine and some cheap syrup it makes a satisfying, nourishing meal. Two cents' worth of syrup would give the sugar element. A man could do hard labor on such a meal, the entire cost of which would be about 4 cents."

Dr. Tilden, of Denver, who is admittedly the sanest

and most scientific of the dieticians, has conclusively proved that man must have proteids, green vegetables, and acid fruits to keep healthy. The diet advised by Dr. White would result in death from starch poisoning in a very short time. But, then, perhaps the doctor thinks that the working class is a dangerous nuisance which ought to be abolished. We have a suspicion amounting almost to a conviction that it wouldn't be so bad—for the workingmen. But we would suggest a method somewhat different from the cornmeal route.

* * *

A BRAND new panacea for all labor troubles has been discovered by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, former president of Harvard University, whose memory is venerated by all scabs. He is the sponsor of a bill introduced in the Massachusetts legislature, which proposes to abolish strikes and lockouts by forcing employees to refer their disputes to a board of investigation, before causing a stoppage of work.

It is to be hoped that labor will not be caught in this trap. Compulsory arbitration is one of the gravest perils to the workingman. Its dire results can be seen in Australia and other countries, where it has practically deprived labor of the liberty to strike. American workingmen, especially, ought to know by this time what investigation and arbitration boards accomplish for their benefit.

The proposed bill is but another attempt to lull labor into the belief that the State has its interests at heart. Incidentally it will create more sinecures for parasites with a "pull."

Eliot's scheme is a direct blow at organized labor, designed to destroy the proletariat's only efficient weapon, the strike.

* * *

THE discovery of the North Pole may be of great value, though no one seems to know exactly what it is good for. But of far greater interest is Peary's description of the Greenland tribe of Eskimos that he employed in his polar travels.

In the current issue of *Hampton's Magazine*, Peary thus characterizes them:

"The members of this little tribe, inhabiting the western coast of Greenland from Cape York to Etah, are in many ways different from the Eskimos of Danish Greenland, or those of any other Arctic territory. There are now between 220 and 230 in the tribe. They are savages, but they are not savage; they are without government, but they are not lawless; they are utterly uneducated according to our standard, yet they exhibit a remarkable degree of intelligence. In temperament like children, with all a child's delight in little things, they are nevertheless enduring as the most matured of civilized men and women, and the best of them are faithful unto death.

"Without religion and having no idea of God, they will share their last meal with any one who is hungry, while the aged and the helpless among them are taken care of as a matter of course. They are healthy and pure blooded; they have no vices, no intoxicants, no bad habits—not even gambling. Altogether, they are a people unique upon the face of the earth. A friend of mine calls them philosophic Anarchists of the North."

Benighted heathens, to be happy without church or State, police, crime, and prisons.

* * *

INNOCENTS are abroad in plenty, and meeting one recently while in a sportive mood I was rash enough to enter into a discussion concerning the "humor of Fra Elbertus." The result was that I found myself wagering a baked apple at Codington's that the Fra was as bereft of that precious ozone as Theodore Roosevelt. While hunting for a stakeholder I read "A Little Journey to a Dentist," by this same Fra, and—then I withdrew: it was too much like cheating.

The foregoing brings me to the point that if it isn't cheating to take twenty-five cents in good money for that highly intellectual magazine, *The Fra*, it's because Mr. Elbert Hubbard has no sense of humor. In the January number of that publication the editor devotes five columns, or about twenty-two hundred words, to the subject of Free Speech, Liberty versus License, Anarchy and Free Speech, The Danger Line, and a

Carnival of Hoodlumism. Setting out to prove that Anarchy leads to hoodlumism and that free speech is for reformers for revenue only, Hubbard demonstrates for the millionth time that the way to succeed in this world and lay up coal for the winter is to write learnedly on subjects you know nothing about, and insist on people taking you seriously. A good way to do this is to speak of certain persons as if you knew them intimately. It makes the lie effective.

Above all, there is no better way to advertise oneself than by giving the hated Anarchists a kick. It always answers the purpose and stamps one a respectable, decent citizen. Fra Elbertus, who has broken into the Hall of Fame by writing an immortal ad for the best lavatory paper, is the latest Anarchist baiter.

Hubbard started as an Anarchist. That was his *Drang und Sturm* period. But he soon discovered that ideals do not pay. What's the use of being a Homer, a Milton, or a Dante, thought the Fra. There's no money in it. Dem fellows starved. Elbertus aspired to be greater than they and gather in the *masoome*.

He reformed and wrote a panegyric on the slave, which opened to him the arms of the satisfied. His next step was to build factories of art, in which could be exploited all the children and poor devils he could pick up on the road, like the *Rattenfänger von Hammeln*.

Then it was the labor unions that engaged Fra's attention. They were entirely too great a menace to profits. Forthwith he launched Jove's lightning against them, thus still more endearing himself to his capitalist masters. Generous orders for William Morris furniture began to pour into East Aurora.

But still he was not satisfied. He had higher ambitions. Casting about for material, his eye fell upon the Anarchists. Eureka! I found it! cries the hapy Fra, and proceeds to administer a sound beating in his magazine of affirmation. "Yes, yes," he echoes the cry of plutocratic journalism, "they are murderers, rioters. Down with them!"

Good luck, Fra. Who can help admire your business genius!

OUR capitalist press has but little sympathy with Vladimir Bourtseff. They think him too outspoken. Indeed, instead of respectfully appealing to the native snobs and enthusiastically enlarging on the Duma, Bourtseff was undiplomatic enough to proclaim himself a believer in the methods of terrorism.

This is too much for the nerves of the penny-a-liners of Park Row and Times Square. They shed copious tears over the possible fate of the Tsar's spies and hint at probable complications.

This antagonism is highly creditable to Bourtseff. He would deserve our pity if he enjoyed sympathy from such quarters.

Bourtseff's activity has rendered invaluable service to the Russian Revolution. Though his real life-work is the abolition of Tsardom, his efforts during recent years have proved inestimable to the cause by eliminating the traitors within the ranks. A revolutionary movement at the head of which stand *agents provocateurs* is worse than worthless.

The cause of the failures and defeats had to be ascertained and the atmosphere cleared before any real, effective opposition to tyranny could be thought of. Bourtseff has succeeded in that to a very considerable degree. He has earned the gratitude of all true friends of the Russian Revolution.

* * *

FROM Los Angeles comes the sad news of the death of Moses Harman.

His last imprisonment in the Joliet penitentiary undoubtedly shortened our friend's life. Since he left the prison, two years ago, Harman was never his old self again. The brutalities he suffered there so undermined his usually robust health that even the mild climate of the Angel City failed to restore him.

In Moses Harman the radical movement of America has lost one of its finest representatives. He was the most outspoken champion of sex liberty and an untiring and fearless worker in the cause of progress. He did not belong to those lukewarm radicals whose chief wisdom is opportunism and who forever hesitate at the

parting of the ways. He was a man of full stature: *suaviter in modo, fortitur in re*. He died as he lived, an uncompromising fighter. We shall bring in our next issue a more adequate appreciation of his services to the cause of liberty.

* * *

THIS issue completes the fourth year of MOTHER EARTH. Rough were the waters and many the storms our little fighter had to weather. But a stout heart and staunch friends will conquer the greatest obstacles.

The friends of MOTHER EARTH will celebrate its fifth birthday by an international meeting, combined with a Commune Memorial and Ball, Friday, March 18th, at 8 P. M., in the Grand Manhattan Hall, 309-311 Grand Street. We ask all friends and sympathizers to help us make this double anniversary a success.

❖ ❖ ❖

AUTHORITY

By SAMUEL BUTLER.

*Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain;
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the brave submit.*



THE SUFFRAGETTES

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

The line now being taken by
the militant suffragettes * * *
heads straight to Anarchy.

—*Daily Chronicle*.

The rule of "no physical violence" must now, writes Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, be abandoned. The militant tactics are to be pursued, writes Miss Christabel Pankhurst, "no matter though social order and harmony be for a time destroyed." * * * This is the language of Anarchy.

—*Daily News*.

* * * We think we may say that these tactics are unexampled in British politics.—*The Nation*.

NONE more loved than the lukewarm ones who never say yes or no.
None more admired than the tolerant ones who never hurt.

How they are caressed, those platonic enthusiasts who rapturously bow right and left.

How they are respected, those theoretic champions who, with sweeping gestures, demonstrate the truth of the matter.

How they are loved, these weak-kneed mollicoddles.

But woe to the fiery, the inspired ones!

Woe to those in whose veins flows red blood. Woe to the energetic, the conscious, who consecrate their whole life to their ideal,—those to whom the struggle is the very personification of life itself.

Above all, woe to the *franc-tireurs*! They who forever compromise the good cause of the philistines in the eyes of decent men; who, by their impulsiveness, paralyze the carefully planned moves of diplomacy; to whom the most sancto-sacred is not sacred.

These are the terror of the cautious, of the hesitating, lagging, deferring ones,—they are the *bête noire*.

Yet, in spite of it all, can history point to a single revolutionary movement—whether political, scientific, or artis-

tic—that has been carried to victory by the lukewarm, the impartial, platonic, and theoretic elements?

The suffragettes of Great Britain are the latter-day *enfant terrible* of all molluscs. The most heinous indictment is brought against them by respectability: they are on the road to Anarchy.

What honor for the suffragettes!

In truth, the good people are not far amiss. The suffragettes began the fight for votes, and—Oh, Irony—they have ended by destroying the ballot boxes. The most fanatical opponent of the ballot could not act more consistently.

This spectacle is to us Anarchists—who have grown out of the ballot superstition—a source of almost diabolic joy. No wonder, then, that the State worshippers—be they named Asquith, Belfort Bax, or Quelch—are horrified at such blasphemous tactics.

The destruction of ballot boxes is, however, not the only spice of humor in the struggle for woman suffrage. We witness disciples of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Weininger champion the cause of the women, while good liberals and even some Socialists, theoretically in favor of sex equality, unmask themselves as the most bitter opponents of women's political rights.

'Tis a transvaluation of all values.

O, man! Stupidity is thy name.

Could anything be more stupid than to withhold such an innocent toy from woman, and then to drive her to desperation by utmost brutality, baseness, and vileness?

Yet let us be grateful to these dull-witted blockheads. But for their fiendish persecution mania we would be the poorer in this wonderful revolutionary movement,—a movement that has far outgrown its original aims.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, one of the ablest leaders of the Women's Social and Political Union, explains in *Votes for Women*:

"No protest now could find its way into the public meetings except by stones. If the battle was to be continued at all, it must be by the abandonment of the rule hitherto observed, No destruction of any kind! No physical violence!! . . . This is a revolution. This is a war. But this revolution was forced upon us. It is a war which we

are called upon to wage in the name of liberty and justice."

For half a century the women of Great Britain have struggled, peacefully and orderly, for their mess of pottage. Like all reformers, they were first ridiculed, then ignored. Silently they suffered abuse and contempt. But when the government began to persecute them with brutal violence, they unfurled the banner of rebellion. Suffragists were transformed into suffragettes. In wonderment we witnessed the heroism and self-sacrifice developed by these women in their unequal fight with man's stupidity and the brutality of his government.

Even the opponents of woman suffrage are forced to admit the truth of this. To quote but one opinion out of a multitude. The *Bristol Mercury* thus expresses itself:

"None can question their courage and their willingness to make sacrifices for the cause they have taken up. There was a good deal of rioting and window breaking before men got the vote by the Reform Bill of 1832, but neither in that agitation nor in any other political movement have men endured so much for their convictions as have the suffragists in Holloway Prison. Whatever one may think of the Votes for Women agitation, men have never made in any political movement of the past such self-sacrifices for their opinions as these women have done."

Never before have such outrages been committed in Great Britain against political prisoners as against these women. What about the celebrated chivalry of Englishmen? Where the boasted Anglo-Saxon respect for the sex? Had the men of England but a spark of shame, a storm of protest should have swept the land.

And why this bestial treatment in the prisons? Why the hunger strikes? Merely because the suffragettes demand the *rights of political prisoners*. The latter receive worse treatment in England than the common criminal. John Most, Vladimir Bourtseff, David Nicoll, and the Walsall Anarchists could bear witness to this. When the suffragettes demanded the rights of political prisoners, Home Secretary Herbert Gladstone declared in the House of Commons:

"Political offences are not in any way recognized by the common law of England, nor can political motive be pleaded in justification of an offence or as in itself en-

titling the offender to special treatment in prison. Persons guilty of certain offences specified by statute, such as sedition and seditious libel, must by statute be placed in the first division, but it is not, and never has been, the law or practice in this country to accord special treatment to prisoners who, like the suffragists, have offended against the ordinary law in the course of a political agitation or from political motives, and the introduction of such a practice would be likely to have dangerous consequences. . . . If our government differs from all other civilized governments in connection with the treatment of political prisoners, it is about time other governments imitated us."

Herbert Gladstone thus proved himself a veritable political bastard. Let us hear what his illustrious father, William Ewart Gladstone, had to say on this subject in 1889, on the occasion of the Parliamentary discussion of the case of the Irish Nationalist, William O'Brien, who refused to be treated as a common criminal. After mentioning the cases of Cobbett, Sir John Hobhouse, Feargus O'Connor, Lord Normanby, Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and O'Connell—all of whom had enjoyed the rights of political prisoners—the great father of the little son said:

"I am not going to be entangled in arguments as to what are and are not political offences. I know very well you cannot attempt to frame a legislative definition of political offences, but what you can do, and what always has been done, is this: You can say that in certain classes of cases the imprisoned person ought not to be treated as if he had been guilty of base and degrading crime. What does the ordinary sentence of imprisonment import? The deprivation of literature and visitors, the plank bed, the prison dress, the odious, the disgraceful incidence of the company of felons. . . . But, Sir, I say that though sensitiveness to indignities of this kind may be a matter on which men will differ according to their temperament and their ideas, yet such sensitiveness is a sensitiveness rather to be encouraged than to be repressed, for it appertains to that lofty sentiment—that spirit which was described by Burke in immortal language when he said, 'The spirit which feels a stain like a wound.' We protest against this prison treatment as being condemned by the country, and as being in itself unwise, inhuman, and brutal. I have not sought to multiply epithets of this kind,

but I cannot altogether withhold them. Finally, I say, it is entirely contrary to the usage of other governments."

Can anyone claim that the agitation of the suffragettes springs from base motives, or that its character is not political? Why, then, the discrimination against these women? Is it because of their sex? Not at all. They are persecuted so cruelly because they are the first political party in Great Britain who have resorted to the most powerful and effective weapon in the whole arsenal of life: *direct action*.

No other political group has ever used such tactics, except the Anarchists. And with what ingenuity and effect the suffragettes have employed this method! This the politicians and diplomats will never forget nor forgive.

Since the suffragettes have initiated direct action tactics, they have defeated their opponents at every point. They have created the strongest organization in England, collected a fund of £50,000, organized demonstrations which in point of numbers, enthusiasm, and beauty have never been equaled in the history of the country. What artistic joy, not to speak of the revolutionary spirit, the tremendous Hyde Park demonstration would have afforded William Morris.

Since the fifth of July of last year till the dissolution of the Parliament the latter was besieged day and night, without intermission, by the epical watch. Hundreds of meetings, to be addressed by Cabinet Ministers, were broken up; banquets, private and official receptions disturbed, and life made a nightmare for officialdom.

What a spectacle! Never before had England witnessed such a humiliating sight.

The dissolution of Parliament and the following elections form a turning point.

Such a propaganda cannot possibly stop at mere suffrage. Already there are among the suffragettes certain elements whose demands go much further. They are awakening to the realization that the fight for the feminine mess of pottage is but the prelude to a greater and more tremendous struggle of social proportions. They will gradually join that movement, and the experiences they have thus far gathered will prove of great value for the general emancipation of mankind. Their self-

sacrifice and heroism can serve as an example deserving the respect and sympathy of every revolutionist. The seed they have sown will not fail of a rich harvest.

The words of Mary Neal, one of the participants in the hunger strike, will come true:

"Nearer to the Earth Mother than man, wiser in the wisdom learnt at the gates of death, through which enters each new-born life, in the depths of her being untouched by the sophistries of a masculine interpretation of her place in life, woman has committed the seed of her liberty to the earth. Ploughed in by suffering as it has been, ruthlessly cut down again and again, condemned to death by the Kings of Prejudice, Tyranny, and Lust, it has risen triumphant, and the harvest is near at hand."

*O, Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That e'er was sown on land;
It will do more than any grain
By the turning of your hand.*

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LIGHT AND SHADOWS IN THE LIFE OF AN AVANT-GUARD

AN avant-guard of many years of public activity? How discouraging. Yet if we consider that Anarchism is the only social theory that has undertaken to transvalue all values, we will see at once that the position of its exponents must needs remain that of the avant-guard, for some time to come.

Traditions and habits cling with great tenacity, both to man and institutions. Not merely because every effort of to-day is being bent on perpetuating the past, but because the past has a most marvelous capacity of not letting go.

Thus we see that the most radical, aye, the most advanced, rarely outgrow the old.

It is but a comparatively short period, considered in the light of historic events, that Anarchism, the reconstructor of social life, the transvaluator of all values, has made its advent on the intellectual horizon of the world.

Its task was stupendous, indeed. The Rock of Ages, huge and immovable, blocked its way. Yet unafraid, serene and proud, Anarchism began its onslaught. To-

day it is a living, working force, most hated and most beloved of all theories that have come to rebuild the world.

The wonder is not that it has accomplished so little; the wonder is that it has done so much. Therefore the life of the avant-guard, with all its shadows, can never lose its light, its rich warm light.

Of the shadows, I have talked on more than one occasion. In fact, during the last two years MOTHER EARTH has reported nothing but gloom.

In 1908 my tour was affected by the crisis and its inevitable result: outraged humanity manifesting itself in the acts of Averbuch and Silverstein.

The police, like the forest beasts, at the sight of blood became mad for more. Who but the avant-guard of Anarchism could be better prey? Anarchist meetings were closed, and Anarchist speakers suppressed. My tour, though strong enough to withstand every obstacle, has rendered MOTHER EARTH very little financial assistance.

The avant-guard, like the wicked, finds no rest. In the early Fall of 1908 another tramp was undertaken. By that time the crisis had thoroughly whipped people into submission, completely breaking their will; poverty and despair have no interest in life and life's problems. Then, too, it was the period of the presidential election, which in this "free land" has become a greater national calamity than the coronation of the Russian Tsar. This tour, too, was a failure.

I had almost despaired of a change. Everything seemed to conspire to turn the shadows of life into black clouds, shutting out faith and hope.

It seemed useless to begin a tour again, and without visible means of maintaining MOTHER EARTH, I had almost decided to give up the struggle.

But the power of perseverance overcomes all difficulties.

When the indefatigable Ben Reitman wired me from Chicago: "Police consent to let you speak in this city. Telegraph dates," all disappointments of the past two years were forgotten. The future once more held out new possibilities.

That one should have to depend on police permission in a country where liberty is an every-day slogan, is not a cheering aspect. Still, it is better to meet the enemy in the open than to be overtaken by him unawares. Time

and again labor, energy, and money were spent on the arrangements of meetings, only to see it all wasted through police interference. Experience has taught us this lesson: Since freedom of speech is no longer everyone's right without fear or favor, it is best to ascertain beforehand where it will meet with the least interference.

We had barely begun our tour when Detroit placed itself on record against free speech.

Oh, spirit of Robert Reitzel, where art thou?—and you who gloried in the song of that lark of liberty, you who worshipped at the shrine, has the last note of his song died away that you submit to the Russianization of your city? Has your love of freedom been a mere reflection of Reitzel's genius, leaving you poor and empty now that he is no more. You will soon have the opportunity to prove whether the work of the *Der Arme Teufel* has been a strong factor or a mere passing fancy. We are coming to Detroit to assert our right of free expression.

In Buffalo the police are evidently still peril-stricken by the shadow of that lone boy whom they had done to death before Christian justice placed him in the electric chair. Else it is hard to account for their dread of the free voice. The energetic effort of a true friend of liberty, Mr. Fred Schulder, has been in vain. And yet not altogether, as his own letter will prove.

DEAR EMMA:—

Yours of the 9th, with clipping, reached me yesterday.

After having seen the mayor twice, his secretary three times, and the Chief of Police three times, I have not succeeded in getting a promise that you will be allowed to speak in Buffalo.

Yesterday Chief Regan told me that he would have to be compelled by the courts before he would consent to your speaking, but I pressed the matter so hard that he finally asked me to see him again to-day and get a definite reply. Told the clerk of my engagement, and he went to see the Lord at once. Coming back he informed me that the Chief could not see me this morning, as he had been subpoenaed to court and would have to leave at once; but that at any rate "She can't speak"; I should come in at 2 P. M. if I wanted to see him. I went to see a friend whom I know to be in thorough sympathy with Free Speech. I told him of the result of my various interviews, and that I would like to have someone with me as a witness if I saw the Chief again. I thought as a last resort I would ask him if he would permit you to recite the Lord's Prayer in Buffalo. His answer being either yes or no, he would have placed himself in a position to be made the laughing stock of my friend. My friend felt sure that the Chief would only quibble; as there is no

paper here that would dare to say anything derogatory of the police department, he thought it would be useless. Furthermore, he said that if he should come out in this matter, the police would find a way to injure his business. Partly owing to Mr. B's advice, and partly owing to the fact that for several days I have had a severe cold which seems to amount to a slight attack of grippe, and the weather alternating snow and rain, with slush ankle deep, I decided to stay indoors this afternoon and nurse my cold. I may write to the mayor, but it will probably be of no avail.

I never before appreciated the corrupting influence of the political machinery—what cowards it makes of persons! Why, one sleek eel-like politician told me that he was not sure but what he was a philosophical Anarchist himself. But of course in his position, etc. I never call myself a "philosophical," and when someone else describes me thus, I usually laugh at it; but after seeing cringing and scheming politicians, persons without a backbone, applying this term to themselves, I shall feel a shiver whenever I hear that combination of words.

My friend has learned the truth of what I have maintained for many years, namely, that the term "Philosophic Anarchist" is really an apology for cowardice that craves to appear interesting.

Columbus, O., can boast of an intelligent mayor; at least he is intelligent enough to know the difference between Socialism and Anarchism.

"If Emma Goldman were a Socialist I would let her speak. But she is an Anarchist." Like Gen. Funston, the mayor knows that Socialism perpetuates government, that it is therefore not so dangerous to the position of an army officer or a mayor as Anarchism, that contains no place for either.

Those who live in New York and count among their friends Socialists like Leonard D. Abbott, Annie and Rose Strunsky, English Walling, etc., have no idea of the material that goes to make up the party Socialists in the Middle West. Certainly a more conservative, retrogressive, bigoted set of people is hardly conceivable.

In Chicago the editor of the *Daily Socialist* would not endanger the opportunity of vote getting by announcing the fact that Free Speech was again to assert itself in that city; yet he is quite willing to charge double rates for E. G.'s ads. Naturally, saloons, banks, and other crooked business are more important

to the Socialists of Chicago than the right of a human voice to be heard.

In Milwaukee the Socialist ward heeler Berger would not take our ads. How could he soil his clean, pure, white political soul by such a thing? In his righteous indignation he urges "that some one ought to get after the *Chicago Daily Socialist* for accepting and printing a big advertisement of an Emma Goldman meeting."

When two thieves quarrel the honest man comes to his own. Possibly when autocrat Berger will get after autocrat Simons, the poor, deluded party subjects will learn to value their independence.

In Hannibal, Mo., a Socialist judge, Abner S. Smith, whose Socialist activities consist in ordering people dispossessed if they fail to feed the landlord, hastens to assure the people of that city that Socialists are above all law abiding citizens. "We believe in laws and in obeying them, but of course we believe the people should have part in framing them." How is this for a follower of Karl Marx, who died in hopes that his theory would revolutionize the world.

And with all this compromise, with all this cowardice, with all this cringing servility to public opinion—defeat, nothing but defeat. Too bad. Too bad.

If human beings were not better than parties, one would have to despair of the future. But the consciousness that there are Socialists with character and personality often makes up for all the sins of the party politician. Several of such precious rarities we have met in Madison, Wis. I will speak of them later.

The first ray of light made itself felt in Cleveland. English meetings in that city have always been mediocre, but when January 9th came, three days after Ben Reitman had reached Cleveland, the meeting surpassed the highest expectations. Two large audiences came, not out of curiosity, but interested to learn the truth about the greatest crime of the 20th century committed by the Catholic Church. The subject was Francisco Ferrer and the Modern School.

That the heroic death of that tragic figure at Montjuich continues to arouse widespread indignation is

proved by the multitudes that come to hear about the life and work of that man.

By dispelling the lies and calumnies which continue to appear in the Catholic press of America about Ferrer, I hope to make his name and work a living, working force in our midst, thus paying my tribute in a small measure to the memory of our dead comrade.

A large Yiddish meeting closed our successful visit in Cleveland.

In Toledo the gloom of the city and the mirror-like polish of the icy sidewalks could not obscure the light that followed. A meeting arranged within twenty-four hours again attracted a large audience, and everything moved smoothly. Even I, on my way from the hall to the hotel; so smoothly, indeed, that I landed on one of the mirrors, leaving its icy glass intact, but nearly breaking my back. How little reform does reform the broken arms, legs, and backs of the people, Toledo bears witness.

Chicago has been thoroughly swept by that hurricane, Ben L. Reitman. During three weeks, single handed, with friends and foes against him, with a conspiracy of silence on the part of the Chicago press, Reitman proved to the satisfaction of all that one determined individual can move mountains.

The success of the meeting in Chicago meant a great deal to our doctor friend. This is the city in the streets of which he spent his childhood. It was here, too, that he became part of our so-called underworld. It was in Chicago that he obtained a pass to respectable society, in the form of a doctor's certificate. In Chicago, too, he learned the glory of American citizenship by receiving his first baptism of police clubs during the unemployed parade. It was there he was made to appreciate the true meaning of Free Speech, dependent on the police department. Yes, the success of the meetings meant more to him than many people can realize. So he worked as only a man with a great purpose can work, with the result that never in years, not even on the occasion of Peter Kropotkin's visit, was there such marvelous success.

Six English and three Yiddish meetings, crowded

every night regardless of the wretched Chicago weather. Over four thousand people paid admission, and a tremendous amount of literature sold, thanks to the energy and skill of Dr. Reitman. But the most valuable feature of the campaign is the reorganization of the old Social Science Club into a young, lusty fighter with new workers and systematic English weekly meetings. No wonder our comrades, the most timid even, became rejuvenated. Inspired by the zeal of one, all worked faithfully. Little Dr. Yampolsky, Wm. Nathanson, B. Weininger, Anna and Jake Livshis, Edith Adams, F. Weber, and other comrades whose names I cannot remember.

Milwaukee was the next stopping-place. The same fine results. Three excellent meetings, arranged in a few days. Added to that was the joy of decent accounts in several daily papers, conservative papers, mark you, not the Socialist one.

Madison, Wis., has had a great charm for me the last few years because of its historical library. But what I really found there is extraordinary indeed. Certainly a better equipped and better managed institution I have never seen in any other city in America. No other library has such a collection of books, papers, and magazines on the labor question, trade unionism, Socialism, and Anarchism. Yes, even Anarchism, that most hated, most tabooed and misunderstood theory.

During the few hours that I could spend in the library, thanks to the generous assistance of Mr. Andrews, the chief research worker, I saw collections of the earliest Anarchist papers, books, and pamphlets in America. Complete files of the *Alarm*, *Fackel*, *Vorbote*, *Chicago Arbeiter Zeitung*, *Free Society*, *Liberty*, *Freiheit*, *Mother Earth*, and scores of others. Also numerous pamphlets dating almost half a century back. In fact, a perfect mint for the earnest student. If the liberal endeavor of this historical library will continue, it bids fair to become for America—in a small measure—what the British Museum is for England.

In all my travels through the length and breadth of this land I found its university cities the most bigoted, arrogant, and conservative. Madison, Wis., is

undoubtedly a happy exception. The progressive spirit among professors and students is unusual indeed. Profs. Ross, Commons, Yastrow, and others are making history in America. Thanks to them the American student is becoming humanized and socialized. He feels an interest in other things besides baseball, football, and scabbing. That university men should turn out in large numbers to hear Emma Goldman was more than some citizens of Madison could stand. Since we left that city the *Democrat*, a yellow sheet, has been attacking the university most venomously. I am convinced, however, that its barking will not intimidate the progressive element. Nor will it hamper it in its commendable desire to learn the truth from right sources. Surely Prof. Ross, who has withstood the various attacks upon his right to think independently and to interpret modern sociology, both in Stanford and the Nebraska University, is not likely to be disturbed in his march by anything the *Democrat* may say. It was a great treat to meet Prof. Ross. His wonderful physique with its large, generous lines, his broadminded views of social events, and his great humanism, were refreshing after meeting so many pygmies who are infesting the American colleges.

The inspiration of our short stay in Milwaukee was the Socialist Students' Club, whose members tower mountain-high above their political leader. Both Dr. Reitman and myself were invited to their round table at the Y. M. C. A. (holy horrors!), where we were asked to address the Club. The doctor spoke of the relation between the educator and agitator, and I made a few remarks on the difference between the students of Russia and America. One member of the Club helped faithfully at our own meetings, in a true fraternal spirit. Thus our visit to Madison was not only very interesting and profitable, but it was also a very delightful one. A sleigh ride in that very beautiful country, with all the glory of a white winter, bore me back to the never-to-be-forgotten joys of the Russian troika, dashing along through the cold, the music of its bells re-echoing through forest and field. For this childhood day in Madison I am indebted to a

friend of former days, who is now professor at the University and a respectable citizen of the place.

The light continues in its bright colors, even while I write this in the city of St. Louis, the success of which I will describe at another time.

The life of the avant-guard,—how rich, how full, how all absorbing. The only life worth living.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

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ANARCHIST SYMPOSIUM

JOSIAH WARREN.

NOTHING is more common than the remarks that “no two persons are alike,” that “circumstances alter cases,” that “we must agree to disagree,” etc.; and yet we are constantly forming institutions which require us to be alike, which make no allowance for the individuality of persons or of circumstances, and which render it necessary for us to agree, and leave us no liberty to differ from each other, nor to modify our conduct according to circumstances.

On what, then, rest all customs and institutions which demand conformity? They are all directly opposed to the individuality, and therefore false. Every one is by nature constituted to be his or her own government, his own law, his own church—each individual is a system within himself; and the great problem must be solved with the broadest admission of the inalienable right of supreme individuality, which forbids any attempt to govern each other, and confines all our legislation to the adjustment and regulations of our intercourse or commerce with each other.

To require uniformity in thought, feeling, or action, is a fundamental error in human legislation—a madness which would be equaled only by requiring all to possess the same countenance, the same voice, or the same stature.

Each individual should be at all times free to differ from every other in thought, feeling, word, and deed; and free to differ from himself, or to change from time to time; in other words, that every one is constituted by nature to be, at all times, sovereign of himself, or herself, and of everything that constitutes a part of his or her individuality. That society, to be harmonious and suc-

cessful, must be so constituted that there shall be no demand for an outward show of conformity or uniformity—that no person must have any power over the persons or interests of others; but that everyone shall be, at all times, the supreme “law unto himself.”

Theorists have told us that laws and governments are made for the security of person and property; but it must be evident to most minds that they never have, never will accomplish this professed object. Although they have had all the world at their control for thousands of years, they have brought it to a worse condition than that in which they found it, in spite of the immense improvements in mechanism, division of labor, and other elements of civilization. On the contrary, under the plausible pretext of securing person and property, they have spread wholesale destruction, famine, and wretchedness in every frightful form over all parts of the earth, where peace and security might otherwise have prevailed. They have shed more blood, committed more murders, tortures and other frightful crimes in the struggles against each other for the privilege of governing, than society ever would or could have suffered in the total absence of all governments whatever! It is impossible for any one who can read the history of governments, and the operations of laws, to feel secure in person or property under any form of government, or any code of laws whatever. They invade the private household, they impertinently meddle with, and in their blind and besotted wantonness presume to regulate, the most sacred individual feelings. No feelings of security, no happiness can exist in the governed under such circumstances. They set up rules or laws to which they require conformity, while conformity is impossible, and while neither rulers nor ruled can tell how the laws will be interpreted or administered till they have been repeatedly infringed, and punishment has been inflicted; under such circumstances no security for the governed can exist.

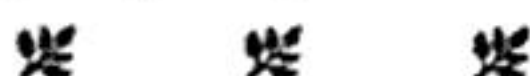
A citizen may be suddenly hurried away from his home and despairing family, shut up in a horrid prison, charged with a crime of which he is totally innocent; he may die in prison or on the gallows, and his family may die of mortification and broken hearts. No security can exist where this can happen; yet all these are the operations of

laws and governments, which are professedly instituted for the "security of person and property."

Rulers claim a right to rise above, and control, the individual, his labor, his trade, his time, and his property, against his own judgment and inclination, while security of person and property cannot consist in anything less than having the supreme government of himself and all his own interests; therefore, security cannot exist under any government whatever.

They compel the individual to desert his family, and risk or lay down his life in wars in which he feels no wish to engage. They leave him no choice, no freedom of action upon those very points where his most vital interests, his deepest sympathies are at stake. He can feel no security under governments.

Great crimes are committed by the government of one nation against another, to gratify the ambition or lust of rulers; the people of both nations are thus set to destroy the persons and property of each other, and would be murdered as traitors if they refused. This is the "security of person and property" afforded by governments. With regard to security, we see that in the wide range of the world's bloody history there is not any one horrid feature so frightful, so appalling as the recklessness, the cold-blooded indifference with which laws and governments have sacrificed person and property in their wanton, their criminal career of self-aggrandisement, instead of protecting person and property.



THE RUSSIANIZING OF AMERICA

By WM. C. OWEN.

MAGON, Villereal, and Rivera, the three leaders of the Mexican Liberal Party, who are now in jail at Florence, Ariz., will be released July 31, their term for alleged violation of the neutrality laws then expiring. But it seems most doubtful whether they will then be free from further molestation, for I understand that another indictment charging them with the same offense has been found in Texas against Magon and Villereal, and that the former is also in danger of being taken to St. Louis, Mo., to answer an old criminal libel charge.

These men are admittedly the main leaders of the Mexican Liberal Party, and no one can have studied the articles on "Barbarous Mexico" now appearing in the *American Magazine*, without recognizing that they represent a struggle for emancipation that is at a most acute stage. It is also certain that the revelations made have alarmed the Mexican government most seriously, and that Diaz will leave no stone unturned to keep them where they cannot pursue their agitation. Unless, therefore, the matter is taken up at once, with vigor and systematically, thereby creating a public opinion that shall be powerful enough to be effective, it seems certain that these men will not go free.

On the other hand, the success achieved in the two De Lara cases shows what can be accomplished by publicity. Moreover, the task should be now far easier, inasmuch as past trials have thrown a flood of light on the methods resorted to by the Mexican authorities; the disclosures made having convinced thousands that they are capable of practically anything to achieve their ends.

We know that a Mexican consul can charge a man with the commission of any imaginary crime, not even being compelled to name the victim or place where the deed occurred; and that in the cases of all the men mentioned this was done repeatedly. True, these bogus charges were dismissed when they came to trial, but meanwhile the accused had lain in jail and incommunicado, for long periods, and Diaz' ends were fully served.

The fact of the matter is that both the extradition treaty with Mexico and the immigration laws are a net placed in the hands of Diaz for the capture of his political enemies, and it is high time that these conditions, which represent an arbitrary use of authority as evil as anything to be found in Russia, should be taken up and investigated without fear or favor. Furthermore, it is to be noted that their administration is a natural development of the unscrupulousness which marks the entire administration of the criminal law in this country, as against the poor and friendless man. The whole of that black conspiracy against justice is ripe for settlement.

I read in the *American Magazine* that, after all, the conditions in Mexico, recently unveiled by Turner, can be duplicated in our own Southern States. I know that this

is practically so, both from my own somewhat careful studies and from interviews with men who have been there and have related their experiences with a fidelity to detail that leaves no doubt as to the facts. And I know, moreover, that throughout the country the fee system, under which the officer's and Justice's income depends exclusively on the number of arrests and convictions, works to precisely the same end.

Wherever this system has been investigated it has been condemned ruthlessly; not by radicals alone, but by men of the most conservative inclination and position. In fact, it is indefensible and would fall at once before such a concerted attack as should be made.

I emphasize the fact that the working of our extradition treaty and immigration laws, whereby men may be driven from the country on the report of a mere commissioner, having practically no opportunity of making a defense, is the inevitable outcome of our entire administration of criminal law. Obviously I emphasize this to drive home the truth that all this business hangs together; that it is the immediate concern of the poor of all occupations and nationalities, and by no means an exclusively Mexican affair.

As a matter of fact there are many other Mexicans now in jail for political offenses. I myself know of four serving sentences in Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and of five in jail in Texas, awaiting trial for alleged violation of the neutrality laws. I know of five others who were summarily deported under the immigration laws, and are now in that living hell, the San Juan de Ulua prison. My information is that one of the Fort Leavenworth prisoners is dying of consumption, and there are most pathetic details in connection with his wife and family of five children. If I personally know of all these cases there must be many others, for I have made no special study of this phase of the social question. I also think at the moment of two other cases, in which kidnapping was resorted to.

These political cases attract one's special attention, both because it is generally recognized that political prisoners are apt to be men of the highest character and attainments, and because it is specially noticeable that the men marked for punishment are almost all editors or literary men. But I repeat that the whole thing hangs together,

the unspeakable injustice with which the poor man is habitually hounded into jail, that constables and petty judges may line their pockets, being merely extended to the operation of the extradition treaty and immigration laws. As such it should be subjected to a general attack all along the line—an attack in which every lover of justice should join, regardless of the theoretical differences. Above all, the appeal should be irresistibly strong to those who comprehend the priceless value of freedom of speech and opinion.

There should be a general call to stop, and *muy pronto*, the Russianizing of this country.

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THE LAW OF THE LAND

By LOUISA D. HARDING.

THE laws of a country whose people admired the eagle sufficiently to put him on their dollars, commanded that the entire population should wear stays, it being considered very desirable that each of these freedom-lovers should select a pair of the fashionable garments, without preliminary trying on, and wear it for the remainder of his life. The truth of the matter was that some of the citizens only pretended to confine their breathing apparatuses after the required fashion; but the remainder of the people wore stays constantly, either being of the opinion that it was right for them to do so, or fearing the ridicule of their neighbors if they appeared in public and were observed to be clothed in violation of the law.

After a time, a considerable movement began to make itself felt, the aim of which was to do away entirely with whalebone restraints for human beings, a number of men and women contending vigorously that it was not for the good of the race that each individual should not be able to breathe after the fashion that best suited him. These would-be reformers were unpopular; they were called Free-Breathers, and not infrequently they were clapped into the public jail for their denunciation of the ancient and respectable custom of wearing stays.

A gentleman in a very loose black gown, who had

never in his life had on the boned garment worn by his parishioners, declared vigorously that stays were decreed for men by the dictates of the gods—although he himself was commanded by heaven to make the sacrifice of doing without them—and that the trouble only arose from the fact that there was not perfect uniformity and sufficient tightness in the lacing of stays. “Unless you wish to degenerate to the level of the animals,” said he, “you will not dream of doing without the blessed garb that binds.” But sundry of his auditors, who politely sought to suppress the gasps and puffs occasioned by the compression of their ribs, found themselves thinking, not without envy, of the way in which animals could draw their breaths.

“Human beings are naturally wicked,” observed another expounder of the wishes of the gods respecting stays. “Given full liberty to breathe and run about just as they chose, they would expend all their energies in injuring each other, and themselves, as much as possible. And if this most salutary restraint of stays were not decreed for you by the authorities, how few of you would take the trouble to appear in public suitably arrayed! Furthermore you should remember that the muscles in the human back are very weak; therefore also are stays indispensable. I wonder that any of you should presume to think of abolishing a garment necessary for the stability of the human form, and which, having been worn by very many of your ancestors and required by their venerable laws, must have been responsible for the progress that our race has thus far made toward health.”

“For my own part, I must declare that I should disregard this law concerning stays,” asserted one person of rather independent bearing, “but for the fact that the children of such parents are held in much contempt. To be sure, I believe that such children should be stronger than the descendants of stay-wearers; but I by no means desire to have my sons or daughters despised by the community.”

“I see some good points in this anti-stay movement,” announced one person who had got into one of the much-discussed garments that chanced to fit her very well, “but let us not be too radical. I’m sure I am comfortable enough. Why not teach persons to get on nicely with the stays they have?”

"Just so; while it may be admissible to work for the abolition of stays," added another individual, "I by no means hold such action to be necessary. One free, energetic person who manages nicely in spite of stays, is an admirable lesson to those who think they must be miserable in them. Then, too, I have observed that even without stays, all persons are not strong and free. Do not quibble over non-essential points."

"All this discussion about stays is nothing else than boresome," said a Lecturer on Health. "Nature knows nothing about stays, so why take the trouble to try to do away with them? I agree thoroughly with the speaker who preceded me. A degenerate child may have parents who threw away their stays; or a very tolerably good child may rejoice the heart of stay-wearers. Liberal permission to change one's stays, or to own several pairs of them, would meet all the valid criticisms made by Free-Breathers. Those who talk much on the stay question do so out of bravado, with the idea that they are very bold and bad; but I confess they give me a feeling of exceeding lassitude."

"Did you ever venture to remark to an extreme adherent of stays that he spoke merely out of bravado, or did you ever tell him that nature knew nothing about stays?" rejoined a Free-Breather, somewhat impatiently.

"Bah! I cannot express, before a decent crowd, my detestation of the people who do not believe in stays," shouted a little man from his position on the shoulders of a mob, which already exhibited symptoms of fatigue at the long discourses to which he continually treated them, "but I can assure you, on my word as an Unfailing Investigator and Corrector of Everything, that the nation which lays aside its stays is headed for the death it well deserves."

"Do not accuse me of any intention to abolish stays," retorted a Reform Leader, angrily. "What I am getting at is simply this: that when people are all financially independent, so that they need not accept stays that are not suitable, they will not be continually desiring to get rid of such of these garments as do not fit them in the least degree."

"Do, dare to put off stays, and be silent," chorused the members of a large and flourishing organization. "If

Joan of Arc, Elijah Lovejoy, and Thomas Paine had belonged to our society, and had shown more deference to whalebone prisons of all sorts, they would have escaped mud from the hands of such as that mob-rider, or torture from those who proclaim the wishes of the gods, and each of them might have died quite comfortably in bed."

A deformed man sat out on the corner of the street, and as the Preacher passed him on his way back from the Church, he generously dropped into the tin cup of the beggar five pennies from the contribution box, and wondered why the gods sent hunchbacked persons to this world.



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Receipts	\$558.22
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